

THE SIGN

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Vol. 15. No. 4

NOVEMBER, 1935

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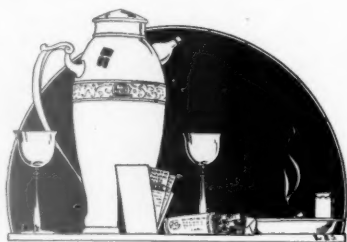
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PRICE 20.

THEY MIGHT HAVE LIVED

"As often as you did it to one of these . . . you did it unto me"



L U X U R I E S

These Might Have Lived:

FR. EDMUND,
C.P.

FR. CONSTAN-
TINE, C.P.

FR. EDWARD,
C.P.

SR. CLARISSA

SR. DEVOTA

DR. I. LAUBER

THE greatest need in our Mission in China to-day is a hospital. It is difficult in these days to imagine any community of men existing without adequate medical facilities. One of the first things we look for when we move into a new territory is protection for our lives. The fire and police departments give us a certain sense of security. We are reassured by the nearness of doctors and a hospital.

Repeatedly, since our missionaries have been laboring in China, we have been severely shocked by what we must acknowledge as the untimely death of some of our personnel. We know, of course, that sudden death may overtake any of us. But there is an added pang in our sorrow and loss when we realize that it need not have been—that IT COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED.

This has been the regrettable story of our Missions in China. Father Edmund Campbell, C.P.—Sister Clarissa—Fr. Constantine Leech, C.P.—Sister Devota—Father Edward McCarthy, C.P.—Dr. Ilse Lauber—might have been saved. Each was a valuable asset to the Missions. Each of these might have lived to continue a glorious work for souls, had there been a hospital within easy distance when sickness came.

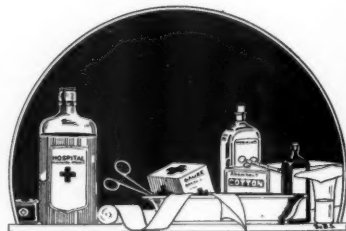
Diseases, which we control in this country by proper medical attention, become fatal when it is lacking. Famine aftermath, sickness and recurring epidemics would not wreak such havoc among our missionaries if they had a hospital.

So we are appealing, after fourteen years of such conditions, for \$40,000 to build and equip a hospital at Yuanling, in Western

Hunan. We can hardly hope that anyone will send us the full amount . . . though that should not be impossible.

Our drive is under way—but we have a great distance to go to the goal. Any offering will be deeply appreciated and promptly acknowledged. We are appealing, not for LUXURIES—but for NECESSITIES. Your donation will be proof of your own Christian charity and, if you so wish, a memorial to your dear departed.

MAY WE HEAR FROM YOU SOON?



N E C E S S I T I E S

IT CANNOT BE DONE WITHOUT YOUR HELP

Address: HOSPITAL FUND, PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.
UNION CITY, N. J.

Our Cover

St. Mark's of Venice

ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL in Venice is a splendid specimen of what the Catholic Cathedral should be. All generations of Christians have heard those words of Christ: "My House is a house of prayer"—and the Venetians, like all other true Catholics, have tried to make God's house precisely that. Hence it is that the exterior of St. Mark's is a glittering mass of almost heavenly beauty; and within, the saving Cross of Christ not only determines the shape of the building, but is at the heart of all its masterpieces of ornament, both great and small.

To the devout Venetians, the Cathedral was not a finished piece of architecture. To them, it was the House of God, where His people could come close to Him. It was a treasure chamber where each generation could deposit whatever talents of art and beauty God had placed at its disposal.

Ruskin was almost thrown into despair at seeing the Venetians apparently oblivious of the architectural beauties of St. Mark's. He could not feel that a church had fulfilled its function if men came to pray, and did not remain to admire the architecture. He did, however, get one correct view of Venice and St. Mark's: "Men met there from all countries of the earth, for traffic or for pleasure; but, above the crowd swaying forever to and fro in the restlessness of avarice or thirst of delight, was seen perpetually the glory of the temple, attesting to them, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear, that there was one treasure which the merchantmen might buy without a price, and one delight better than all others, in the word and statutes of God."

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

ON returning from that inspiring act of faith, the Eucharistic Congress in Cleveland, I found on my desk a letter signed, . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was, of course, a form letter, which had been addressed to clergymen throughout the United States. It is, nevertheless, worthy of serious consideration. But, whether I answer it or not I am placed, it appears to me, in an embarrassing position.

Apparently there are reasons for not replying to it. The actual writer of this communication to the clergy—if we are to credit a weekly magazine that prides itself on accuracy—plagiarized four paragraphs out of six, almost word for word of a similar appeal sent out to Wisconsin pastors by Governor La Follette. Some have shied at the letter, sensing in it a political move. All are agreed that the busy President could not possibly read the replies if all the clergymen to whom the message was addressed, accepted it seriously and answered. Yet, if we do not reply, may it not be said that we were consulted and did not deign to give our opinions? And if we ourselves do not consider our opinions worth registering, should the President trouble himself to consider them in the future?

On the other hand, there are good reasons for accepting the appreciated invitation to reply. But, if we do answer, many difficulties suggest themselves. "I am turning to representative clergymen for counsel and advice," our Chief Executive writes, "feeling confident that *no group can give more accurate or unbiased views.*" This is indeed a broad compliment. Personally, I do not believe it is one that is wholly deserved. On some subjects members of the clergy are very well informed. But larger views of other matters they have been unable to define distinctly, even in their own minds, by reason of their many duties and the unrelenting demands upon their time. Their very closeness to actual cases of poverty and economic difficulties have, quite often, left little leisure for the formation of valuable conclusions.

. . .

YET we are hesitant to express ourselves even on those subjects with which we are well acquainted. Those of the clergy who have written or spoken on subjects that are not purely religious have been accused—not always by those outside the Church—of meddling, of mixing in politics, of overstepping their rights as priests and teachers. This accusation may be the result of failing to distinguish between purely party politics—the devices of securing office and position and of waxing fat financially—and the politics which signifies, in its more honorable sense, good government. Office-seeking, selfish partisanship, party struggles—against these the Church has repeatedly warned the clergy.

Several months ago one of our contributors pointed out in these pages that politics, in its more respected meaning, is the general management of the nation's life; religion is the ordering of life towards God. Of necessity the various functions of life overlap and have bearing one on another. Many of the most important problems have directly to do with both the Church and the state. It is on these subjects that priests have both the privilege and the duty of expressing themselves.

We are concerned, for example, that a living wage be provided to all and that the rights both of the employed and employer be protected. Needless to record we are deeply gratified with any legitimate provisions made in this direction. The rulers of every nation in the world will find that the letters of Pope Leo XIII and his successors reveal the Catholic mind in such matters. We do feel it our duty, even without invitation, to warn of watchfulness against graft, to plead for public decency and morals, to emphasize the rights of parents and the Church in the education of our youth, to counsel on the dangers of divorce and birth control.

Not in any sense of panic, but from the cool observation of what has happened elsewhere and from the admissions of Communists themselves, we advise the careful guarding of the ideals and principles which have guided this nation. Not from fanaticism nor curiosity, but as American citizens we wish to know why no obvious steps have been taken to hold the Mexican government to its representative's pledge of religious freedom . . . given on October 8, 1915? We are apprehensive also, lest our nation's manhood and resources be sacrificed in a disastrous and unnecessary war for the sake of the selfish greed for gold and power on the part of a few.

. . .

SUCH problems concern us vitally, and on such we should feel qualified to give our opinions. But a further practical question obtrudes itself. If I am qualified to act in an advisory capacity to the President, because my views are admittedly "accurate and unbiased," am I not for the same reasons capable of presenting this information in a telling way to my local and state representatives and lawmakers? The most unmistakable way of making these gentlemen aware of my findings and convictions is by votes. (Catholics have been forced again, quite recently, to realize that one vote is worth a thousand petitions.)

But if I influence votes, I am once more accused of meddling in politics. How much of the criticism that is levelled at us is honest and sincere, I do not know. I cannot fail to remark, however, that those who are foremost in labelling the Church with the brand of interference and who demand that she keep to theory and doctrine, are the first also to sneer at her as having her head in the clouds and being completely out of touch with life and with humanity.

Whatever answer be sent to the President by individual members of the clergy, our Chief Executive's letter has given us the occasion to indicate that there are many subjects, not purely religious, on which the Church and her representatives have the right to speak. It is to be hoped that the Catholic Press of this country will not forget that right, which the urgency of many problems has made a real duty.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.

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THE SIGN



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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

THERE can be no doubt that the action of the League Council and Assembly in taking energetic measures against Italy's attack on Ethiopia has gone far toward reviving respect for that body. Where League critics had foretold that the outcome of the deliberations would be idealistic declarations and spineless resolutions, the League has acted in a manner that is really in accord with the purposes for which it was founded. What effect the application of sanctions will have still remains very dubious, but nevertheless there is evidenced a willingness to act energetically in the cause of peace.

The League and Peace

The League, however, has not entirely purged itself of the accusations that have been made against it. It has been accused of being a tool of the great powers. Whatever affected their interests aroused League action. No great power was sufficiently affected by Japan's grabbing Manchuria or by the Chaco dispute, so nothing effective was done.

Now with Britain's life-line of Empire threatened, the League is whipped into action. Under British impulsion it seems almost willing to precipitate a European or even a World War in order, ostensibly, to save a small kingdom of blacks from a fate which some of those same League members are inflicting on the rest of Africa.

Perhaps it is a case where it is fortunate for the League that self-interest is on the side of peace. Nor should one expect a high degree of disinterestedness from the League, since this quality is by no means a generally recognized attribute of the governments that compose it. Nevertheless, it is too bad that the League gives grounds for the accusation that it acts only when the interests of its more powerful members are threatened. Perhaps we should be grateful that under the League it is easier than under the old system of alliances to mobilize world opinion for peace, even though the motive is not altruistic.

.....

OUR Protestant brethren in general, and the American Bible Society in particular, are commemorating with characteristic enthusiasm the 400th anniversary of the publication of the Coverdale Bible, which is acknowledged as the first English translation of the Bible to have appeared in print. It was also the first

The Coverdale Bible

printed Bible to omit the Deutero-canonical books. These were added in an Appendix and labelled "apocrypha." These books are admitted to the Bible as canonical by the Catholic Church. Coverdale's work is a second-hand translation, based on the German Bible of Martin Luther and the Latin Vulgate of St. Jerome. There is no originality in it. Coverdale knew

neither Greek nor Hebrew, the languages of the Bible authors. Though it circulated freely throughout England, it was never expressly authorized by the higher powers, civil or ecclesiastical.

Miles Coverdale was an Augustinian priest, who apostatized from the Catholic Church and went over to the Protestants. Like so many other apostate priests, he married after his defection. He was made a Bishop by the boy King Edward VI, but was deposed under Queen Mary during the restoration of the Church, and allowed to leave England. At the accession of Elizabeth he returned, but soon found his opinions were too narrow for the Established Church. At the age of eighty he died in poverty.

.....

THIS centenary gives occasion to revive the hoary myth that the Reformers were the first to translate and circulate the Holy Bible in the vernacular language of the people, or, as

The Church and the Bible

No. XXXV of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion has it, "to pull with violence the holy Bibles out of the people's hands." No falsehood is more preposterous. *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, which cannot be accused of favoritism to Catholics, shows how the Scriptures were translated into the language of the people as far back as St. Bede the Venerable, who died in 735, A. D. In those early days the Bible was copied by hand. With the discovery of printing its multiplication became easier. The Reformers had a great advantage in this. But their principal reason for disseminating the Bible was to supplant faith in the living authority of the Church with faith in an inspired but mute book. "The Bible and the Bible only" was the only rule of faith for the Protestants. The result of following this rule is the continuous multiplication of sects holding the most contradictory opinions.

The Catholic Church has never forbidden the translation of the Bible into the vernacular absolutely. What she has done, and will continue to do, is to provide against translations which mutilate the sound doctrine of the Scriptures. In the history of the English Bible the Church has condemned the translations of Wyclif, Tyndale, and other heretics, not because they were new, but because they were heretical.

The anniversary of the Coverdale Bible will be of benefit if it directs men's minds to the true nature of the Bible, and to the authority of the Catholic Church as its living, infallible interpreter. The Bible is a source of divine revelation, but it does not render its own interpretation. No book can do that. Hence, the need of the authority of the teaching Church, into whose care the Bible has been entrusted. The serious reader of the Bible will be confronted with the same difficulty as that experienced by the Ethiopian, who was reading

the Prophet Isaias. When Philip the deacon asked him if he understood the prophecy, he replied sincerely: "How can I, unless some man show me?" (Acts 8:31). The Catholic Church only has been established by our Lord to render the true meaning of this mysterious book.

• • •

WHY quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European

Shall We Be Neutral?

ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

"Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of

the foreign world."—Washington's Farewell Address.

"The American people can have but one concern and speak but one sentiment: Despite what happens in continents overseas, the United States of America shall and must remain, as long ago the Father of Our Country prayed that it might remain, unentangled and free.

"We not only earnestly desire peace, but we are moved by a stern determination to avoid those perils that will endanger our peace with the world."—President Roosevelt.

These statements of policy from the first and from the thirty-second Presidents of the United States are important. Neutrality is by no means merely negative—a state of inaction. If Europe goes to war it will require an heroic struggle for these United States to keep out of it.

We stayed out of the World War for several years but then fell from our high and holy resolve. Unless we are grimly and unflinchingly determined to stay out of the war that now threatens in Europe, we shall again become involved.

We shall be bombarded by propaganda from both sides, we shall be harassed by outcries of economic and financial losses, we shall be coaxed and threatened and reviled by fanatics, but if we are wise, if we have learned our lesson, if we are true to our own principles we shall stay out of it.

• • •

THE Catholic Unity League owes its origin to the practical need felt for just such an organization. Some twenty years ago the Paulist Fathers were giving lectures to non-Catholics

The Catholic Unity League

in New York City. So great was the interest aroused by these lectures (over 700 entered the Church as a result) that it was felt the work could

be carried on adequately only through a permanent organization. Through the zeal and practical wisdom of Father Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., the Catholic Unity League was founded.

Its purpose is to carry on the apostolate of conversion for which the Paulist Fathers are so well known. It does this by financing lecture courses, providing inquirers with Catholic books and pamphlets, together with suggested reading, and also by personal answers to the difficulties of non-Catholics.

The *League Library*, at a nominal charge, places worthwhile Catholic books at the disposal of those interested, helping Catholics to learn their religion better and non-Catholics to become acquainted with the Church. This branch of service is more varied and efficient than would at first appear and has a record of practical and extensive accomplishments in the field of Catholic apologetics.

The work of the League came to our attention again recently through an announcement of the work it has accomplished in the past eighteen years of its existence. Besides holding public meetings and financing lecture courses it has answered 15,000 letters a year—no small item. It has distributed gratis 1,360,000 books and pamphlets to inquirers and has loaned 132,242

books. It has been the means of guiding 1,900 converts to the Church.

This record is impressive—especially in view of the fact that no such record can be complete. It is impossible to say in how many hearts the good seed has been planted only to develop years later, or how many have entered the Church through its influence, all unknown to the League.

• • •

UNDoubtedly modern psychology has certain accomplishments to its credit. But we have often thought that it consists too much of dressing simple and well-known truths in the guise of high-sounding Greek derivatives. At times it seems to require a great deal of research for learned and ponderous professors to "dis-

Psychology and Common Sense

cover" what all of us knew right along.

Some time ago at Columbia University it was determined scientifically that at the age of two, boys and girls scream and also fight to about the same extent. Later the boys gain on the girls—in fighting. Furthermore, the erudite professors inform us, a child enjoys urging another to fight, and the children of the poor use tougher language than those of the rich. These researches required—not three minutes—but three years.

And now a learned Doctor gives us the results of his experiments on ninety-nine "educated" adults, to discover the basic law by which propaganda influences a person's attitude. By using different quotations and authors, the professor discovers that "the more highly the author was regarded the more highly the quotation was agreed to."

We wonder whether this wouldn't come more justly under the heading of "boon-doggling" than of scientific research.

• • •

THE United States delegation to the sixth International Communist Youth Congress which was held recently under Soviet auspices in Moscow, made the statement that: "the

Education in the U. S. S. R.

conditions under which the Soviet young people live cannot but evoke enthusiasm among the toiling youth of America." The statement was

inspired by a Soviet delegate's report on the education of youth in the U. S. S. R.

After so enthusiastic a chirp one would expect to read of marvels in the field of education, tales of youthful triumphs in erudition and research. The list of accomplishments lets one down rather shockingly. Some of the triumphs are that there are 600,000 young Communist sharpshooters and 300,000 girl Red Cross workers. There are 200,000 who have jumped from parachute towers and thousands from airplanes; 40,000 can pilot gliders and 800,000 wear badges with the words "prepared for labor and defense."

"Enthusiasm among the toiling youth of America" might conceivably be aroused by such "education"—but the toiling youth of America wouldn't call it education.

• • •

DEAN LOUISE JONES of St. Lawrence University in Canton, N. Y., believes that "nothing is too good for a co-ed." So, she announced that hereafter her precious dears will take

their breakfast in bed on Sunday mornings. The good Dean explains that this concession is "a little luxury at the end of the week that I think every

Training in Luxury

woman is entitled to." It is in line with her recently inaugurated policy "of rounding out co-ed social education by

accustoming the students to the best in the way of room furnishings, surroundings, dinner and tea service." No doubt, some of these co-eds spring from families who are used to such luxuries, and in their case they may be merely anticipating what they will indulge in later on. But it is easy to imagine more substantial ways of training them for life than by accustoming them to the use of luxuries of this kind while still in school. It might not hurt them to be inured to a little hardship during their formative years. A hankering for luxuries does not need to be cultivated. In this arrangement there does not seem to be any special consideration for those who must wait on these students of higher education. If breakfast in bed on Sunday morning is something due to every woman, we fear that many are being deprived of their right with impunity.

• • •

CLEAR and practical were the discussions and resolutions of the National Conference of Catholic Charities held this year in Peoria, Ill. Reports of the meetings emphasized

Charity and Catholic Action

again the fact that the charity of Catholic Action is not mere round-table deliberations nor soft-spoken but selfish humanitarianism. Whilst it approved generally of the efforts of the Government to establish a program of social security, it insisted that private charity must act as the leaven.

Such emphasis is indeed timely lest the routine of state aid become too soulless in providing for the needy and distressed. No one questions the necessity of card-indexing and classifying men and families and groups, especially under the stress of emergencies such as have confronted us and are still with us. But it is not Christian charity to tag and handle Christ's poor in such fashion as to make them feel that they are cattle rather than men. It is not Christian charity to go "slumming" as a diversion, or to engage in social service to make the headlines.

The ideal of inspiring charity, joined to intelligent and scientific investigation is not beyond attainment. In striving for it the National Conference of Catholic Charities deserves sincere congratulation and sympathetic support.

• • •

THE sympathy of the whole world has gone out to the persecuted Jews in Germany. Suddenly, a people that has lived in Germany for centuries is marked for social, political and economic destruction, with a ruthlessness almost incredible in a nation which up to the present at least has considered itself Christian.

Jews in Palestine

Jews elsewhere have not been remiss in their efforts to help their brethren in Germany. With one of the solutions of the problem, however, we do not sympathize—the settlement of Jews in Palestine. In advocating such a measure Governor Lehman said recently that already 30,000 German Jews have gone to Palestine.

For one thing they have infinitely less right there than the Indians have in Manhattan. The Arabs have had possession of Palestine since the seventh century and have no thought of giving it up. It is only Western power and Jewish money that have permitted the Zionists to buy up the large tracts of land which they have cultivated—admittedly to the advantage of the country.

But recent events give ground for thought. The Jews in Palestine have succeeded so far because of Britain's administration of the League Mandate. Any weakening of Britain's power in the Eastern Mediterranean, any withdrawal of her

effectives by war in the North Sea for instance, would leave the small defenseless communities of Jews in Palestine in the midst of a bitterly hostile and warlike Arab population and surrounded on all sides by Moslem countries. Britain would undoubtedly defend to the death the near-by Suez Canal, but could conceivably become so occupied in so doing as not to be concerned for the time being at least with the relations between Jews and Moslems in Palestine.

If that time should ever come the Jews will have reason to regret having exposed themselves to the fiercely fanatical hatred of the Mohammedans.

• • •

AN Associated Press Dispatch from Milwaukee announces that the American Health Association in its recent convention adopted a resolution to the effect that measures

Stigma of Illegitimacy

should be taken to eliminate from official records all reference to the legitimacy of a child. It was the sense of the committee that the future work of the committee "should be guided by the concept that no child in America should be denied the equality and complete freedom to pursue happiness, which, in the words of the Declaration of Independence, are the inalienable rights of all men." It cannot be denied that illegitimacy is a serious and mortifying handicap for any child. Through no fault of its own it is branded with this stigma. The fault rests on its parents. For this reason Dr. Deporte, chairman of the committee, recommends that hereafter unwed parents should be declared illegitimate instead of their child.

If this resolution were adopted by civil law it would result in confusion in vital statistics. Questions of succession, inheritance, marriage, etc., would be involved. While it is unfortunate that a child born out of lawful wedlock is handicapped by this stigma, the moral conscience of mankind does not accord an illegitimate child the same status as a legitimate one. What is needed is a concerted effort to encourage self-control among the unmarried, the lack of which is the greatest moral cause of illegitimate children. But there will be no marked improvement in self-control without a corresponding increase in the virtue of religion, which is the strongest bulwark against sexual sins.

• • •

TO Rev. Thomas Kennedy on his appointment as National Chaplain and to J. Ray Murphy on his election as National Commander of the American Legion. † To the Catholic Women's Benevolent League on its fortieth birthday. † To St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., and to other Catholic Colleges which have

Toasts Within the Month

signed membership in the American Association of University Women, because of the association's support of a birth control program. † To Dr. George Spereti of The Athenæum, graduate school of the archdiocese of Cincinnati, on his discovery of a vastly improved ultra-violet ray lamp. † To Dr. Regina Flannery, anthropologist, on her appointment as the first woman instructor in the Catholic University of America. † To Most Rev. James J. Toolen, Bishop of Mobile, and to the priests of his diocese on the splendid success of their apostolic "drive for fallen-away Catholics." † To St. Peter's Parish, New York City, on its sesqui-centennial jubilee. † To the Franciscan community on the charity given so graciously to 1,560,000 of Christ's poor—of all creeds and colors. † To Dr. Blaber of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been assisting the Maryknoll Fathers in China, on his courageous zeal in volunteering his services for life.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

ARMISTICE DAY

WITH war again threatening the world, Armistice Day this year will have particular significance. The following, by Elizabeth Dimon Chapin, from "The New York Sun" is appropriate:

I stand before your tomb and bow my head
In silent tribute to the nation's dead;
I, who have life and love—while here you lie,
Soldier, a shell-torn corpse, too young to die.
What tragedy and futile sacrifice
Are grimly perpetrated, as the price
Of war, that octopus whose strangle hold
Has leveled empires in their lust for gold!
What price aggression! All this aftermath . . .
The maimed—the dead, line war's destructive path;
No stone sarcophagus, superbly wrought,
Can pay for services so dearly bought.
I, who have life and love, devoutly pray
That strife may be outmoded. Speed that day
When all shall learn the fundamental truth
Of rightly valuing unblemished youth.
Pray God, enlightened nations nevermore
Shall know the bloody costliness of war.

AFRICAN DEDICATION

AN embarrassing moment for a missionary bishop is related in a communication to "The Churchman" from its London correspondent. Emphasis is placed on the practical mind of a native servant:

In one of his remoter jungle villages, the Bishop of Accra, West Africa, was about to dedicate a new Church built of dried mud, plastered and shining with whitewash and roofed with sheets of iron that had been carried many a mile on Christian heads, a really imposing building, crowded for the occasion.

"We shall now go in procession to the door and dedicate the holy font," announced the bishop. An awkward pause, some excited whispers, and the native priest said: "Your Lordship, someone has thiefed the font!" It was a new enameled basin. A hasty search through the village ended at the mission house, where it was discovered that the bishop's boy, who seems to have a practical instinct, had annexed the font for the bishop's bath. It was returned to its place.

"Let the dedication proceed," said the bishop.

ADVENTURES OF A MANUSCRIPT

THE following item appeared in the Book Notes of "The New York Sun." Authors who write for publication ought to learn from Mr. Day's experience to have an extra copy of their works, just in case:

Clarence Day's "Life With Father" is in its seventy-eighth thousand, Knopf announces. Along with that announcement comes the story of how the manuscript of the book was lost for weeks when it was accidentally tossed into the waste basket at the printer's. (Mr. Day had made but one copy.) The search ended at a paper mill, which buys the waste paper from printing houses. The help of the men at the pulp machines was enlisted, and miraculously enough, all but a few pages of the original manuscript were recovered.

A NARROW ESCAPE

IN his very interesting account of the missionary labors of the early Passionists in California, Father Felix, C.P., in "The Passionists," tells how Father Peter, C.P., either by intuition or divine inspiration foiled a robber and murderer.

The Fathers lived in a great log cabin called by courtesy "the monastery." At a certain season the Fathers were all absent giving missions in the mining districts. Father Peter was alone at the time in "the monastery," without servant or help on the premises. One evening he stepped out to chop wood and start a fire to prepare supper. While thus engaged his attention was attracted by a stranger sitting on a log at some distance. He went over and invited him to come and share his frugal meal.

After supper the stranger asked for lodging for the night, as he was tired and far from home. It happened that some of the miners had left their gold with Father Peter for safe-keeping in the "monastery," and at once it occurred to him that it would not be safe for him alone to keep this stranger in the cabin, though Father Peter was a man of imposing stature and finely built. He alleged as a reason for refusal that the missionaries would return home soon; but he gave the stranger some money and directed him to where he could get comfortable accommodations for the night, and they parted friends.

A year afterward a famous outlaw was captured and sentenced to death. The news spread in those regions and reached Father Peter. A strange impulse took hold of him to go and see the criminal; he told the Fathers he could not resist it; it just haunted him. He secured a good horse and rode a hundred miles to the prison, a primitive "lock-up" in those days, but secure. He asked to see the prisoner. The jailer answered: "Father, it will do no good. The hardened criminal will only blaspheme and offer you insult." But Father Peter insisted, and the jailer yielded. He entered the cell. The condemned man looked up with a ferocious scowl. Then, in a moment, the hard face softened. The man arose and fell on his knees before the priest and said: "Father, I have been waiting for you. Hear my confession." "But, do you know me?" Father Peter asked. "Ah, well indeed, Father," was the reply. "A year ago I came to the monastery to rob and kill you; for you had the miners' gold for safe-keeping; but your charity disarmed me; I could not do it. And now prepare me for my fate; the end has come at last; I must meet my God." Father Peter heard the poor man's confession and the penitent was shot next morning. At this moment the writer cannot recall the criminal's name, but it was a byword in the "wild west" and on the Pacific coast.

THE COMMON FRONT

ANENT the proposal that Catholics join with the Communists in a Common Front against Hitler, the following from the "New York Times" is quite apt:

How far will this vogue for organizing common fronts carry us? The sensation of the last fortnight has been the Communist International's offer to enter a common front with moderate Socialists and bourgeois Liberals. Members of the Communist Youth, dedicated to atheism among other things, have just been instructed to respect the religious susceptibilities of their new allies.

Now we read from the fashion centres in Paris that it is all common front. SCHIAPARELLI's colors for next Winter are "regal," the daytime silhouette is "simple and democratic," and the hats are "revolutionary." There you have the whole gamut and spectrum of social forces in the modern world—royalty, democracy, revolutionism caught in the synthesis of a single Parisian dressmaker.

Anything may be expected in the way of alliances after this. We may have a common front embracing The New Masses and the Republican National Committee. Or we may see gentlemen at the opera next Winter in tails and shorts.

TRUE STORY

"**MOTOR NEWS**" of Chicago gives an incident that proves that wisdom is not at all confined to heads that wear the ornament of gray hairs:

She was a tiny little girl, four or possibly five years old, and her father was interested in testing her knowledge of safety at the booth of the Woman's Safety Bureau of the Chicago Motor Club.

On one side of a small folder there was a safety pledge, and this little mite, with a scrawling baby hand, signed "Leila." All the questions were answered properly. She knew it was safer to cross at the corner than in the middle of the block; she said it was safer to walk than to run across streets; she was positive that children never should play in the streets. It was evident that Leila had been well trained and that she showed unusual wisdom.

The crowning proof of this fact came when she was required to answer the last question: "Who must look out for your safety on the street?" There was no hesitancy about the unexpected answer. "God," she wrote.

If those around the booth chuckled, rest assured it was not irreverently. In the laugh the shadow of a tear was found. May the confidence of this little one never be confounded! She has more wisdom than we; she does her best and leaves the rest to God.

WE ALSO ERR

A **TYPOGRAPHICAL** error in this department last month (how many of you noticed it?) gave the impression that we were praising a defense of atheism! Apropos of such mistakes, we quote the "Ave Maria":

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly. You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by; Till the forms are off the presses it is strange how still it keeps; It shrinks down in a corner, and it never stirs or peeps. That typographical error, too small for human eyes, Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size. The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and moans, The copy reader drops his head upon his hands and groans, The remainder of the issues may be clean as clean can be, But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

RETREAT FOR POLITICIANS

A **PROTESTANT** Layman's views on the benefits of a retreat are given by Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, in his "Daily Editorial":

The Trappist monks are a singularly unworldly brotherhood. The simplicity of their lives, the severity of their discipline, their long hours of silence and meditation, their continuous struggle to exalt their minds and spirits give distinction to their Order.

A good friend of mine, a devout Roman Catholic, has just spent a week-end in "retreat" in a nearby Trappist Monastery. In the silences of its sacred halls he shut the clamors of the world out and meditated upon the trend and meaning of his life.

He came back to the rough-and-tumble of his law practice with mind and spirit clarified. The edges of many issues had become blurred in long months of competition and compromise. The illumination that comes in the creative silence of meditation had made these basic issues again clear. The blur was gone. This value and that had got out of perspective in the rush of the day's work. Meditation in this Trappist sanctuary restored the lost perspective.

My friend is not an emotionalist. He is an intensely practical man. There is little of the other-worldly about him. He is not a layman on the way to priestly orders. He simply knows the value of a periodic washing of one's mind of the confusions and distortions that invade men's minds in the give-and-take of business and the professions.

Although by temperament, tradition, and training a Protestant, I have a high regard for the value of the institution of the retreat.

It would be good, I think, if all our political leaders observed secular "retreats" before such important campaigns as the 1936 campaign promises to be.

HOW GOD MADE BUTTERFLIES

THE ingenuity of the Negro imagination is displayed in the account of the creation of butterflies, which is found in Zora Hurston's quaint volume "Mules & Men," and quoted by Lewis Gannett in his review of the book in "The New York Herald Tribune":

"He made butterflies after de world wuz all finished and thru. You know de Lawd seen so much bare ground till He got sick and tired lookin' at it. So God tole 'em to fetch 'im his prunin' shears and trimmed up de trees and made grass and flowers and throwed 'em all over de clearin's and dey growed dere from memorial days.

"Way after while de flowers said, 'We'se put heah to keep de world company, but we'se lonesome ourselves.' So God said, 'A world is somethin' ain't never finished. Soon's you make one thing you got to make somethin' else to go wid it. Gimme dem li'l tee-ninchy shears.'

"So He went 'round clippin' li'l pieces offa everything—de sky, de trees, de flowers, de earth, de varmints and every one of dem li'l clippin's flew off. When folks seen all them li'l scraps fallin' from God's scissors and flutterin' they called 'em flutter-bys. But you know how it is wid de brother in black. He got a big mouf and a stamblin' tongue. So he got it all mixed up and said 'butter-fly,' and folks been callin' 'em dat ever since. Dat's how come we got butterflies of every color and kind, and dat's why dey hangs 'round de flowers. Dey wuz made to keep de flowers company."

CHANGING BRIDEGROOMS

SOMEWHAT shocking to our western ideas of marriage is the importance of the dowry and the insignificance of the bride in certain parts of the world. A Reuter dispatch from Calcutta supplies the following information:

A last-minute change over of bridegrooms—in the middle of the wedding ceremony—has resulted in a girl marrying a comparatively strange man in a Bengal village.

After weeks of elaborate preparations, the wedding was about to take place when the bridegroom confessed he was unable to provide a dowry. Consternation followed this breach of etiquette. But, after bitter recriminations, the girl's parents decided to allow the wedding to go on so that the costly feast should not be wasted.

Then, half way through the ceremony, a young man strode into the room followed by several friends. They hustled the dowryless groom out of the room. The newcomer then took his place and the wedding ceremony proceeded.

Before she realized what was happening, the girl found herself married to an entirely different man.

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF—

SUPPOSITIONS as to what would have happened if certain circumstances had been different offer interest and amusement. The following is from "The Universe":

If Cleopatra's nose had been an inch shorter; if Keats had been four inches taller; if Napoleon had been feeling better on the morning of Waterloo—those are some of the minor openings.

The most breath-taking Might-have-been is suggested, in passing, by Mr. Alfred Noyes, in his intensely interesting spiritual autobiography, *The Unknown God*. He considers what might have been—or rather would-not-have-been—if the light of Christianity had never dawned upon the human mind.

Dante and Milton would have lived, but there would have been no Divine Comedy, no Paradise Lost. Chaucer would never have gone on pilgrimage to Canterbury. None of the great medieval epics of chivalry would have been written. "Gibbon would have lost the subject of his irony; Voltaire would have been able to cultivate his garden; and the peculiar charities of Dickens could no more have come into existence than 'The Ring and the Book' of Browning."

Raphael and Fra Angelico would not have painted their masterpieces, and we should have lost the deepest musical harmonies of the world.

"There would have been no Passion music from Bach, and ten thousand choirs of Europe would have been dumb. The very stones of her cities would have been more silent, for they would never have soared into her great cathedrals. Not a child on the face of the planet would ever have been taught the Lord's Prayer or heard the magic word Christmas."

The process of elimination could be continued without end. I find it a fascinating speculation to wonder what English literary style would have been without the penetrating influence of the great word-harmonies of the Bible. Even Swinburne, as a greater poet pointed out, was obliged "to abuse the Deity in language whose beauty is entirely borrowed from the Bible."

RELIGION IN KENTUCKY

INDICATIVE of the state of religion in certain parts of Kentucky is an incident related in "The Living Church":

Fanaticism sometimes plays sad havoc with Christian goodwill. *Lutheran Standard* reports a case in Kentucky where a Lutheran pastor accommodated a "Holiness" organization conducting a revival in the community, by granting the loan of benches from his mission chapel. After an entire evening of exciting religious emotion brought no conversion results to those who knelt for prayer, it was decided that the deterring influence was "those Lutheran benches." Consequently the loan was returned. Later reports said that the following evening, with new benches, "the Spirit took them off their feet!"

SO JUDGES THE WORLD

AFTER visiting Westminster Abbey, Bruno Lessing gives expression to thoughts that have come to many as they have gazed on monuments to so-called greatness. From his column, Vagabondia, in "The New York American":

I found that all the tombs and memorials and dedications and other attempts to perpetuate the memory of departed greatness were more beautiful, more elaborate, more artistic and vastly more expensive than the tributes to those who had only their genius to bequeath to the world.

Henry VII has the whole nave of a chapel devoted to himself and his wife. Look at his gorgeous, beautifully-carved tomb and then look at the tombs of Chaucer and Spenser. The comparison is pathetic. And yet those two poets will live as long as the English language lives.

In ancient days the people who could afford it were quite fussy about the tomb in which their bones were to be laid.

They wanted a burial place whose splendor would be a fitting monument to what they thought of themselves. The Emperor Hadrian built a wonderful castle on the bank of the Tiber, a special bridge across the river to reach it and frequently went there to supervise the work that was going on. This is now *Castel Sant' Angelo*, one of the sights of the world. But Hadrian is forgotten, whereas Horace still lives and gives joy to all cultured men. Yet who has found Horace's grave on the Esquiline hill?

During the centuries of the Renaissance, when the greatest artists in the world's history flourished, their services were often in demand to design tombs for the rich and powerful. As a result the traveler in European countries finds often the most wonderful specimens of the work of those geniuses in the form of sarcophagi and other mortuary relics. I once heard a tourist say, "All I remember of my trip to Europe are some churches and more swell coffins than I ever saw before in my life."

To bestow greater honor upon power and wealth than upon creative genius has, since time began, been a symptom of stupidity and bad taste—two qualities that govern the actions of the greater part of mankind. No one knows where Croesus or Alexander the Great or Caesar lies buried. But Homer and Virgil still live. Napoleon has a gorgeous tomb but most thinking people execrate his memory.

I said that I felt a bit bolshevistic. But I don't mean that I'm a bit in sympathy with Communists. I'm just rebellious against the world's lack of taste and appreciation. The true Communist goes me one better by not only rebelling at all greatness, good or bad, but by exalting the vulgar.

LITERARY BY LEGISLATION

FROM a New Jersey paper is taken the report of China's latest laws for the enforced education of its millions of illiterate people:

After May 1, 1936, anyone in Nanking between the ages of 6 and 50 who cannot read will be fined. Appalled at the ignorance of the people of the capital, the Chinese authorities have issued a primer of 1,000 characters and ordered students to teach the ignorant from it or give up hope of graduation. As half of the population of the city cannot read, the students will be kept busy until the new law goes into effect. The police will be the official examiners, and will stop anyone they wish who, if he fails to read the primer, will have to pay the equivalent of half a cent on the spot. The penalty is called the ignorant people's tax.

SAMUEL JOHNSON ON PURGATORY

SAMUEL JOHNSON was famous for his common sense. His opinion about Purgatory is evidence of this. Stanley B. James, in "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament," quotes his dialogue with Boswell regarding prayers and Masses for the dead:

"What do you think," said Boswell, "of Purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?"

Johnson: "Why, sir, it's a very harmless doctrine. They are of the opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering."

Boswell: "But then, sir, their Masses for the dead?"

Johnson: "Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in Purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life."

Boswell: "The idolatry of the Mass?"

Johnson: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there, and they worship Him."

Boswell: "The worship of Saints?"

Johnson: "Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers."

The Mystical Body *and the Eucharist*

By Fulton J. Sheen, S.T.D., Ph.D.

1. The unity of Christ and His Mystical Body

IF there is any bad guess about the secret of the Church's strength and unity during the nineteen hundred years of its existence, it is the guess that "organization" explains it. This simply is not the fact. Governments have been more strongly organized, but they have perished. The secret must be sought in the interior of the Church's life, and in particular in the Eucharist. An example will make this clear. Some years ago Timiriazeff, a Russian botanist, planted a willow wand weighing five pounds in a pot containing exactly two hundred pounds of soil. He watered and watched the willow for five years, after which time he took it out, shook off every adhering particle of soil, weighed the tree and found it now weighed 169 pounds 3 ounces. He then weighed the soil and found that the soil which originally weighed two hundred pounds had lost only two ounces. How account for the difference in the weight of the tree? Its increase was certainly not to be explained by anything exclusively material or external, but rather by the fact that the leaves were in contact with the great invisible world of solar energy. The leaf is the one and only medium whereby solar energy becomes translated into vital force.

Eucharist Life of Church

THE Church is the great Tree of Life. The secret of her life is not to be sought in anything external or earthly, though it has roots in the earth. The real source of its energy is something invisible and spiritual. What the solar energy is to the tree, that the Eucharist is to the Mystical Body; what the leaf is to the tree, that each individual Catholic is to the Church. As each leaf draws force from the great invisible solar energy, so does each Catholic draw life through Communion with Divinity in the Eucharist. Without the sun the tree could not live; without the Eucharist the Church could not live. The more Catholic leaves there are on the Tree of Life or the Church, the greater her strength and her unity. As the tree is one though made up of a multi-

Recent years have witnessed a renewed study and application of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. Mons. Fulton J. Sheen has done much by his eloquence and by his writings to popularize this knowledge. He here treats of the unity of Christ and His Mystical Body and the union of the members of the Mystical Body with one another. He develops also a much neglected aspect of the Eucharist—Communion as an incorporation to the Death of Christ.

plicity of leaves because all are nourished by the same sun, so the Mystical Body is one, though made up of many Catholics, because all are nourished by the same Eucharist. Such is the secret of Catholic unity—the communion of man with God. "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world."

Another example will reveal in even a clearer way the unity achieved by the Eucharist. In the human body is the blood plasma, the richest fluid known. This lymph flows through all the alleys of the body carrying in its stream an untold wealth of provisions, which is tapped by each cell or group of cells for nourishment. The flowing tide of sustenance passes by every door, displaying and offering its goods, and each cell takes delivery of what it needs, not only for its life but also for the repairing of its wasted parts.

Now the Eucharist is to the Mystical Body what the blood plasma is to the human body, though in a far superior way. This Great Spiritual Plasma, the Eucharist, flows and streams through the Mystical Body in every part of the world, wherever a Mass is celebrated. It offers itself first to this Catholic and then to that; dips the Chalice of its Life to one, for the increase of Divine Life; breaks

its Bread of Life to another, for the remission of sin and its punishment, and in general strengthens every soul with its Christ-Love. And just as the human body is one though composed of many cells, because nourished by the same plasma, so the Mystical Body is one though composed of many Catholics, because nourished by the same Eucharist. This is the meaning of those beautiful words of St. Paul: "We being many, are one Bread, one Body, all that partake of One Bread." In the world outside there is no great unity because each man has a different nourishment. One is fed by science, another by humanism, another by philosophy; hence there is divergence of opinion and even conflict. But in the Church all the members are nourished by the same Bread of Divine Life, and therefore all are one in the Charity of Christ Jesus Our Lord.

Unity With Christ

THE unity of Christ and His Mystical Body through communion is the perfection of a law which runs through nature; or perhaps, it would be truer to say, the natural law is its reflection. All nature witnesses the fact of communion with a higher life. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and other chemicals which exist in the mineral order can enter into the realm of life only on condition that they commune with plant life, are taken up into its body and begin to live by its vital principle. A plant can transcend its plant existence, only on condition that it commune with the animal, surrender its lower life and enter into the higher life of a sentient creature. Animals too can become more than animals if they die to themselves and enter into the life of man, so that they become an inseparable part of his rational life and live by his immortal soul. In like manner man can become more than "mere man" or partaker of Divine Life, on condition that he "die" to his lower self by baptism and commune with the Eucharistic Life of Christ. Because he is a person, Communion with Christ does not rob him of his identity and personal rights, as a plant is robbed of its identity by communion with an animal. Rather it is the perfection of his personality, for now man becomes all

that he was destined to become by God, namely His adopted son and heir of the Kingdom of Heaven. If the plant could speak, it would say to the sunlight: "Unless you are reborn, you cannot live in my kingdom"; if the animal could speak, it would say to the plant: "Unless you are reborn, you cannot live in my kingdom"; man can speak and say to all three: "Unless you are reborn you cannot live in my kingdom." With perfect justice then does Christ say to us: "Unless you are reborn you cannot enter into My Kingdom."

Incorporation to Death of Christ

THIS incorporation into the Life of Christ through the Eucharist is developed principally in the sixth chapter of St. John. Unfortunately, however, this is about the only aspect of the Eucharist we hear developed. There is also another side to it, which is developed by St. Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, namely, the Eucharist is not only an incorporation to the Life of Christ, it is also an incorporation to His Death; for "as often as you eat this Bread and drink this Chalice you show forth the Death of the Lord until He comes." (I Cor. 11/26.) Natural life has two sides: the anabolic and the katabolic. Supernatural life also has two sides: the building of the Christ-pattern, and the tearing down of the Adam-pattern. The first aspect is never forgotten; in fact it is so much stressed that we continually speak of "receiving" Communion, as if there could be a "receiving" without a "giving," or an ascent into a higher life without a death to a lower one. Does not an Easter Sunday presuppose a Good Friday? Is not all love reciprocal? Does it not imply mutual self-giving which ends in self-recovery? This being so, should not the Communion rail be a place of exchange, instead of a place of exclusive receiving? Is all the Life to pass from Christ to us, and nothing to go back in return? Are we to drain the chalice and contribute nothing to its filling? Are we to receive the bread without giving wheat to be ground? To receive the wine and give no grapes to be crushed? If all we did during our lives were to go to Communion to receive Divine Life, to take it away and leave nothing behind, we would be parasites in the Mystical Body of Christ.

The Pauline injunction bids us fill up in our body the sufferings wanting to the Passion of Christ. We must therefore bring a spirit of sacrifice to the Eucharistic rail; we must bring the mortification of our lower self, the crosses patiently borne, the crucifixion of our egotism, the death of our concupiscences and even the very difficulty of coming to Communion. Then does Communion become what it was always intended to become, namely, a commerce between Christ and the soul, in which we give His death shown forth

in our lives and He gives His Life shown forth in our adopted sonship. We give Him our time, He gives us His eternity; we give Him our humanity, He gives us His Divinity; we give Him our nothingness and He gives us His all.

Thus do we fill up what is wanting to the Passion of Christ. Not the Passion of the historical Christ who is enjoying bliss at the right hand of the Father, but the Passion of the Mystical Christ, which is His Church. Thus are indulgences built up, thus are merits accumulated from which the spiritually indigent may draw; thus are the poor fed from our superfluities. The Spiritual state of the Church at any given period of history varies in direct ratio and proportion with the way the members incorporate themselves not only to the Life of Christ but also to His Death. The more they die to themselves, the greater the effect of the Life they receive from Him. The amount of Divine Life we receive depends upon our capacity, in the sense that the fuller we are of ourselves the less room there is for Christ; the more empty we are of ourselves by crucifying our flesh, the more He can pour forth the torrents of His Love. There is such a thing in the spiritual order as indigestion, i.e., when the soul receives more Divine Life than it can assimilate. There is only one way to remedy this, and that is to enlarge the capacity for assimilation, and that implies mortification or "showing forth the Death of the Lord until He comes." The Eucharist then is the bond of Christ and His Mystical Body, not only because we are all made one in His Life, but also because we are all made one previously in His Death.

II. The Unity of the Members of the Mystical Body with one another

HERE we touch on the second effect of the Eucharist, namely, it incorporates us to one another as brothers in Christ. The dominant religious error from the sixteenth century to the present day, has been to believe that religion is a purely personal matter between God and man. Any attempt to regulate the social and economic actions of men by the application of moral and religious principles, was regarded as an encroachment of religion on the domains of business. The Church, on the contrary, has insisted that religion is not only a personal relation between God and man, but also a social relation, for how could a million men love one God without loving one another? From a mathematical point of view, things which are equal to the same things are equal to each other. Therefore religion involves mutual relations between men who love God. We cannot love God without loving our neighbor, nor can we love our neighbor without loving God. From the supernatural point of view, the common love of God the

Father implies mutual relations between adopted sons, and this fellowship of adopted sons constitutes the Mystical Body of Christ.

The Eucharist is the perfection and guarantee of that solidarity and the seal upon the social character of religion. The Council of Trent expressly declared that Christ willed to make the Eucharist the symbol of this one Body of which He is the Head, to which He would have us united as members by the close bonds of faith, hope and charity, even to the point where among ourselves we would speak the same mind and know not divisions."

Brotherhood Through Communion

THE Eucharist establishes this holy fellowship of its members not by anything external, but by the interior nourishment of souls. The Fatherhood of God is not a vague title by which creatures address their Creator. If the Fatherhood of God means anything it means that He has called us to be His sons and partakers of His Divine Nature. But we can be sons of God only by sharing a common Body and a common Blood. This has been made possible by the Heavenly Father sending His own Divine Son into this world, through whose Spirit we receive the gift of Divine adoption. The Communion rail is therefore the most democratic institution on the face of the earth, for there all men are made equal because all are sons of God. The modern world tries to unite men on the basis of economic equality, namely, by sharing wealth, such as is done in Communism. The Eucharist, on the contrary, unites men on the basis of brotherhood. Men are not brothers because they share equally; otherwise thieves who share loot would in such a case be brothers. But brothers may share. The Eucharist, because it starts with brotherhood makes all men equal because it makes them all infinitely precious as sons of God. The Communion rail admits of no fundamental differences; there the employer must take the paten from the employee; the professor must eat the same Bread as the student, and the Greek must be nourished from the same tabernacle as the barbarian, for all are one Body because they eat the same Bread. The Eucharist is a greater Leveller than Death; it dissolves all boundaries, nationalities and races into a supernatural fellowship where all men are brothers of the Divine Son and adopted sons of the Heavenly Father.

This important truth concerning the Eucharist is too often forgotten. Just as Communion with the Death of Christ is neglected in our spiritual life, so also is Communion with one another neglected in our social life. The full truth is that at the Communion rail we not only receive Communion with Christ, but we also receive Communion with one another. The Law to love God and love our

neighbor here finds its supernatural counterpart. The basis of the supernatural unity is *Love* as the basis of natural unity is *Being*. What *Being* is to Metaphysics, that *Love* is to Theology—though we have not yet built our manuals around that central truth.

When the Catholic in New York receives Communion, he is more one with his brother, the Catholic convert in Africa, than he is one with his fellow countryman and best friend, who has never received Christ into His soul. There is no greater reason for charity than this profound truth that we are "members one of another." All who receive Christ are one Body, and since "no man hateth his own flesh," so neither should anyone hate those who are his brothers in the Mystical Body of Christ. This brotherhood through the Eucharist was intended by Our Lord to be the basis of all international agreements as well as the relations between Capital and Labor.

Principle of International Fellowship

NATIONALISM is the assertion of a particular blood against a common Divine Blood, and therefore is the raw material for wars and conflicts. Even in the natural order, the nations of the world have a link of fellowship in their common origin, for "God hath made one, all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth." But this common blood or nature has never sufficed to draw them together. Nations have always forgotten their common origin in the antagonism of a narrower clanship.

In order to restore that unity, God in His Mercy willed to draw all nations into the fellowship of the Blood of Christ. The foreshadowing of these triumphs came when it broke down the exclusiveness of the Jew. The Jews of old kept all other nations at arms length. The "middle partition" or marble balustrade which divided the inner and outer courts in the temple at Jerusalem characterized their attitude toward other nations. An inscription upon it ran thus: "No alien to pass within the balustrade around the enclosure of the temple. Whosoever shall be caught so doing must blame himself for the penalty of death which he will incur." When they thought St. Paul had broken this rule, by bringing Trophimus within the partition, the Jews denounced him and sought to kill him. The middle partition Christ broke down forever. "For which cause be mindful that you be ing heretofore Gentiles in the flesh. . . . But now in Christ Jesus, you who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and breaking down the middle wall of partition . . . that He might make the two in Himself into one new man, making peace; and might reconcile both to God in one body, by the

Cross, killing the enmities in Himself."

This welding of all nations into one vast fellowship with God is the only possible basis of international peace. Take away the supernatural foundation for amity among nations and peoples, and there is no other standard than that of utility. And what is true of international relations is true of those between Capital and Labor. The Eucharist puts a high value on Labor in the scriptural sense of work, for the very elements of sacrifice, bread and wine, are the produce of labor. Months of toil have gone into the production of both the bread and the wine. Laborers, farmers, machinists, millers and bakers have all toiled to make the bread destined to be man's offering to God. Wine is the produce of all those who labor in pruning, gathering and pressing, which has enabled the vineyard to bring forth grapes. Certainly the Son of God in choosing bread and wine had in mind not only the unity symbolized by these elements, but also the dignity they set upon work.

Capital, Labor and the Mystical Body

BUT all this is as nothing compared with the higher unity achieved when all workers unite at a Communion rail to receive the common Food of Him who worked Himself to the Death of the Cross for the salvation of the world. Capital and Labor both *work*, though they work in different ways. But over and above that common thing there is the supernatural fellowship established through the Eucharist, which intensifies their union as members of the Mystical Body of Christ. It was this sublime truth of the unity of the members of the Mystical Body of Christ, which constituted the background of the complaint Leo XIII brought against those "who live in luxury and call themselves the *brethren* of the multitudes whom in the depths of their hearts they despise." The Rev. Dr. Francis J. Haas commenting on this passage writes: "Of course, an argument resting on an appeal to the Mystical Body of Christ could never have been expected to affect the average non-Catholic employer. Yet one may ask, to what extent during these forty-seven years, has it influenced Catholic employers and Catholics in positions of influence? And one may answer that it has touched them only slightly, if at all." In the eyes of Christ, a Catholic employer and a Catholic employee are more brothers in the sense of the blood relationship, than a non-Catholic capitalist of a steel company and his brother-in-the-flesh capitalist of a holding company. The first two have God as a common Father; the latter have only a common human father. Hence the greater crime against social justice on the part of the Catholic than the non-Catholic.

If Catholic employers and employees acted their Faith as brothers in the Mystical Body of Christ they would give an example to the rest of the world, and that is what the Mystical Body of Christ was intended to be. It was never intended to embrace every soul born into it, for men would exercise their freedom and stay away from its blessings; furthermore, we were sent out even unto the end as "sheep among wolves." But the example must be given nevertheless, for the Church was planned by God to be the "leaven in the mass." Industrially and economically, Catholics have done little so far to be the leaven in the mass, and by that is meant they have not attempted to apply the doctrine of Eucharistic brotherhood to their non-Sunday workaday business lives. In plain simple language, it is the failure to *live* our Communions which is partly responsible for the woes of the day. Communism, in that sense, is a reproach to our faulty understanding of the Eucharist. It is a cancer on society reminding us of our unfulfilled duty as Catholics who should be *one* in economic and social justice, because we are already one in Him who is Justice Incarnate.

There are many other possible applications of the Doctrine of Brotherhood with one another through Communion. Suffice here to conclude with the consoling reflection that this Sacrament which is the end and perfection of all the others is by its very nature intrinsically bound up with sacrifice.

Sacrifice and Sacrament

AS a matter of fact, the Sacrifice is first and then the Sacrament, for it was the Cross which made the Eucharist, and it is its prolongation, or the Mass, which makes the Communion. Sacrifice leads to Sacrament even in the natural order. Is it not a profound truth of the natural order that we live by what we slay? Must not the plant be sacrificed or slain before it can enter into communion with the animal and thereby become its sacrament? Must not the animal be sacrificed or slain before it can enter into communion with man and become his sacrament? Now by a wonderful paradox of God's love, the human race which crucified Christ is the same race which has been nourished by the very life they slew. He might have ended His life by Sacrifice, but to let us take His Life away, and then to take it up again from the grave, in order to give it to us, as *our Life*—that is a love which is beyond all human comprehension. To be willing to die for us was much; but to be willing to live for us all over again was everything. Truly indeed, our sin was a *felix culpa*. We live by what we slew. Communion flows from Sacrifice; there is no Communion rail without an altar; there is no Bread of Life without a Consecration. Sacrifice leads to the Sacrament.

Social Approach to Crime

The Part Parole Plays in the Treatment of Crime

By Lawrence Lucey

A SHOEMAKER started it. Though the field is now dominated by people who are more or less of the intellectual type, it was begun by a Boston cobbler named John Augustus. For the seven years prior to 1872 he acted as the surety for people who had been convicted of crime in the Boston courts, but who were not sent to prison. John Augustus was the first informal probation officer.

In 1872 the cobbler was relieved of his work by "Father" Cook who took a greater interest in the offenders who had been released in his care, and attempted to rehabilitate them so that they would not fall into a life of crime. I have been unable to learn with certainty whether or not "Father" Cook was a priest. In my opinion he received the name solely because of the fatherly interest which he took in the offenders placed in his charge, and not because he was a member of the clergy.

The books on penology and criminology which refer to "Father" Cook cite an article in the November, 1897, issue of *The Charities Review* as their source. Though it does not answer with certainty the meaning of "Father," it does shed some light on the origin of the social approach to crime.

"Nearly twenty-five years ago," reads this article, "an old man of leisure and of the highest benevolence became known in the criminal courts of Boston as the watchful friend of every friendless youth dragged before them. 'Father' Cook was a practical philanthropist, who sought to do good to the needy in each individual case as he met it, and left the theories of law to others. He came every day to learn whether, among the unfortunate seized as culprits, there were any who were innocent; or whose error was but an incident, strange to the tenor of life and without root in character, or who were not yet hardened, but in whom there was hope, under proper guidance, of penitence and reform. He investigated each case, and was gladly accepted by the courts as an adviser. His experience and his insight into human nature gave weight to his intercession. When there was a prospect of saving the accused from a life of crime, he voluntarily accepted guardianship, and the judges were eager to place such cases in his charge. Thus he became,

informally and without official position, the recognized probation officer for the young offenders of Boston, and scores of boys and girls, saved by him from entering the prison which would have been their hell, were restored to self-respect and independence."

In 1878 Massachusetts passed the first law which gave legal recognition to probation. Since that time the growth of probation has been slow but steady. There are now laws in the forty-eight States and most European countries which permit probation. As late as 1925 the first law was passed by the Federal government authorizing the usage of probation in the Federal courts. But the fact that probation is permitted does not mean that it is being used properly by these courts. In a recent book the author states that probation, in its true sense, has never been tried. And with the possible exceptions of the Catholic Charities experiment in the New York Court of General Sessions, the work now being done in the Boston Juvenile Court with the assistance of the Harvard Law School, and perhaps a very few other places, it can be said that probation has never been tried. It is a theory for the prevention and treatment of crime which has suffered from half-hearted, incompetent attempts to actualize it.

TO a large part of the public probation means a sentimental method of treating the criminal which is totally unrealistic, and permits dangerous criminals to roam at large so that they may continue to be a menace to society. This opinion of probation, though entirely erroneous, has been responsible for the slow and awkward development of probation. Probation is not sentimental. It is a hard, scientific method of treating crime which will produce results that prisons during the many centuries of their existence have never accomplished. Properly administered, probation does not permit dangerous criminals to roam at large. It is not intended for the hardened, habitual criminal. While conducting its experiment in the New York Court of General Sessions the Catholic Charities Probation Bureau, during twenty-three months, investigated 3,053 people who had been convicted of crime by this court and only eighteen per cent of them

were placed on probation. In the latest report from this court the Chief Probation Officer stated that twenty-three per cent of the offenders were placed on probation.

ANOTHER public fallacy which has held back the growth of probation is that it is the same as parole. Probation is not parole. And none of the editorial criticism which is leveled at parole every time a daring crime is committed by a parolee need be faced in estimating the value of probation. Parole is a system for handling people who have been committed to prison and released prior to the termination of the maximum period of their sentence. Probation deals with people who have not been committed to prison, and for that reason it has a better chance of reforming those who are placed under its wing.

During the course of a criminal trial only legal evidence is presented to the court. The law of evidence limits the facts which may be examined by the court and jury in their attempt to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the accused. Only facts which are relevant to the actual crime are considered by the court. Little if any of the defendant's background and history is touched upon in their endeavour to find out whether or not the accused did the alleged criminal act.

Immediately after a defendant is found guilty of a crime by the court the work of probation commences. Sufficient time to permit a probation officer to investigate the defendant is allowed to lapse by the court between the day of conviction and the day for the imposition of sentence. The usual time between conviction and the imposition of sentence is one week.

The probation officer interviews the defendant and finds out what motives led him into crime, and endeavours to obtain leads from the defendant which will uncover other sources of information. The probation officer then learns the defendant's criminal record from police and court reports, visits the home of the defendant to determine what his environment is, speaks with the family and neighbors of the defendant, finds out the church if any which the defendant attends, ascertains the education which he has received and looks at

his school record, discovers whether or not the defendant is employed and learns his salary, examines the aggravating or mitigating circumstances surrounding the criminal act, has the defendant submit to a psychiatric and medical examination at a clinic, and taps all other sources of information which may be helpful to the probation officer in his effort to find out how and why this particular individual became a criminal. The investigation will vary with each individual defendant, for the occasions of crime vary; but the above sources of information are used in almost every investigation.

With the information garnered in the investigation before him, the probation officer is now prepared to diagnose the defendant's case. Some of the facts which he has gleaned will reveal what factor or factors led the defendant into crime. The defendant may have been unemployed and in need of the necessities of life; he may have an anti-social outlook on life and lack religious training; he may have fallen in with evil companions; he may be mentally or physically defective; he may be addicted to alcohol or drugs; or his home environment may be poor. Whatever the investigation reveals as the main factor or factors in the defendant's crime are placed in the probation officer's report as his diagnosis.

Knowing what type of a person the defendant is, and knowing what led him into crime, has prepared the probation officer for his prognosis. This is an estimate of what the possibilities are for the reformation and rehabilitation of the defendant. It is an attempt to predict the answer to the question: What will happen if the defendant is released from court under the guidance and supervision of a probation officer? The investigation and diagnosis will tell whether the odds favor a criminal career or reformation under proper care.

The social history and background of the defendant contained in the probation officer's report, accompanied by the facts presented at the trial in which the accused was found guilty, provide the judge with ample information about the defendant. The judge is now fully prepared to impose a just sentence upon the man who stands before him. If he finds that the defendant is a person who will not reform he can send him to prison.

IF the judge finds that the defendant is reformable he places him on probation. The judge puts the offender under the supervision of a probation officer for a number of years. Should the probation officer later learn that the man in his charge does not intend to change his mode of life, he may surrender him to court and have him sent to prison for the full period to which he might previ-

ously have been sentenced—no allowance need be made for the time that the offender was on probation.

A case taken from the Catholic Charities probation experiment in the New York Court of General Sessions will illustrate the manner in which probation is applied. The case is that of Hugo D.

HUGO was sixteen years of age, and had left high-school during his first year. His parents had taken good care of him, and there was harmony in the home until Hugo left school and went to work. Hugo's father had a fruit-stand and made the boy work with him at the stand. Hugo had no inclinations toward the business of selling fruit. He thought himself capable of better work. He detested the fruit-stand. The father was suspicious of the boy, was unable to understand his hate of the fruit-stand, and unreasonably curtailed his liberty and spending money. Hugo, chafing under a strict life and despairing of the future, ran away from home.

After being away from home for two weeks, Hugo found that he was unable to obtain food. And he, with three companions, broke into a grocery store and stole some food. In court he pleaded guilty to petit larceny and was placed on probation.

The father, some time previous to Hugo's offence, had been in court. He had been brought to the Children's Court because he refused to allow Hugo's younger brother, who was crippled, to undergo an operation which would cure him. The chief problem which faced the probation officer was the father.

Concentrating on the father's selfishness, the probation officer showed him that Hugo could make more money by working at a place other than the fruit-stand. A position in a machine shop was obtained for Hugo. At the outset he received twenty dollars per week, and after fourteen months he was earning thirty-five dollars per week.

Hugo was now anxious to prove that both he and his family had gained by his new mode of life. A large part of his salary went to the support of his family; yet he was allowed ample spending money. Part of his spending money was placed in a bank, and his account rose to two hundred and nineteen dollars. He attended church regularly, joined a boy's club, and enrolled in an evening class at a technical school. Hugo was now an asset to society.

Had Hugo been sent to a prison or a reformatory his life might have been ruined. On returning home after he had been released, he would again have to face an intolerant father. Perhaps he would leave home once more, and find a life of crime beckoning him. Probation was the only treatment from which both society and Hugo could profit.

Probation is not a patent medicine which will cure the crime problem after a few doses. It should only be used for those Hugos and Richards who resort to a criminal act, not because of a criminal disposition, but because they have lost their way in a world which can often be a cruel and unjust vale of tears. Probably administered probation will nip many criminal careers in their bud.

Professor Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School, who is an outstanding student of crime, has written enlighteningly of the cure for crime which cannot be found at the end of the rainbow. He writes that "even the most superficial investigation into the complex and subtle factors involved in the individual criminal career must convince one that to speak of 'a cure' for crime is folly, naïveté or charlatanism. All that can be claimed and expected of any device for coping with criminality by way of treatment is that it is of some assistance, in an appreciable number of cases, in putting certain offenders on the road toward rehabilitation." Probation does that.

Aside from the big fact that probation does prevent many offenders from returning to crime, there are many incidental benefits which society can derive from it. It has been estimated in New York that it costs one-nineteenth as much to place a person on probation than it does to send him to a penal institution. The institutional cost in 1926 was five hundred and fifty-five dollars per inmate; whereas probation supervision only cost twenty-nine dollars per case. In this period of unbalanced budgets, nuisance and sales taxes, probation should be greeted with many hosannas.

By avoiding commitments to penal institutions probation promotes the welfare of the family of a person convicted of a crime. Very often when a criminal is sent to prison his family, completely innocent of his crime, is punished more than he is. Probation does not break up families; nor does it take the wage-earner from a family and force them to live on charity. It also requires a non-supporting husband to pay weekly installments for the support of his family. And it makes negligent parents take better care of their children.

SINCE the pioneer days of the Boston shoemaker and "Father" Cook, the scope of probation has been broadened. It is fertile with possibilities. It is one of the most important fields of social work. It has proved its worth as an instrument for promoting the welfare of society, the family, and the individual. An enlightened, sympathetic opinion of probation by the public will accelerate its growth and efficacy in curbing the tendency to crime.

A Case *for* San Lazaro

By Joseph Monaghan

THE noonday heat hung like a spell over Batangas. Not a dog stirred in the sun-baked plaza, not a frond rustled on the lethargic palm trees, not a block creaked on the schooners in the anchorage. Across the narrow bay, the jungle presented its monotonous wall of olive green. To the south, past the yellow-scarred foreland, past the green-toothed reefs where the blue billows changed to froth, trade clouds lay on the ocean's rim as lightly as one layer of air on another. It was not sweet to do nothing; it was impossible to do anything.

Under a tattered awning on the rickety wharf, two white men sprawled in deck chairs. One was burly, blond, bluff-countenanced, a man who even in this climate could be energetic. His name was Hawkins, an American. Up and down the islands he traded pins, mirrors, printed calico for whatever exotic junk he could pick up. Trade was not what it used to be, still he prospered. The other man was a Hollander, August Van Hoor-gen. He was dark, slender, shy, a fastidious esthete, a semi-recluse, a successful planter. These two were exact opposites, with a trait or a taste in common—except mutual esteem.

Four miles down the bay, and near its center, lay the leper island of San Lazaro. A forlorn cluster of white huts and sparse palms. Van Hoor-gen waved his hand languidly towards it and murmured:

"That place is a hell and should be abolished. Before I would go to San Lazaro, I'd blow my head off."

"Rot," said Hawkins, without stirring.

"Naturally you have Catholic prejudices against self-destruction. But, as though leprosy weren't bad enough, conditions on that island are abominable. Could even your pitiless God condemn a man to that?"

"Why talk about a pitiless God?" growled Hawkins; "What about pitiless man? If conditions are bad on that island, man can change them. Money can buy decent buildings, provide sanitation and efficient care."

"But man can't cure leprosy," said Van Hoor-gen, morosely. There was silence for a moment, then half angrily he resumed:

"The disease is diabolical, yet your compassionate God permits it. Some of you even regard it as a visitation from His hands, a sort of blessing in disguise. How do you reconcile that with His character of mercy and justice?"

Hawkins turned and eyed him curiously.

"August," he said impressively, "for many years now we have been friends. You have always respected my beliefs, I have ignored your disbelief. You are better educated than I am and know the answers to your own questions better than I do. I know only one answer to what you ask. It is found in the Book of Genesis where there is an account of how man committed original sin. You have read that but you do not believe it. Well, pray for belief."

"To a God in whom I do not believe!" laughed Van Hoor-gen. "What would you do, John, if you were to get leprosy?"

"Bear it."

"Suppose that it became more than you could bear?"

"I can only hope that that never happens."

"H'm."

There was another silence.

"When do you start for Negritos?" asked Van Hoor-gen.

"I shall wait till it grows cooler. Teofilo will have the mules ready by five."

"Then I shall ride with you as far as Villa Morena," said Van Hoor-gen.

"Won't you stop there with me tonight?"

"Sorry, August, but I am expected in San Vicente tomorrow. That means a long ride tonight."

"Ah, you go-getters. No time to rest and enjoy the quiet delights of life. What will you do with all your money when you are old?"

"Oh, go back to the States," grinned Hawkins, "become a prop of the community. Perhaps I'll be elected a J.P., die with the benediction of the mayor and my fellow citizens and leave my money to worthy causes."

"Pitiful," commented Van Hoor-gen. "Don't ask me what I am going to do with mine." He rose and stretched: "See you at five," and he strolled away.

AT five they met in the plaza and rode off. Three miles from Batangas, along the road to San Vicente, lay Villa Morena, the headquarters of Van Hoor-gen's estates. It stood on rising ground, a couple of hundred yards from the road, a sprawling two story house with a minimum of wall and a maximum of window. At the parting of the roads Van Hoor-gen turned to Hawkins and was strangely moved.

"John," he said, "remember well of me."

"August, I can't remember you in any other way."

The two men gripped hands and parted. At the house Van Hoor-gen made straight



THE LAUNCH POISED ON THE CREST OF THE LAST BREAKER,

for his room. The Chinese house servant appeared for his orders.

"I will not dine tonight," said Van Hoorgen. "I shall bathe and afterwards I do not want to be disturbed."

In his room he went directly to a tall mirror. Searchingly he examined his face. No, it was not so noticeable there. He drew up his sleeves, finally examined his whole body. With a despairing groan he flung himself on the bed. Oh, there was no mistake! He had seen enough cases, had studied the symptoms too carefully to be in error. Leprosy! God! God!

Why God? He lay as quiet as the dead and thought bitterly.

Around Villa Morena there were eight hundred acres of sugar cane. Beyond that the coconut groves stretched for miles. Tobacco, too, the finest leaf east of Turkey. In the vaults of the Staatsbank there were deposited gold bonds to the value of fifty thousand English pounds. All these things were his. And, he was a leper.

Only a few years before, he had come

to the East, a sensitive, grief-stricken, disappointed lover. He had brought with him a superb education, exquisite taste in the arts, and seven hundred dollars. He had fought grief, climate, the caprices of nature and the cunning of men. By industry, patience, courage, he had wrung a fortune from this fantastic island. It was time now to go to Europe, to leisure, to all those things which make living the most refined of arts, and he could go only as far as San Lazaro!

For hours he lay there, thinking. Was the world really ruled by a devil who toyed with men's fates, into whose hands poor humanity was delivered? Or could the outraged Christian God carry His vengeance so far? God? Van Hoorgen had believed once, but it was things like this, monstrous injustices, which had turned him from the idea of God.

He had told Hawkins he would blow off his head before he would go to San Lazaro. He could not do that. A pistol was messy; besides he objected to being remembered as a suicide. Why, he could

not say. But he would not go to that horrible island. Added to the other torments, he would be pestered by priests who would try to make a Catholic of him. There must be some good way. Think. Ah, he had it.

His foreman, Gruber, owned a small motor launch which he moored at a private wharf a short distance from Batangas. The night was intolerably stuffy. What more plausible than that Van Hoorgen should decide to take a ride for the sake of the breeze. Down at the entrance to the bay there was a coral reef where waves broke ceaselessly on pointed rock. Drive the launch on one of those spikes and man and boat disappeared for eternity. That was it. He would do it. Tonight.

Van Hoorgen rose with animation. The night was insufferably hot. A storm was coming and it would be a bad one. So much the better; sinister deeds should have a proper setting. He must make his will. If he could not enjoy the use of his wealth, he could at least dispose of it as he pleased.

He sat down at the secretary. Mentally he calculated all his possessions. Well? To whom would he leave them? He had no living relative to whom he cared to leave money. Hawkins did not need any. Should he make a patriotic gesture, leave it to the state? What was the state? A crew of grafting politicians and a muddle-headed citizenry which would not appreciate the gift because none of it would pass directly into their own pockets. Schools, then, hospitals, orphanages? They would make good use of it, but which ones? Who in all the strata of misery which make up mankind, suffered the most and were most neglected? The lepers, San Lazaro! Of course. What had Hawkins said? Man could make it less of a hell. What a beautiful gesture! Other men would not help. It was left to a leper to aid his fellow lepers.

HE pre-dated the will so that it would appear to have been made out some years before. He listed all his possessions. Then, with the exception of small sums to Gruber and the older servants, he solemnly deeded everything to the Catholic chaplain at San Lazaro to be administered for the benefit of the leper colony. The document finished, Van Hoorgen sealed it and stowed it in his private safe. Everything was ready.

It was near midnight when he made his way to the stables. The electric tension in the air had increased. This storm would not roll up gradually. It would explode in all its fury. Perhaps it was a typhoon although no warning signals had been given.

The sky hung over the world like a black tent, but darkness did not worry Van Hoorgen. He had a mare in his stables that knew the road to Batangas



THEN IT SPRANG FORWARD AND CRASHED ON THE BEACH

as she knew the color of oats. In five minutes they were thudding along that road which runs like a tunnel through the bush. Even the motion of riding brought out the sweat on his body. It was a fearful night.

At the edge of Batangas he swerved to the south. A few hundred yards and they were at Gruber's wharf. The launch was there. He slapped the mare's haunch and watched her start the journey back to Villa Morena. It was a starless, breathless, uneasy night.

An oily swell rolled into the bay from the ocean, tossed the launch and swirled flakes of phosphorescence along its hull. Van Hoorgen clambered aboard, for a moment sat down to think. These were his last few minutes of life. Had he left anything undone? No. Had he any misgivings? For hopes frustrated, yes. For what he was about to do? He glanced at the white blur of San Lazaro gleaming faintly ahead of him and ground his teeth. No!

HE spun the launch's flywheel. The engine responded beautifully. He headed the boat towards San Lazaro, the only bearing he could make in the gloom. The first gust of the approaching storm moaned over the waters. From the south-east, he noted. That meant that the wind would veer swiftly to the south and be dead against him. Against such wind the launch would make no headway: he must hurry. It was four miles to San Lazaro. Passing San Lazaro to port, it was three miles to the reef and there his journey ended. He was glad he had remembered Gruber in the will. Gruber would need a new launch.

After that first speculative puff, the air had become still again. The superheated world held its breath, braced itself against the fury which was to come. The launch made good time. San Lazaro slipped past to port, but the swell was rising. The waves were no longer rounded and greasy: they were steep and a frill of foam gleamed on their crests. Half a mile past San Lazaro, the storm broke.

As though fired from a gun, the wind came. It scooped great transverse troughs in the surface of the bay, piled up the waves till their crests toppled. Its ravings drowned out the hiss of the water, the roar of the laboring engine, the thunder of the waves along shore. It drowned out Van Hoorgen's thoughts.

The masterless fury of this storm appalled him. With engine racing at full speed the launch did not gain an inch. It was the most he could do to keep its head to the waves. And then the engine died. No wonder. The rain was falling now. Not rain but solid water from the crumbling heavens. Unreasoning terror, stark despair invaded Van Hoorgen's mind, blacked out thought, beat down courage, brushed aside doubt, stubbornness, rage.

It is possible to remain in error for years, wilfully to resist truth even for a lifetime. We are immovably fixed in our convictions, ironclad against proof, unalterably complacent. As knowledge comes with the years, it does not mould our minds but falls neatly into prearranged moulds. Only occasionally the castle of Doubt which we thought was a stronghold and which was really a prison, is smitten by lightning from Sinai. It

Gospel From Ontario

By

Clifford J. Laube

SLY luxury would render void

The bloom of love, to love's own
shame,

Leaving the fruit of life destroyed

By vices it were vile to name.

Yet like a cry against this death

There rings a gospel from the
north:

A rosary of budded breath

In five-fold beauty blossoms forth.

Lord, holy are Thy testaments!

Behold, an uncorrupted land

Gives to Thy clustered innocents

A reverent and caring hand.

crumbles and the liberated mind rubs its eyes at what it always considered Untruth. For it sees that it is Truth. Something like that happened to Van Hoorgen—in the time which it takes lightning to appear and disappear.

The turning points along life's highway, unnoticed as he passed them, swept before his mind in a flickering kaleidoscope. There they were: his first deliberate doubt, his first act of disbelief, the

day he turned his back on the Church, on Europe, on the woman he loved, on all the things for which he had lived, his decision to be self-sufficient, to carve out his own destiny. He had pitted his will against the will of a God whom he had personally anathematized—and had been beaten in every important engagement. Now he was not even permitted to destroy himself as he had planned. Vicisti, Galilee? The long fight was ended. There was nothing left except to submit. His purgatory was already appointed. There it was, San Lazaro.

He had to have a sea-anchor. The wind was right to carry him back to San Lazaro if the launch could live that long in these seas. Desperately he tore up sheathing, thwarts, floor. The launch yawed, a great wave broke over the side, flung Van Hoorgen into the machinery, half filled the boat with water. Stunned, he rose again bundled his wood together, lashed it with the painter. With a groan, he flung the makeshift sea-anchor from the bow. It gripped, it dragged, the bow swung round to the seas, the launch began to drift steadily towards San Lazaro.

Van Hoorgen sank to his knees in the sloshing oil and brine. He prayed in a strange awkward way. The words were lost in the tempest but no doubt were heard by the One to whom they were directed. Like a racehorse, the launch came up with the island. Wild waves broke in the cove at its southern end. The launch poised on the crest of the last breaker, then, like a swallow darting from a hedge, sprang forward and burst its ribs on the beach. Tons of water overwhelmed it, but Van Hoorgen was not swept away.

ABOUT six months after this, John Hawkins came again to Batangas. One of his first acts was to make his confession to the chaplain at San Lazaro. Afterwards they walked about the island, for they were old friends. Suddenly the priest struck his brow.

"Of course," he exclaimed. Turning to Hawkins: "One of my penitents is a friend of yours. He often asks for you. Follow me."

They came to a hut and entered. In the bare interior, disinfectants battled powerfully with the odor of decaying humanity. The leper who prayed on the cot faced them. Malignant leprosy causes astonishing changes and it was a little time before Hawkins recognized Van Hoorgen.

"Hello John," came through those horrible lips.

"August!"

They conversed until the leper was weary. Outside again the priest said to Hawkins:

"It is like a daily miracle. He makes me think of one of the Souls in Purgatory. The torments are unimaginable, but—that soul will see God."

M O L O K A I, 1 8 7 3

*"... {Father Damien} slept that first night under a tree
amidst his rotting brethren."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

THE LEPER

THEY left me here to die
With the dragging time,—
To see
The flesh of me
Borrowing the marrow
Of my bones. The hair of my head,
Like the sheddings of a beast,
Leaves traces where I make my bed.

These crumbling teeth in my
Parching mouth are like
The shifting sands
On a scorching desert.

The scales from my skin
Follow the spasmodic breeze
And rot each living green
On which they fall.
The stink of my body
Quickens the only sense
The tricky fates have left me.

The earth is my bier.
The skies are the boundaries
Of my tomb.
Death (somewhere taunting
Ones that have no wanting)
Holds the keys
Of this great vault of mine.
Am I a living death?

Look! Look!
The mocking sun in the flaming west,
As it scourges from my cell,
Writes in blood across the sky:
"This is another day you shall not die.
You are a living death!"
A living death . . . a living death.

THE PRIEST

LET not the body's plight hold brief
Against the mind's dull seeming grief.
The withered leaf,

Detached from the mother tree and blown
In space, knows only root and stone
Will hold their own.

In all beauty lurks an hint
Of tragedy. Yet not that tint
Should be the glint.

Life is the scattered fertile seed;
Death and despair's the stifling weed,—
Renew your creed.

Acquaint yourself with God and be
Like the Son of Man on that bitter tree,—
Soul set free.

His burden was a cross of shame.
Redeeming souls, His only aim.
Call His name.

He conquered the grave (death's keen knife),
Your heritage is the gift of life
Void of strife.

Dust to dust is the body's way;
You've walked around in borrowed clay,—
Kneel and pray.

*The sun sank its gold in a sandy bill,
And night was tomorrow's windowsill.*

Earl Lawson Sydnor

ITALY, FRANCE *and* ENGLAND

By Denis Gwynn

"ROLL up that map. It will not be needed these next twenty years." So spoke William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, when he came home to his study in London after receiving the news of Napoleon's victory against the Allied armies at Austerlitz. The efforts of years had culminated in a campaign in which almost all the States in Europe had combined to overthrow the ambitions of an upstart dictator, who may in at least some ways be compared with Mussolini in our own day, and who had risen to become Emperor of France since the Revolution of twenty years before. Napoleon at Austerlitz had once again shown the amazing military genius which had given him the mastery of Europe. Yet within a few years Napoleon was to receive his final defeat at Waterloo, which was to send him out to St. Helena to end his life as a lonely prisoner on a small island in the Atlantic.

New Deal Inevitable

IT is well to recall these memories just now, as a reminder of the extraordinary vicissitudes which must be expected in tumultuous times. Pitt's order to his footman to roll up the great map which had hung on his wall may even be a necessary caution today. We have reached a period when the map-makers will be kept guessing for some years before they undertake any new editions. And the changes will not be confined to Europe. There is scarcely a Continent which will not be affected in the coming years.

Whatever be the outcome of the dispute which Mussolini has started over Ethiopia, a "New Deal" has become inevitable, whether it is to be arranged by force or by agreement. The period which has been dominated by the Versailles Peace Treaty has definitely reached its end, and a drastic revision of existing arrangements is not only inevitable but urgently needed.

Future generations will undoubtedly attribute to Hitler and to Mussolini the responsibility—and quite probably also the praise—for having forced the rest of the world to undertake a task which is already overdue. In the same sense, posterity will acknowledge that without Lenin the old régime in Russia—and indirectly also in the whole of Europe—would never have collapsed as it did in 1917 and 1918. Whether they were right or wrong, justified or not justified, in

what they did and how they did it, is a wholly different question. For the moment, we have to face the fact that great upheavals are already imminent; and it is by no means easy to appreciate the new situation.

American readers may well ask how such world-wide issues can possibly be involved in Mussolini's determination to conquer and control Ethiopia. Not even his rivals in Europe, as I have explained in recent articles, can see any serious direct threat to their economic interests in his desire to annex the only territory in Africa (with the single exception of Liberia) which is not already under the government of some European Power. If the problem could be considered quite apart from other questions which it involves, Ethiopia would probably not find any Power in the world to intervene for her protection. If Mussolini did not cherish much wider ambitions, and if his military power in Europe were not of vital consequences to all his neighbors, there would be scarcely a protest in defence of Ethiopia.

Reasons for Opposition

IN previous articles I have tried to explain how much wider considerations are involved, which account for the immense opposition that Mussolini's preparations for conquest have provoked. And now, as a result of the turmoil he has caused, still larger questions have arisen which can never be ignored again and which will occupy increasingly the attention of the next generation.

Briefly, the reasons for opposing Mussolini's campaign were of two different kinds. First, he was preparing openly to resort to war as a means of national aggrandizement, although Italy had signed both the Covenant of the League of Nations which outlaws war, and also the Kellogg Pact which pledges all its signatories to renounce it. To say that other nations have obtained territories by military conquest in the past is no argument in this case; because the world has been organized since the Peace Treaties of 1919 on a basis of collective security, and any breakdown of that system in Europe could only mean that each nation must proceed to re-arm at intolerable expense for its own protection. Secondly, Mussolini's campaign against Ethiopia must involve repercussions both in Europe and in Africa and Asia, where the colored races

would regard all white men as their enemies because of his campaign.

England an Interested Party

THAT, quite briefly, was the situation which the League of Nations had to consider. The problem was greatly aggravated by the fact that Ethiopia is a member of the League and had appealed to the League for protection against an undisguised war of conquest. At Geneva, Italy has attempted to treat Ethiopia as beneath contempt because of its backward civilization. But it was Mussolini himself who, for reasons of his own, joined with France in sponsoring Ethiopia as a candidate for the League, in spite of the objections of various States, including England. Moreover, Mussolini's outspoken pronouncements had made no secret that he intended to conquer Ethiopia, and that he would accept no compromise. In such conditions the League could not possibly ignore Ethiopia's appeal, and if it failed to take action in her defense, the value of the League as a guarantee of collective security would obviously have gone forever.

There should be no misunderstanding, however, as to the grounds on which England has led the opposition to Italy in this dispute. It is a familiar feature of English public life that England always invokes some disinterested motive when she has to defend her own interests. It is as though a man whose personal interests or rights are threatened always insists that he is not thinking of any injury to himself, but of the necessity of protecting everybody else from similar injuries. So in 1914, Englishmen were urged immediately to enlist in the new armies to safeguard the sanctity of treaties, and to protect "gallant little Belgium," whose independence England had guaranteed—while everybody knew that the real reason was England's fear of Germany conquering Belgium and establishing herself close to the Channel ports.

The position is precisely similar now. England and Italy had both joined in a treaty guaranteeing Ethiopia's integrity, just as England and Germany had signed a treaty guaranteeing Belgium's integrity. Italy now ignores that treaty as a "scrap of paper" because she intends to annex Ethiopia, just as Germany ignored the other treaty because she intended to annex Belgium. In both cases

it is literally true that England opposes the violation of a treaty, but in both cases there have been urgent reasons for intervening in her own interests. England would obviously have refrained from ever signing such a treaty unless she had reasons for undertaking such a guarantee. It is these reasons—much more than any disinterested devotion to the sanctity of treaties—that have decided her attitude now.

Yet in the present case British interests are more than ever bound up in the defense of this particular Treaty, because it involves the whole system of collective security. Every country since 1918 has, to some extent, relied on the League of Nations as an institution which would prevent war. Without it every great Power must either maintain an army and navy and air force that would be more than equal to those of all possible combinations against it; or else it must form a close military alliance with some other Power, on the pre-League basis.

Actually England has reduced her forces more than any other great Power, and has thereby escaped an appalling burden of additional taxation. So long as the League can be relied upon, England need have no fear of attack, or of losing command of her communications with India and the East. For several generations British policy has been based upon close friendship with Italy, and there has therefore been no need to keep strong military and naval forces in the Mediterranean. But if the League is to collapse, and especially if it collapses because of a quarrel with Italy, then England will have to increase her Mediterranean fleet and garrisons at enormous expense, and with constant anxiety for the future. Similarly in other parts of Europe. Germany will become a naval rival again in time.

France Needs League

THAT aspect of the League, of course, matters still more to France, which has not nearly such large resources to provide for her own defenses, if the League ceases to count in Europe. Italy as well as Germany is a potential danger to France, especially to her colonies in northern Africa; and if the League cannot keep peace amongst its own members, France must increase her garrisons in northern Africa and along her own south coast where she might have to face an Italian invasion, as well as having to protect her whole eastern frontier against another German invasion such as she experienced three times within the hundred years before 1914.

It was Laval's chief achievement as Foreign Minister that he settled France's outstanding disagreements with Mussolini so cordially that France was

able to reduce her garrisons along the frontiers of Italy and also of Libya. For a happy but brief period France thus enjoyed both the security guaranteed by the League of Nations, and a cordial agreement on military defenses with Italy. During the past month the unfortunate M. Laval has had to choose between sacrificing either one or other of these guarantees of national defense; and his choice has been made all the more difficult because a breach between France and Italy would almost certainly mean Italy's withdrawal from the League, and the guarantee of the League would to that extent be weakened. Hence, the Ethiopian dispute has struck at the basis of national defense in every country which has hitherto relied on the League.

Further Complications

FOR England and France, however, it has involved much more than this, because they both occupy vast possessions in Africa. If Mussolini's campaign should fail, the defeat of his army would be regarded throughout Africa as proof that the white men need no longer be feared. In every French or British colony the effect would be felt within a very few years, and it would be necessary to increase the military garrisons everywhere. Any local revolt which overpowered the white troops might be the signal for a general uprising, and the whole system of government by the white peoples in Africa would be in jeopardy. It is, of course, disputable whether the government of Africa by European rulers can be justified indefinitely; and it is equally disputable whether England or France or Belgium or Portugal should possess any particular colony. But, as things are, both France and England have to protect their own interests, and their own troops; and Mussolini is incurring desperate risks in Ethiopia which no prudent man would ever undertake.

Assuming, on the other hand, that Italy's campaign in Ethiopia should succeed, the menace to British and French interests would be no less serious. In Ethiopia itself there is very little—apart from the remote possibility of improving the flow of water out of Lake Tsana into the Blue Nile—which affects any other country. But Mussolini has never made any secret of his ambitions. If he should conceivably succeed in conquering Ethiopia, he would unquestionably proceed to the conquest of Egypt and the Sudan. They are much closer to Italy than is Ethiopia, and they are immensely fertile. He already occupies Libya, which adjoins Egypt on its western side.

Eritrea runs along the lower end of the Red Sea, and with Ethiopia conquered, it would be united with Italian

Somaliland. The great stretch of country between Libya and Ethiopia is largely desert, apart from the fertile plain which has been reclaimed (and will be extended much farther) by irrigation works along the Nile. To unite Libya with Ethiopia by overrunning the Sudan would be an irresistible ambition; and sooner or later the British and Egyptian Governments would have to prepare against it. In the meantime, relations with the native races in both Egypt and the Sudan must be made increasingly difficult for both England and France as a result of Mussolini's preparations for attacking Ethiopia.

These, obviously, are the considerations which have weighed constantly during recent weeks with the Governments of Britain and France, and which have led them to make a much more determined effort than was ever expected, to prevent Mussolini from carrying out his campaign. On these grounds—and by concentrating deliberately upon the simple issue of whether the League Covenant could be defied with impunity—they have been able to rally the whole League against Mussolini's intentions to undertake a war of conquest. By so doing, they have transformed the whole issue and they have upset all Mussolini's calculations at a stage when it is no longer possible for him to abandon his campaign.

Italy's Need to Expand

IT is a deplorable situation which could have been prevented many months ago if England and France had both informed Mussolini plainly that they would have to mobilize the League of Nations against him, instead of giving him the impression (as Laval certainly did, and Ramsay MacDonald also seems to have done, though less definitely) that he need not expect interference. The result is that Mussolini, having staked all the prestige of Italy and of the Fascist régime upon the success of his Ethiopian adventure, is now confronted with measures of restraint so formidable that he must either admit defeat, with all its consequences, or take the appalling responsibility of provoking a European war.

Whatever happens the balance of international relations in Europe, and also in Africa, has been irrevocably destroyed. Issues have been raised which must be dealt with urgently, by an agreed New Deal among the European Powers, if war is not to be spread to many countries and the whole system of civilization in Europe is not to fall like a house of cards, as swiftly as it fell in Russia after the revolution.

Had Mussolini asserted his claims to expansion in a more reasonable way he would have had an unanswerable case.

Even the blunders of his diplomacy cannot weaken Italy's claim to expansion on at least the same terms as other European Powers. He has confronted the whole world with an unprovoked resort to war, instead of using the many methods which were open to him for demanding colonies. As dictator in Italy he has insisted upon controlling his own foreign policy, as well as the army and navy and air force, and the whole internal reorganization of Italy. No one man could hope to succeed simultaneously in so many rôles; and in his foreign policy Mussolini has, in this supremely important case, displayed an almost unbelievable ignorance of its pitfalls. He has simply relied on intimidating the world by mobilizing the whole man power of Italy, and by creating so large an air force that his neighbors have been unwilling to prepare against him on a similar expensive scale. He has held it to be ignominious to consult with other Powers, in the belief that Italy must decide and achieve her own destiny unaided. By ignoring the interests of other Powers he has produced a situation in which they all feel that he has become a public danger and that they must combine to restrain him.

Yet the problem which he has sought to solve by these barbaric methods is so pressing and so apparent that, if he had treated it otherwise, he could not have failed to obtain his demands. No sane person can deny that Italy does need scope for expansion overseas, or that the present distribution of territory in Africa requires drastic revision. Of the five Great Powers, France and Britain had least need of the immense additional territories which were entrusted to them by mandates of the League of Nations after the war; while Germany and Italy have most need of territories in which their surplus population can find a livelihood.

French and English Colonization

NOT only have France and Britain far more territory than can be justified in relation to other Powers. They are the two Powers which are least capable of colonizing under present conditions. In France the birth-rate has been falling so steadily for years that her population has been almost stationary for half a century. In England the birth-rate began to decline later, but this decline has been catastrophic and it still grows worse from year to year. The population is almost stationary already; and in another few years, at present rates, it is due to begin a definite decline. In both countries the position is worse even than the stationary population suggests, for the death rate has been so much reduced by modern hygiene and by social legislation that the proportion of old people increases steadily,

and the decline in the number of young people is thus disguised in the total statistics.

In contrast with this national decay in both England and France, Italy and Germany have both continued steadily to increase their population. In pre-war years Italy had an almost unlimited output for her surplus population in the United States, while Germany also sent tens of thousands of emigrants to America as well as populating her colonies in Africa and in the Far East. For years past, both countries have been obliged to support at home the large surplus of young people who would otherwise have emigrated; and in the present depression of world trade it is almost impossible to find employment for so many. Year after year the surplus population increases, and those who desire to emigrate are prohibited from going either to the United States or to the other countries where they would formerly have created their homes.

Germany a Factor

NO problem in Europe is more urgent than to find a remedy for this manifest injustice. The unwillingness of great countries like Australia to admit immigrants (even from Great Britain) while such vast tracts of their territory await development, only intensifies the problem and makes it inevitable that such unnatural restrictions will somehow be overborne. Germany, with her new power as the greatest military nation in Europe, will sooner or later insist that her people shall have access to territories which are underpopulated and for which neither England nor France are now able to provide the necessary colonists. Had Italy raised the question in conference, with the support of Germany, it would have been utterly impossible to resist their claims for long. But instead of making use of the League of Nations, as two of its principal members, and demanding that its machinery should be applied to settling a great international problem by agreement, both Germany and Italy have in turn defied the League and preferred to rely upon the primitive methods of military force.

In Germany's case there were strong reasons for treating the League with distrust and hostility. Its constitution was rooted in the Treaty of Versailles, which Germany was determined to violate in many respects, which imposed restrictions upon her right to equality among the Great Powers. Germany left the League on the pretext that such equality was still being denied to her. Other countries felt bitterly about her defiance of the League, but they could only sympathize with her impatience and they were concerned chiefly with the danger to collective security which

Germany's departure involved. But Italy was one of the nations which profited largely by the Peace Treaties and obtained a great increase of authority and power with the League. She has defied it now, under Mussolini's heavy handed leadership, for no other reason whatever than that it will not condone her resort to a war of conquest in Ethiopia. No statesman with the slightest instinct for conducting foreign relations could have perpetrated such an appalling blunder, and Italy must now suffer for the overbearing arrogance of her Duce.

The Outcome Doubtful

WHERE diplomacy could have triumphed without the loss of one soldier and without the smallest sacrifice, Mussolini has led Italy into a war which must cause untold losses in men and in material resources. With a cause so good that it could not possibly have been denied, he has attempted to gain Italy's ends in a way which other countries could not allow without imperilling the whole system of international security. He may even have thrown back for years the chances of Italy's expansion in Africa, and he has unquestionably strengthened Germany's prospects of securing a larger share in the redistribution of colonies which is inevitable within the coming years. Incidentally he has added enormously to the difficulties of all European nations in governing the native peoples of Africa, and he may even have let loose forces which will spread chaos wherever white men have established their rule over the colored races.

Germany, above all, may thank Mussolini for having brought the African question into the forefront of international politics. Whatever may be the outcome for Italy—and it may quite conceivably destroy all Italy's colonial power, if the Ethiopian campaign should end in disaster—Germany at least may expect that if she presses her claim to restoration of her former colonies, it will be impossible for the League of Nations to refuse her satisfaction. An immediate and complete surrender of the mandates by England and France could not be expected, but a gradual restoration on some agreed plan could scarcely be refused even now. Had Mussolini relied upon diplomacy he could have combined with Hitler in bringing irresistible pressure to bear upon England and France. Instead, he has faced risks in Ethiopia which may yet destroy the prestige of Italian troops in Africa. And to Germany he has given an opportunity both for achieving the recovery of her lost colonies and for extending her influence over Austria and all Central Europe, while Italy is weakened and paralyzed by the necessities of her African adventure.

ANGELA MERICI— *The* FIRST URSULINE

By Edythe Helen Browne

NOVEMBER of 1935 honors the 400th anniversary of the founding of the Ursuline Order of teaching nuns. Catholic interest skips over the centuries to the frail little figure of the foundress, Saint Angela Merici, so robust of soul as to endure a devastating sense of unworthiness for 50 years before finally establishing her Order, the Company of St. Ursula, the first sisterhood of apostolic women to teach female youth. This summer, American Ursuline Alumnae sailed on pilgrimage to Italy; to favored towns preserving memories of the saint, Desanzano, her birthplace, on rainbow-hued Lake Garda; Brescia, scene of her labors and death. Not only is it pertinent that Angela, restless traveler, should be a native of Italy, country of the Colossal Boot; it is appropriate that she be honored not alone by ceremony and commemorative pens, but by pilgrimage. Every season saw her either braving Mediterranean waters or journeying along dusty roads, to Rome, Milan, Mantua, Cremona—wherever there were shrines of veneration at which she could pray for spiritual guidance officially to inaugurate her noble work. The great list of Alumnae pilgrims towards Italian shores was perhaps the most spectacular act of homage honoring her.

Angela Merici was born March 21st, 1474, in the Italian town of Desanzano, one of five children blessing the nuptials of Giovanni Tommaso Merici and his wife. She deserved her fair name. She was the angelic type, sunny-haired, glowing of countenance, of gentle manner and voice. Playmates so admired her blond hair and elders so persistently gossiped of its beauty as attractive to lovers, that the child, regarding her tresses as a dangerous vanity, dyed them an ugly color.

From earliest years Angela responded to the ideals of pious parents among which were imitation of the virtues of Catherine of Genoa and Veronica of Milan. Theresa of Avila and her brother played saints and hermits together; so, too, Angela and her older sister practiced little penances together, for these two were twin spirits in piety. When Angela was 15 her father died of fever. Then the eldest daughter, Angela's companion at play in the meadows and at prayer before Mary's statue, succumbed to disease, leaving Angela guardian of her mother and brother.

Shortly after Angela's sister's death Angela beheld her first vision. Carrying provisions for the farm workers she was walking through a citron grove. Suddenly the screen of vine and leaf parted and a flock of angels and maidens, in a flourish of wings and drapery behind the figure of the Virgin, descended on a radiant beam. Among the troop Angela recognized her sister and listened to these words: "Only persevere in the path you are following and you shall have a share with us in the glory you behold." On the patch of ground where Angela knelt before the vision once stood a tiny chapel in honor of this event.

When Angela's mother died, her brother, proprietor of estates in neighboring Salo, invited his niece and nephew to his home. Under the uncle's roof Angela's brother sickened and died. Angela, although the lone survivor of her immediate family, was nevertheless surrounded by unseen cloistered throngs; for her ambition to found a company of holy women budded in Salo. She returned to Desanzano, not a solitary but accompanied by a maiden who wished to devote herself to some spiritual routine. The two started to attend the sick and poor in Desanzano's hovel districts, to bring glimmers of faith to the ignorant, especially to children. Angela seemed destined to survive loved and chosen ones for her associate died under the fatigue of labors.

OTHER young women of Desanzano, among them seamstresses and servants, sought out Angela to join her in her work. When her first recruit died a small group of pious women, nucleus of the Community now numbering thousands, fortified her spirit for coming struggles. While the "Holy Maiden," as revering ones named her, and her band continued their charities among the poor they strove to inspire the tender hearts of children with love of Mary and her Son. Around the knees of these early educators of Christian youth gathered the little citizens of Desanzano to listen to their parables and simple stories of the Divine Childhood.

Angela's associates now included maidens from lowly households and educated ladies from proud families. Angela loved to surround herself with a group of followers and stroll with them across the

warm, green fields outside Desanzano. On one of these excursions withdrawing apart to pray she trembled under the blinding radiance of another vision. A starry ladder descended and down its steps trooped angels and Angela's first associate, who said: "Before thy death thou shalt found in Brescia a Society like this."

IN 1516, when her affluent friends, Jerome and Caterina Patengoli, urged her to continue her work in Brescia, 15 miles from Desanzano, a city of culture, spectator of the martyrdom of Christian princes, Angela remembered the prophetic words. So to Brescia she journeyed with her group and soon piously inclined Brescian women joined her holy circle. To the hungry the Merici sisters brought the loaves of begging; to the sick cooling hands and soothing herbs; to rebel souls kindly counsel; to the children religion, in all its simple beauty of one-syllabled stories. For 6 years Angela had inspired these holy labors among groups; yet, she hesitated, assailed by doubts, to establish formally her Order. Circumstances contended to dishearten her. Italian cities, each greedily for power, fought one another. French, Spanish and German armies threatened to ransack Italy in strategies for supremacy. The Pope languished, a meek captive, in St. Angelo's Castle. Founders of monastic orders suffered for their initiative. The century was too hectic for reflection and prayer much less for steadiness of purpose necessary to the establishment of a congregation.

During her stay in Brescia Angela not only leaned upon prayer for confidence in her work but believed that kneeling at shrines of special prayer her entreaties would be more efficacious. She visited dedicated spots with such regularity as to deserve the title, "Pilgrim Saint." In 1522, while Michaelangelo was adorning the Laurentian Library, Angela began her pilgrimages by visiting Blessed Osanna Andreasi's tomb at Mantua, where she prayed for direction long and fervently before the tiny ruby flame. To stand upon the soil made sacred by the print of the Master's feet—what a privilege! Angela believed that prayer at Palestinian shrines would be endowed with greater power.

In the spring of 1524, escorted by a

cousin, she left Brescia and sailed from the carnival port of Venice for Palestine. The leisurely progress of the vessel down the Adriatic put the pilgrims in imaginative mood. Lucky for Angela that she "saw" the scenes of Christ's Birth and Death so vividly with the inner eye for she was destined not to see them at the journey's end. At Canea in Crete where the vessel tarried she was stricken blind. Six months later, on the home voyage, after she had been led, eyes heavy and lusterless, but with lips moving in prayer, along the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem, Angela regained her sight. The pilgrim ship halted at Canea again and to a church on the island containing a miraculous image of Christ Crucified Angela resorted. Ever mindful of her cherished dream of founding an Order despite her handicap, she prayed before the cross thus, in part: "My Lord. . . If it be. . . to the furthering of Thy interests that I should recover my sight, do Thou. . . restore it to Thy handmaid. . ." She had scarcely turned to grope for her cousin's hand when she exclaimed in ecstasy that she saw again.

THE year 1525 was a generally observed pilgrim year with the cycle of Jubilees solemnized in Rome. Angela felt *obliged* to join the throng at Rome not because graces abundant rewarded pilgrims to a Jubilee city (and Angela needed great measures for her project) but because Lawrence Justinian, patriarch of Venice, relative of a friend, was to be beatified. Subsequently at the Apostles' Shrine in Rome she prayed for the necessary fortitude for her work that would guarantee its final establishment. In special audience she confided her resolution to the attentive ear of Pope Clement VII and was counselled to persevere in prayer.

Her daughters in Brescia were gladdened at her return, for that unhappy city brooded upon the evils that were to embroil upper Italy in wars in the autumn of 1528. Peace always preceded the way of Angela Merici, whether on stormy waters or in cities of riot and disorder. Back in Brescia Angela resumed teaching little ones but became befriender and spiritual adviser to all who needed healing of spirit. Brescians called her "the Merici," a living saint gifted with extraordinary powers to console spiritually. The Duke of Milan, Francesco (Sforza) II, was one of the first to seek solace from "the Merici" in his days of exile.

Angela's departure from Brescia to Cremona, singing city of violins, 20 miles distant, was to allay the fears of two friends, Augustine and Hippolyta Gallo. Francis I, King of France, and Charles V, emperor of Germany, were turning provinces of Upper Italy into smoking arenas of war, and Brescia, in the central province of Lombardy, be-

came a focus of attack. The Gallos knew that soldiers are rough avengers, that the gentle worker for Christ might suffer insult. At Cremona, Angela, a student, through the years, of theology and Holy Writ, conducted a forum of religious discussion to which flocked peasants and nobles. Doctrine and cryptic Scriptural passages she explained with quiet directness. Cremona nearly claimed Angela as the city of her death for during her stay she suffered an almost fatal malady.

Although pursuing her work in Brescia she brooded upon the furious northern wars; despite the protests of Augustine and Hippolyta she organized another pilgrimage to the sanctuaries on the Sacred Hill near Varallo and the flowered lake of Orta, the miscellany of statues representing events in the Saviour's life. After days of prayer and ascent of the Sacred Hill Angela returned to Cremona to muster her group of "Humble Sisters," so known in northern provinces; for the return to Brescia. Brescia was the name prophetic upon the lips of her vision; to Brescia she must repair for the establishment of her society which step she felt was imminent.

After her return to Brescia a dramatic dream determined Angela's future actions. Heroic St. Ursula of Cologne, daughter of Dionoc, prince of Cornwall, who with companions was massacred by barbarian German hordes because they would not yield in virtue, had long inspired Angela as a model of Christian womanhood. This saint, in Angela's dream, insisted that Angela tarry no longer founding her Order and vanished, leaving Angela to awaken with sharp resolve. Immediately she engaged quarters near St. Barnabas' Church and consulted Father Serafino da Bologna, an Augustinian attached to St. Afra's Church, who recommended that immediately she choose her First Twelve Associates.

NOW that Angela had selected the first candidates for the "Company of St. Ursula," as the Ursulines were first called, she deemed prayer and pilgrimage doubly imperative. In August, 1532, she and the chosen twelve again visited the Sacred Hill but instead of returning to Brescia the band ventured south to Milan to venerate the relics of Christ's Passion. Brescia welcomed Sister Angela back. Realizing the need of frequent recourse to Father Serafino she settled nearer St. Afra's. The room wherein she lived and in whose shadowy corner she austerely died, is a shrine today. The chamber is long and narrow; benches attest to the devotion of the first community of Ursulines gathered about Angela for advice; a wall tablet is inscribed with tribute to "the illustrious virgin," and a small altar lends the spiritual tone.

On the morning of November 25th,

1535, at the respected age of 61, Angela Merici rose from her pallet with divine joy in her heart for she was to participate in the religious profession of the original 12 daughters and of 15 new members of the "Company of St. Ursula," the foundation of teaching nuns matured in her mind for over 50 years which was finally to come to fruition. Elizabeth Prato, a widow of Brescia, had loaned a hall in her house on the Cathedral Square for the comfort of Angela and her aspirants and it was in this Oratory, called "the cradle of the Order," that the ceremonies of profession and establishment took place. Angela Merici was elected Superior-General. Later there were elections to the Order of Lady-Directresses, Mistresses and Lady-Counselors. Mother Angela's injunctions for the now officially organized company were practical and well considered. The company was to welcome widows who, knowing the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, would generate a tender spirit; members were permitted to live with their families but were warned against familiarity with persons of unsavory reputation; members were to perform charitable services but especially they were to instruct children in Christian Doctrine. In 1572, 32 years after the Foundress' death, Pope Gregory XIII ordained that the Company live in communities.

THE years of life granted Angela after the year of profession were devoted to composition of the Order's Constitutions. In dictating the Constitutions she called upon a Brescian notary, Gabriel Cozzano. In January, 1540, she weakened under the strain of illness and penances. On the eve of the 27th the energy that had quickened her step in pilgrimage directed her hands to perform offices of the dead upon her own person. Bidding her daughter, Barbara Fontana, quit the room, she left her bed of pillows, washed and clothed, vested herself in her habit of a St. Francis Tertiary, lay down on a rush mat and folded her hands serenely on her breast. Ejaculating "Jesus!" she died on the afternoon of the 27th. While cities bickered as to Angela Merici's burial shrine her body rested for 30 days in St. Afra's crypt. As she reposed in the pale sculpture of death, artists, Moretto, Romanini and others, preserved her aristocratic features. The saint was finally entombed in St. Afra's Church, now a revered spot of pilgrimage. She was canonized May 24th, 1807. The Feast of St. Angela Merici occurs on May 31st.

Ursuline communities flourish in France, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, England, Belgium, Canada and the United States—because Angela Merici, the first Ursuline, held to the lofty purpose of serving God through spiritual tutelage of His little ones.

The Passion *and* the Poets

Richard Rolle

By Daniel B. Pulsford

YOU will not find the name of Rolle in the list of recognized English poets. One or two of his lyrics may be quoted occasionally in an Anthology giving selections from English verse but it would be idle to pretend that he has ever been popular in the sense that Chaucer is popular or widely read in the way that George Herbert was once widely read. Yet he had no small influence on the literature of his country. Miss Compers, who is one of the chief authorities concerning him, is right when she says: "His influence was far-reaching. . . . We might with truth say that incidentally we owe to him the purity of the language of our English Bible, for his influence was not least upon Wyclif. Thus English literature as a whole owes him a debt which cannot be too much emphasized."

He was born at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is interesting to note that he came from that part of the country—Yorkshire—which gave rise later to the Pilgrimage of Grace, the ill-fated protest against the spoliation of the monasteries by Henry VIII. The century in which he lived was an unsettling one. It was to witness the exile of the Popes in Avignon and the quarrel which gave Christendom two or even three rival claimants to the papacy. Ecclesiastical corruption and the spiritual decay of the Religious Orders had done much to weaken Catholic loyalty. In England a movement known as Lollardy made its appearance which, though not openly schismatic, sowed the seeds of schism. But, though Wyclif, the leader of this movement, came from the same county as Rolle, the North as a whole was less affected by the prevailing indifference and skepticism than other parts of the country. Even to this day the center of gravity of English Catholicism is in the North.

While it was the most Catholic part of the country it was also the most typically English. In the South continental influences were at work. Rolle, though he spent some years at Oxford, remained true to the genius of the bleak and bracing land from which he came. He has the characteristic impatience with restraint, the same determination to go his own way, the same practical moral seriousness that we find in the national character at its purest. A hermit-preacher, he never submitted to the Rule of any Order and it is uncertain even whether he was a priest. Some of his best work

was written for the edification of nuns to whom he acted as spiritual director. But he moved hither and thither, meditating in solitude on the Mysteries of the Faith or coming forth to proclaim the message which, in these times of communion, had been given him. His mystical experiences were closely allied with his gift of song. He always associated his consciousness of God with "the sweetness of melodies unheard," and it was in his attempt to give utterance to this inaudible music that he became the writer of those lyrics which must now engage our attention.

IT was inevitable that Rolle should be much concerned with the Passion. He would have been true neither to his generation nor to the spirit of English Catholicism if he had not been. It has been remarked how prominent was the Cross in the devotional life of the time. We shall see later the reason for this, but it is enough at present to note the fact. We are here mainly concerned with Rolle's poetry but we must not omit to mention, even though they are in prose, his *Meditations on the Passion*. Their character may be gathered from a passage which runs as follows:

"Lord, Thou didst bequeath into Thy Father's hands at the point of death Thy glorious ghost and said: 'Father, into Thy hands I bequeath My soul.' And as a true token of our salvation, that all was fulfilled in the bliss of Thy blood, Thou saidest at the last: 'All is ended.' Then Thine head fell down and the ghost went out. Then the earth trembled, the sun lost its light, so that the weather was all dark, as if it had been night. The dead rose, in witness of the God-head. Then the temple clove in two, the stones thereof even to the roof. With a sharp spear they struck Thine heart; the blood and the water thereof went out . . .

"Thus, glorious Lord, it stirreth my mind: I see Thy blood pour out of Thy hands and feet, Thy sides pierced with the spear, Thy wounds dried and all run together, Thy body all bled, Thy chin hung down, and Thy teeth bare: the white of Thine eyes is cast inward, Thy skin that was so lovely is all pale, the crown on Thine head is horrible in my sight, Thy hair is plastered with blood and bloweth all about. I would that the memory of that matter were the death of me."

One is struck at once with the realism of this picture. It spares no detail, is

ashamed to record no disfigurement. There is a similar portrayal of physical detail in Moher Juliana's *Revelations of Divine Love*, which was also written during the fourteenth century. But in this both Juliana and Rolle merely utilized what was familiar to the popular imagination, making it the ground and inspiration of a love that expresses itself in tenderest terms. Miss Compers has reminded us how, to judge of such writing, we must remember the material on which it had to work. We can never so truly judge Rolle's Passion songs, she says, or give them the praise which is their due "as when we turn the leaves of some fifteenth century manuscript with its crudely drawn and roughly colored pictures; or trace the dim frescoes, on the walls of some early church, of the grotesque and tortured figure of Christ, punctured by wounds, with streams of blood pouring from hands and feet and side. Such crude materialism may revolt us, but we cannot do justice to the Passion poems of Rolle unless we remember that these crude pictures were made familiar to him every time he entered a monastery or church by the frescoes on the walls." If we will consider the example I am about to give we shall see how contemplation of these realistically described sufferings feeds a love that is passionate and ecstatic. With such changes as is necessary to make it intelligible to the modern reader, here is Rolle's Passion hymn beginning "My Truest Treasure":

"MY truest treasure so trait'rously was taken,
So bitterly bounden, with biting bands;
Now soon of thy servants wast thou forsaken,
And loathly for my love struck with their hands.

My well of my weal, so wrongfully misjudged,
So pulled out of prison to Pilate at prime,
Their doles and their dints full drearily thou dree'd
When they spat in thine eyes both slaver and slime.

My hope of my health, that hied to be hanged,
So charged with thy cross and crowned with thorn;
Full sore to thy heart thy footsteps they urged,
Thy back was nigh breaking, such burden was borne.

O salve of my sore, O sorrowful sight,
 So naked and nailed, thy back on the
 rood,
 Full hideously hanging, they heaved thee
 on high,
 They made thee stand on the stone all
 ready that stood.
 My dear worthy darling, so dolefully
 dight,
 So straitly upright, strained on the rood;
 By thy much meekness, thy mercy, thy
 might,
 Thou bettest my ills with the remedy of
 blood.
 Defender 'gainst foes, full proved in the
 field.
 So lovely alighting at evensong tide,
 Thy mother and her friends unlaced thy
 shield.
 All wept that were there, thy wounds
 were so wide.
 My peerless prince so pure, I thee pray,
 The meaning of this O let me not miss,
 But wind up my will to go with thee aye,
 That thou be buried in my breast and
 bring me to bliss."

IT is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the treatment accorded by Rolle to this theme, for, apart from songs dealing with it specifically, there are numerous references in poems that are not chiefly concerned with it. For instance, in a poem entitled *Jhesu, God's Son of Majesty*, we have this breaking in:

"I sit and sing of love-longing
 That in my heart is bred:
 Jhesu, my king and my joying,
 Why ne'er to thee was I led?
 Full well I wait in all my state,
 In joy I should be fed:
 Jhesu, bring me to thy dwelling
 For blood that thou hast shed.

Judged he was to hang,
 The fair angels' food:
 Full sore they made him swing
 When that he bounden stood.
 His back had been beaten,
 And spilt his precious blood:
 Thorns crowned the king
 That nailed was on the rood."

What strikes the modern reader is not only the realism but the tender and naïve endearments with which Our Lord is addressed. There is a freshness, a spontaneity, an unconventionality about the religious poetry of this period. It is quite free from sentimentality as well as from the artificiality which later assailed religious poetry. It comes straight from the heart of a people whose faith is still childlike. As often happens in a time of special stress, there was, contemporary with Rolle and after his day, an outburst of mysticism associated in our minds with the names of Mother Juliana, Walter Hilton and the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*. Through them all runs the note of Passion-music.

Now it is a curious fact that the characteristics we have noted almost disappear from English religious verse when

the impulse given by these writers disappeared. The phenomenon has been noted by one whose authority cannot be questioned. Mr. Bernard Lord Manning, one of the contributors to *The Cambridge Medieval History*, has said: "Contemplation of the Crucified had been for centuries the supreme exercise of devotion, and the fourteenth century had inherited a spiritual experience the depth of which we can scarcely appreciate. Modern religious thought and sentiment are not concentrated so exclusively on the Divine tragedy, and with the old obsession something of the old appreciation has been lost. . . . With the fifteenth century new interests broke in to disturb the contemplation, but for men living in the fourteenth the old experiences were still valid and unchallenged."

The recovery of the emphasis on the Cross in the religious life of England did not take place till the eighteenth century, and when it occurred it was not through Catholics; they were too weak and discouraged to make their influence felt. It was Whitfield and John and Charles Wesley who proclaimed throughout the land the Gospel of "Christ and Him crucified." While Charles Wesley wrote hymns that echo Rolle's lyrics, his brother, John, assisted by a band of lay preachers, addressed great open-air meetings attended by the poorest of the poor, creating by these means what is known as the Methodist Revival. Much ignorant and heretical teaching mingled with their proclamation of this evangel. Emotion ran riot and scenes of uncontrolled hysteria became common. Nevertheless, the likeness to fourteenth century religion is sufficiently close to have been recognized by both Catholic and Protestant writers.

SPEAKING of Langland, a contemporary of Rolle, Christopher Dawson says: "The spiritual successors of Langland are to be found . . . among the Puritans and the rebels, with Fox and Bunyan and Whitfield and Blake." Mr. Bernard Lord Manning, who has been already quoted, in referring to the medieval preachers, says: "Except by the preachers of the Evangelical Revival the message of Calvary has never been so powerfully set forth. The same writer makes the observation with regard to the poets of Rolle's time that "from these remote versifiers one may pass to Charles Wesley and be scarcely conscious of the change." Echoing this assertion a reviewer in *The English Churchman*, an Evangelical periodical, dealing with Miss Compers' work on *The Life and Lyrics of Richard Rolle*, writes thus of Rolle:

"His songs are full of personal devotion to

'Jesus that died on the rood
 For the love of me,
 And boughtest me with Thy blood.'

"Lines like these or the following are far closer in sentiment to Watts' or Hart's than to the 'Catholic' piety of *Lyra Apostolica* or *The Christian Year*:

'Thou that for me spilt Thy blood
 And died upon the rood,
 Thou give me grace to sing
 The songs of Thy loving
 Without any feigning.'

"From some of Rolle's verses one might well pass to Newton's 'How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds,' and be scarcely conscious of the change."

OF course attempts have been made to take advantage of this resemblance to prove that Rolle was heretical. Passages have been inserted in his works to support this. But even Protestant authorities are now agreed as to his orthodoxy. The reason for the likeness that has been noted is to be found on other grounds. Rolle was inspired, it will be remembered, by the robust Catholicism of the older England. The people among whom he lived may have been rough and crude, but red blood ran in their veins and they were not afraid of a Gospel that was written in Blood. Their religion was something more than a decorous piety patronized by the State. It was the religion of the common people—weavers, plowmen, fishermen. They were not dilettanti needing a refined edition of Christianity that left out all that might offend a delicate sense. The same condition was seen in the eighteenth century. Of Wesley's lay-preachers, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a prominent Methodist minister, wrote: "They were the first preachers since the days of the Franciscan friars in the Middle Ages who ever reached the working class. In England, as in France, Germany, and everywhere else, the Reformation was essentially a middle-class movement. It never captured either the upper classes or the working classes. That explains its limitations."

It also explains how it is that a likeness has been traced between Richard Rolle and Charles Wesley. The prominence of the Cross in any version of Christianity is a sure index as to the extent to which that version interprets the needs of common folk. It was this which the supercilious Romans and the cultured Greeks rejected in the preaching of St. Paul, and it is this which the corresponding classes in every age have rejected. It is to the honor of Methodism that, proclaiming the Gospel, as it understood it, to the down-and-outs of eighteenth century England, it managed in some measure to recover the accent of England's lost Faith. But Methodism's fires are growing cold. Fidelity to its earlier message is languishing and there is left today to uphold the Cross only that Church whose symbol it has ever been.

FROM CATACOMBS TO CUBISM

By Victor Luhrs

THE faith and devotion of the people of the Middle Ages are enshrined in the beautiful Cathedrals which they erected and which still stand as silent witnesses to their fervor. But not always could religious sentiment manifest itself in building magnificent Cathedrals. Often we find it expressed humbly and simply in the wayside shrines, front door images, Holy Family groups, crosses and Calvaries. To understand the spirit of the Middle Ages—the spirit that created the great Cathedrals—it is necessary to understand these simple, naive manifestations of faith.

IV: ROSES FOR OUR LADY

THE beauty of a medieval Gothic cathedral will always be astounding. The average person, and this includes the average Catholic, can hardly believe his eyes when he first beholds one. But the awe so inspired may be tempered by a fuller appreciation of the religious background of the Middle Ages.

It does not suffice simply to say that the people of that time were Catholic. There are several Catholic countries in Europe today, the people of which are firm of Faith, but they are building no such treasures as medieval cathedrals. The people of the Middle Ages were Catholic to an extent never approached by the masses of humanity before or since. At times their zeal for the Faith became fanatical, but usually intense as it was, it remained sensible. Its outlet was found ordinarily in trying to please God and Our Lady.

This zeal for the faith was many sided. It at once produced a gentle St. Francis and a dynamic St. Dominic. It led people to wonderful acts of kindness and imitations of Christ and at times unspeakable acts of cruelty committed in the Name of that same gentle Christ. The cruelties have doubtlessly been exaggerated. It is notable that some of our moderns maintain a shock proof blasé upon hearing about modern Soviet tortures or the degenerate conduct of the godless, but become positively mamby-pamby when they become acquainted with a cruel act committed in the name of the medieval Church.

Hence before taking up the Gothic

era, it would be well to spend a little time with some of the lesser expressions of Faith in those days. A study of the various wayside shrines, front door images and field crosses one comes across in several sections of the Old World, is of value so as to comprehend further the forces that led to the erection of those miracles in stone called Gothic cathedrals. It was the harnessing of this individual zeal and talent that built the cathedral.

Some of these shrines were wonders. In the south of France there is a medieval town called Rocamadour. It entwines itself around a picturesque hill and was once a famous site of pilgrimages. For, winding around the hill with the town is an outdoor Way of the Cross, terminating with a great cross atop the hill. In the Middle Ages people used to say these Stations of the Cross at Rocamadour.

Another form of shrine popular in France and elsewhere was the Calvary. The Calvary consisted of a stone or wooden group depicting Christ crucified between the two thieves. The group was usually placed atop a tall pole making it look slightly like a telegraph pole. The best ones may be found in churchyards, but the people often stood a crude wooden one in their fields.

THE most noted Calvary still to be seen is in the churchyard at Saint Thegonnic. It consists of three separate poles. The center one upholds the crucified Savior with His Mother, St. John and the few faithful at the foot of the cross. The flanking poles bear the crosses of the thieves, while on a ped-

estal at the base of the poles are images of the Roman soldiers and the rabble.

Elsewhere little shrines were placed at roadsides and many may still be seen, often with a votive candle burning before them. England, Ireland and Scotland, Spain, France and Italy, the Rhineland, Bavaria and particularly Tyrol and the Innsbruck section of Austria are rich in these little roadside devotions which have been maintained for generations.

THESE shrines include Calvaries, Holy Family Groups, altars and quite frequently merely images. The frequent use of family or roadside images brings us to another phase of medieval Catholic devotion.

The most popular saint found among these images was quite naturally Our Lady, though family and local patrons are frequent. During feastdays the people bring roses and other flowers to their little Madonnas and lay them at her feet. She stands on pedestals in fields, in niches over front doors of beam and pilaster houses, and in house gardens where she watches blossoms that will probably be placed from time to time at her feet. Lastly she greets visitors from the outskirts of medieval towns and from the outskirts of one, she startles visitors with her majesty.

This town is Le Puy in the south of France. From the summit of a great cliff overlooking this quaint spot stands a huge medieval image of Our Lady, called the Black Virgin of Le Puy. Its dramatic beauty led Mrs. Joseph Pennell, wife of the etcher, to call Le Puy, "the most picturesque spot in the world."

This place is in a poorly accessible section of France, off the beaten trail of tourists. When the Pennells discovered it in the '80's it was almost unknown beyond its immediate vicinity, though Robert Louis Stevenson passed through it about the same time. In her first description of her impressions of "the most picturesque spot in the world" Mrs. Pennell withheld its name and location because she did not want it spoiled by tourists. But in *The Cathedrals of France* she removed the veil of secrecy surrounding the Black Virgin, so invitingly drawn by Joseph Pennell, and confessed the spot to be Le Puy. The fame of this town has increased somewhat since then but it has never

been ballyhooed enough to attract ruinous hordes of tourists.

Augsburg, Germany, possesses another interesting bit of medieval statuary, this one mechanical. The Germans seem to enjoy mechanical images placed in their clock towers, which burst into motion when the clock strikes. St. Michael of Augsburg goes into his act once a year. At the stroke of twelve on Michaelmas day, the good spear of the Archangel jabs a fallen Satan twelve times, once for each stroke of the clock. That day the school children are brought to witness the spectacle, where they are said to go into ecstasies of delight, crying "Give it to him, Michael, give it to him again!" while the Archangel obliges at the expense of the Evil One.

Occasionally after enjoying the spectacle, the youngsters receive a lecture by the burgomeister. He tells them that if they behave themselves they will meet their hero in heaven, but if they are bad they will receive a mauling similar to the one endured by the miserable Lucifer.

Artistic crosses seem to have been more popular on the British Isles than on the continent. England's most famous roadway crosses are royal gifts of the thirteenth century. The Celtic crosses that grace the landscapes of Scotland and Ireland are for the most part considerably older, often being the gifts of monks and unknowns.

When Eleanor of Castile, the beloved queen of Edward I of England died, the grief stricken king ordered a cross with a magnificent Gothic pedestal erected at each spot where the funeral procession stopped on its way from Lincoln to

Westminster. The funeral party made seven stops and seven crosses appeared on English highways. Only three of them remain. Such famous English sections as Cheapside Cross and Charing Cross received their names from Queen Eleanor crosses, Charing being the last stopping place of the procession.

THE most famous Celtic cross is Scotland's Ruthwell Cross. This magnificent symbol to Our Lord's Passion has been gracing the landscape since the almost forgotten days of Caedmon and Cynewulf in the eighth century. An ancient religious poem *The Dream of the Rood* may be seen in part on that cross in Runic characters. Tall, rugged and weatherbeaten, mighty Ruthwell suggests the hardy people who roamed Scotland in the days of its erection.

A representative Irish cross of the tenth century may be admired in the original in New York. The Cross of the Abbot Muredoch, formerly in the Abbey graveyard at Monasterboice, four miles north of Drogheda, now stands in the Architecture Division of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its extreme age and masterful Celtic Romanesque treatment make it one of the most interesting subjects in that richly endowed museum. Ireland must have a wealth of such crosses to have permitted so fine a monument to reach New York City.

The agreeable occupation of building and maintaining outdoor shrines has continued to modern times, the Christ of the Andes and the famous Grotto of Lourdes, being comparatively modern expressions of this type. The Miraculous Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes has be-

come so important to modern Catholics that it might seem like a near lese-majesty to compare it with some of the forgotten shrines of the Middle Ages. Nevertheless many of these old wayside treasures have, like Lourdes, been credited at one time with miraculous powers, and Rocamadour probably ranked as high to the medieval Catholic as Lourdes does to the modern one.

The minor wayside shrine has not fared so well in the present day, having been removed to a dark corner of the bedroom by modern American Catholic families. There a little Sacred Heart or Immaculate Conception, not only watches over the family, but serves as a paper weight for the tailor's bill as well. To place an image in the garden or over the front door, or to bring it roses would be the height of naïveté and heaven forbid, that we of today appear naïve!

NAIVE indeed were those roadside shrines of the Middle Ages. Naive too are the expressions on the lanky images of the porches of Chartres. And childlike in their simplicity are the saints who dance in stained glass on Chartres' windows. Were the pattern of the plate tracery on these windows to be transformed to a girl's dress, people would probably remark the bland innocence suggested by the garment. Yet these unsophisticated things blend to make the Gothic cathedral, the splendor of which usually startles the sophisticated as much as the sophisticated think they startle the naïve. Reims, Bourges and Amiens are among other things, masterpieces of naïveté.

Lily Among Thorns

By Marie Austin Major

IT was drawing towards the end of *The Moon In Which Snow Is Hung Upon Trees*. Just before that it had been the season of hoar-frosts, of diamonded trees, delicate tracery of bush and fern all in feathery white. But now the snow lay like thick, velvety banners of white fur to keep all growing things warm and cosy for their long winter's sleep. In other words, according to the Gregorian calendar, it was during the latter part of December. Further, to be still more precise, it was Christmas Eve of 1668.

A wind over the forests south of the Great Lakes sighed a dreary monody. From out of the very heart of the forest

it seemed to come, as if sighing, longing and waiting.

A slight maiden detached herself from the enshadowing tree trunks and came slowly forward into the clearing of an Indian village. Her attitude of listening intently, almost by imperceptible degrees became relaxed. She was still under the spell of some powerful thought that rendered prompt, decisive action impossible. Only dimly she was aware that in the women's wigwam preparations were busily afoot. Only vaguely she sensed that the services of her ever-willing, deft hands were impatiently required. Yet she could not free herself

from the strange emotion that surged in her, stronger than her will. Neither could she account for the restlessness that had impelled her to leave the log fire for the bitter cold outside.

Before her stretched the long-house of her own clan among the other houses of the Mohawk encampment called Kahnawake, that is, "at the rapid." There was indeed a rapid close by in the Mohawk River and to its voice the young maiden of twelve summers never tired of listening. By its brink often she would bring her intricate needlework of porcupine quills or moose hair. Now neither tinkling splash nor mighty roar was

audible—it was strangely silent in its long winter's nap. For it, as herself, all motion and life seemed to have been suspended to hear the mysterious, throbbing incantation breathed from the forest.

On this night she experienced a happy oneness with all of nature's moods; each of its secrets was unclosed to this daughter of the forest, and they went hand in hand in a happy communion. Even the faraway stars seemed near. She lifted her face to them as if to receive the caress of old friends. What was that particularly bright one there—incandescent, erupting in a blaze of light as if it had gathered the joyful dancing fires of all its brothers of the sky to its bosom—what was the Star saying? Surely it understood and answered the unspoken things within her—and blessed her?

Suddenly she stiffened, became immobile, breathless, a bronze statue upon which the wintry moon cast flickering, ghostly reflections. To her listening ear the monody in the forest had changed. Instead of the eerie sound that came from whence she knew not—whether from within or above the forest—a new note crept in, steadied the whole, made it a perfect unity.

TO her the music seemed a beam of light straight from the great burning Star she had singled out. A beam that was as a stair dropping to her feet and inviting her to climb. Was the Star the abode of the Happy Hunting-Grounds where ruled the All-Wise Chief, the Most Good Manitou?

A cold hand clutched at her heart as she saw coming down the Stair of Light small beings, not the color of her deep red skin but dazzlingly white and fair. Small they were, like the children of the wigwams, but they themselves were the beaming Light, were the air and the sound and the music. Floating on great wings like the white owl's, singing they came down, down, down, ever closer to her.

Suddenly, irresistibly, she seemed to cast a part of herself away, seemed to be joined to them, to partake of their joy. She began singing even as they:

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Peace on earth to men of good will!

Singing still, oblivious of self, wrapt in living joy, she saw that the center of the Beam from the Star was a tiny Babe—a Babe white and rosy like the other beings, only so much smaller! And from Him radiated the brilliance that composed the whole Stair, that shone and fell from the beings' wings, that was reflected and extended over the whole forest—the whole world.

Inarticulate, crushed with speechless joy, she sank to her knees on the snow that had never been so white. Someone, she knew not Who, was making a wonderful promise to her:

"You will be My beloved, a consolation to the Heart of One who was born this night for your redemption!"

"You will be the helpmate of the suffering Saviour!"

"A voice crying from the forest 'Make straight the Way of the Lord!'"

"You will be a treasure to be kept through the centuries!"

"You will be the thaumaturgist of the New World!"

"One that will make a pagan wilderness blossom into the rose of Christianity!"

"Even as I at twelve you will confound the wise of your nation!"

"And because of this you will henceforth be known as Kateri—one worthy to be My chosen one!"

And Kateri felt a sweet assurance that the new name meant "Spotless, Pure," as if an unheard voice had whispered its mysteries to her.

The next thing Kateri knew she was weeping, weeping tears that froze into pearls on her cheeks. But whether from joy at the memory of what had been, or sorrow that it was no more, she could not have told.

Her eyes searched the heavens and there, before her burned the great Star, incandescent, erupting into a blaze of light as if it had gathered the joyful dancing fires of all its brothers of the sky to its bosom. It was there as it had always been—without a spark of the shining Stars.

Mechanically she turned towards the village of low, bark-covered houses. A tamed wolf howled mournfully at its wapiti tether, but she spoke a word as she passed and he was comforted.

SHE lifted the cured hide from the doorway and entered the largest of all the long-houses—then stopped short, remembering. At other times she would have been terrified at the awful *faux pas* she had just been guilty of—without any summons to walk straight into an assemblage of mighty chiefs at their drunken orgies and revelries where presided the evil, spell-casting Medicine Man—where dancing became a frenzy. Now she cared not a whit, merely remembering that she should have gone to one of the other bowers.

Standing there at the entrance overlooking the narrow length of the room, she presented a strange spectacle—one that must have been unusual to arrest the progress of the feasting. An Indian maiden in every respect: in the dark complexion tanned by the heats of summer, burned by the colds of winter, smoked by the lodge fires; in the soft, cured doe skin of her skirt embroidered with died herbs and sinews at the hem; in the glass beads at her throat, the rings in her ears, the porcelain bracelets on her arms—and all transfigured by a celestial light, her extreme pallor contrasted by eyes aflame with some divine fire—the linger-

ing touch of a vision that leant her an authority as one sent with a mission to perform.

Without thought, she raised her hand, and over the roomful of chiefs, of braves, of fearless hunters, made a simple sign straight downward and then up again and from left to right—the Sign of the Cross. She spoke as if she were the head-chief of all the nation, in a tone of one who has the right to be obeyed.

"Henceforth all must evermore name this season not *The Moon In Which Snow Is Hung Upon Trees*, but only *The Moon Of The Little Child!*"

There was an impressive pause, but no faltering as she resumed:

"And also there must be no more wars but love as amongst brothers. For Peace has come to dwell with all men of good will."

SHE did not know what had prompted her to do that funny little sign, why she had spoken in a tone that appalled her. At her entrance the representatives of her tribe had been preparing their war song, beating upon their drums. One sang the words, while coming as a rallying response all chimed in with the "We" interspersed throughout:

"You shall enter (We) warriors (We) Into the Council House (We) let us fall into rank quickly (We) He will give us axes (We) the governor (We)."

And then was hoarsely shouted the special chorus used while on the march, thrice repeated, deafening:

"Here we are!
Here we are!
Here we are!"

Now the chanting had died to a stillness of death, the drums were thrown aside. They all gaped at her in wonderment not unmixed with awe.

Her uncle came forward—a man who knew no softness of heart, whose ruling hand was ever as iron upon her, whom in the quaking fears of her childhood she had ever called *Othonwakaion*, for it was at this chief's house that the councils were held.

"O, Kateri—Kateri!—where wert thou?" asked the fierce one gently.

And Kateri forgot to marvel at this unwonted kindness or that he should use her new name ere ever he had heard it.

Then, recalling what she had done, what she had said, she suddenly hid her face in her hands and burst into tears—she was only a weak girl after all before the powerful ones of her nation. A weak, timid girl into whose ears rang a prophecy that for all its sweetness daunted her:

"Thou, Kateri Tekakwitha, wilt be the Genevieve of the Land of Bread."

THE GUILD IDEAL

By Richard L-G. Deverall

THE intellectual critic of modern capitalist society—the Communist and the Marxist Socialist—would substitute some form of “mutual aid” for the present system of individualistic capitalism. Modern capitalist society, based as it is upon false Liberalism and heartless Individualism, is immoral and cannot longer claim the support of Christian men. But the escape from capitalism is not necessarily to be found in the Communistic idea. Communist dictatorship can be just as heartless as Capitalist exploitation. In fact, conditions in Soviet Russia, as all well-informed persons know, are far more terrible than those in any part of the United States.

Liberalism and Individualism must go. But, in substituting (or rather, re-instating) a system of mutual aid, we can go forward—by going backward—and realize the ideal of the medieval workingman: the Guild Ideal.

Most standard histories do not treat the guild system adequately. They fail to emphasize that the guild system was a direct result of the rise of Catholicism. The Church, as always, encouraged the communal spirit of association for prayer, work and service. The first guilds were organized for charity and prayer. Road building was an object of many early guilds. As the barbarians came under the Banner of the Redeemer, as the Church restored order to a chaotic Europe, the full splendor of Medieval Religion was revealed. It is no wonder that the “. . . statutes (of the guilds) breathe a deeply religious spirit. . . .”

The fundamental aim of the Guild was to regulate work in such wise that every man might receive a living wage, and that the consumers might receive good and just work. It is significant that St. Thomas Aquinas, in his *Summa Theologica*, spends quite a few pages in determining the principles of a “Just Price.” But the guilds did not stop with this. They desired that the distribution of property be as widespread as possible. They were determined that, “. . . there should be formed within its ranks no proletariat upon the one side, and no monopolizing capitalist upon the other. . . .” In fine, the guild system desired to prevent the great from crushing the small, the rich from ruining the poor.

The technique they used, and the measure of their success, are most interesting. Although the modern “scientific” historian endeavors to deprecate the importance of the medieval guild system, the records tell their own story.

For example, consider a few instances—none of them isolated cases. Employment, residence, etc., were carefully regulated by sane rules. Workers received long vacations—in Paris they had a month a year during the reign of Louis IX! Night work was strictly forbidden. Workmanship, adulteration, etc., were of great importance to the medieval guildsman. Not only did he desire to achieve a masterpiece, but, if he produced inferior goods he would “. . . destroy public confidence.” An eight hour day was no uncommon thing for the workers of those days. The guildsman was obliged to share his purchases with his fellow-guildsmen. This idea kept prices down, and abolished the necessity for the parasitical middleman. In a day when business men resent any sort of regulatory supervision, it is interesting to note that their medieval predecessors engaged in mutual supervision. They thus ensured fair treatment for worker and consumer. Direct management and control of business was vested in the hands of the worker, who, as we have just noted, operated in the common interests of himself and his customers.

IT is axiomatic that the ideal of the guild system, in large measure, was realized. For instance, Prince Kropotkin, certainly no friend of Catholicism, exclaims “. . . the more we learn about the medieval city, the more we are convinced that at no time has labor enjoyed such conditions of prosperity and such respect as when city life stood at its highest.” Naturally, he refers to the guild system and medieval city life. Cunningham, an English divine, says that “. . . life in the middle ages was far more social than it is now; the churches and the halls were the places they frequented. . . .” James E. Thorold Rogers, a world authority on medieval labor, says: “It may be well the case, and there is every reason to fear it is the case, that there is collected a population in our great towns which equals in amount the whole of those who lived in England and Wales six centuries ago, but whose condition is more destitute, whose homes are more squalid, whose means are more uncertain, whose prospects are more hopeless than those of the poorest serfs of the Middle Ages and the meanest drudges of the medieval cities.” Renard, an authority on medieval guilds, says that “. . . it was easier for a workman’s family to make both ends meet in those days than it is now.”

The emaciated fragment of the medieval guilds—the modern trade unions—have practically nothing in common with the great corporate associations which Catholicism nurtured. The modern trade union, which is usually an opportunistic sort of affair, and which seeks only to satisfy the material good of the workers, is un-Christian in spirit because it is too materialistic. Too frequently, the trade union incites its members to class war, and gives aid and comfort to Communist agitators.

THE Faith of the medieval workingman made possible the powerful organization which made secure his economic life. Today, your average workingman cannot conceive of any connection between the Church and unionism. And yet, unless unionism return to the Church, unless unionism build its foundation upon religious principles, it cannot succeed in erecting a stable economic organization of society.

That modern capitalist society is all but dead is admitted by everyone: Catholic, Capitalist and Communist. The Papal Encyclicals delineate a guild system similar to that which we are discussing.

We are not going back to the Middle Ages in reviving the guild ideal. We are going forward! The guild ideal was for awhile a reality, but the bourgeois attack on mutual aid, culminating in the Protestant revolt, successfully defeated, for awhile, the grand religious-economic structure of Catholicism.

The keynote of the guild ideal was: “Religion—mutual aid—solidarity.” Modern systems of “salvation” for the workingman—Communism, materialistic trade unionism, Socialism, etc.—are futile and ineffectual.

Mons. Ryan, in his monumental work, *A Better Economic Order*, gives the modern interpretation of the guild ideal. He writes: “Labor sharing in management, profits, and ownership could be developed to an unlimited extent through the coöperative action of employers and employees which would be easily attained and, indeed, inevitable.”

The guild system is the product of Christianity. The modern Capitalist system—and Communism—are the product of liberalism and materialism.

If we would save the world from the scourge of Communism, let us fight for the return of the guild ideal. It is the workingman’s only hope!

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

BISHOP THE HUSBAND OF ONE WIFE

A Protestant biblical scholar asserted that there is in the Bible a line to the effect that "a bishop should be the husband of one wife." He further stated that in the early Church a Bishop could have a wife, but if she died he could not have another. Is the line alluded to in the Catholic Bible, and, if so, what is its meaning?—M. A., READING, PA.

The reference is to St. Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, 3:2. In the Douay (Catholic) Version the text reads: "It behooveth therefore a bishop to be blameless, the husband of one wife, sober, prudent, of good behaviour, chaste, given to hospitality, a teacher." In the Authorized King James Version (Protestant) we find: "A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach." The meaning of the Apostle is that a candidate for the office of Bishop should not have been married more than once. In the early ages of the Church married men were ordained, but it was unseemly, even then, to ordain a candidate who had been married more than once. The Protestant Version does not bring out this point as clearly as the Catholic. The Authorized Version would seem to indicate that a Bishop was *obliged* to have a wife, which is not the fact. Again, some see in this text a prohibition against a man being ordained Bishop who had more than two wives *at the same time*, but such was not the meaning of St. Paul. Second marriages were never encouraged among the faithful, though allowed, but a Bishop must not be one who had married more than once. Later on the law of celibacy was enforced throughout the Latin Church, by virtue of which only the unmarried, who solemnly bound themselves to practise celibacy, could be ordained.

MEAT AND JUICE OF MEAT FORBIDDEN ON ABSTINENCE DAYS

Is it permissible to eat beans or other food, flavored with meat, on Friday?—T. D., ROCHESTER, MASS.

Meat and the juice of meat is forbidden to be eaten on days of abstinence. Therefore, beans and other foods may not be flavored with meat. But it is allowed to flavor food with condiments made from the fat of animals.

WHICH IS BETTER—ALMS FOR LIVING OR MASSES FOR DEAD?

The common people of my district are very poor. Many of them cannot afford the bare necessities of life, but the clergy are well off. Most of them can afford a higher standard of life than I. Now, I would like to know if it would be as beneficial to the souls of my deceased parents to give alms to the poor for their relief, rather than stipends to the clergy for Masses?—V. G. N., SO. INDIA.

If your principal intention is to succour the souls of your deceased parents in Purgatory, it seems certain that alms giving is not as efficacious to this end as the offering of Masses for them. The Council of Trent teaches that "the souls in Purgatory are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly (*potissimum*) by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar." According to Father Gihl in his excellent study, *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, "the Sacrifice of the Altar, accordingly, is the most effectual, all-sufficient and sure means of obtaining

for the suffering souls in Purgatory comfort and refreshment; for it helps them more than prayers and indulgences, more than fasting, alms and night vigils, more than works of charity, mercy and piety, which the living may offer for the departed." Works of penance, charity, and prayer which are performed by us are excellent means of succouring the dead, but they remain merely human; whereas "the Sacrifice of the Mass," in the teaching of the Council of Trent, "is the same as that of the Cross, the mode of the sacrifice alone being different." Father Faber in his *All for Jesus* has an interesting discussion on this question. If, as you say, the clergy in your district do not appear to need alms for Masses, we are sure that you will find plenty of priests in India, China, and elsewhere who are without any stipends at all. And perhaps the clergy in your own district are not as well off as you imagine.

ANNUAL CONFESSION OBLIGES ONLY THOSE CONSCIOUS OF MORTAL SIN

Is it absolutely necessary for a person who has reached the age of reason to confess once a year? The Religious Text used here says that a person must confess once a year, but how can a person be obliged to confess who has not committed a mortal sin?—A. P., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The positive law of the Church in this matter is that all the faithful, without distinction of sex, are held to confess all their sins at least once a year, after they have attained the age of discretion or reason. (Canon 906). The common opinion of theologians holds that this obligation strictly binds only those who are conscious of having committed mortal sin, since their last annual confession. Nevertheless, they strongly recommend that those who are not conscious of having committed mortal sin, since their last annual confession, should confess their venial sins, or other free matter, in order to prepare themselves better to receive their Easter Communion.

COMPUTATION OF TIME AND EUCHARISTIC FAST

The city in which I live and the church which I attend observe Daylight Saving Time. Must I observe D. S. T. in reference to the midnight fast in preparation for Holy Communion?—P. J. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.; J. J. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is permissible to follow either Daylight Saving Time, or what is called Standard Time, in the matter of observing the Eucharistic fast, which begins at midnight. Therefore, one who intends to receive Holy Communion the following morning may eat and drink until 1:00 A.M., according to Daylight Saving Time, if he wishes to follow Standard Time.

MONKS NOT THE CAUSE OF POVERTY IN ENGLAND

In his "History of England," Sir Charles Oman states: "If we see a poor living in modern England, we generally find that the monks sucked the marrow out of it in the Middle Ages, to rear their colossal chapels and their magnificent refectories." Is there any element of truth in this statement?—P. J. O'C., WILMERDING, PA.

It is now generally admitted by unprejudiced historians that the greatest single cause for the poverty which came into England during the Reformation was the abolition of the

monasteries and the confiscation of their wealth by unscrupulous Henry VIII and the avaricious clique which pushed him on. Under the species plea of reformation of the religious houses, the King and his lieutenants, notably Cromwell, confiscated their wealth and conveyed it to the royal treasury and to their own pockets. The pauperism for which England has been noted since began to come into being at that time. "The condition of the common people was made worse by this immense transfer of property. The new owners, more exacting than the monks and not residing on their estates, were more rigorous in the matter of enclosing the communal pastures, which up to then had been left to the poor. 'In the year 1540 parliament was obliged to come to the help of 57 cities fallen to decay in consequence of the destruction of the abbeys. The first collection for the poor, the beginning of the famous poor-tax, took place in 1538. Pauperism, one of the most hideous sores of England today, dates from the destruction of the monasteries.'" (Mourret-Thompson, *History of the Catholic Church*, vol. v, pp. 414-415). In this connection we recommend Cardinal Gasquet's *Henry VIII and the English Monasteries*, in which the learned Benedictine treats this matter in great detail. Cobbett's *History of the Reformation* also shows how false is the criticism of Sir Charles.

CATHOLICS AND BIBLE READING

I have always been under the impression that the Catholic Church does not encourage or approve of Catholics reading the Bible. Please advise if the Church has any objection to Catholics reading the Bible, and if there are both Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible.—J. R. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Catholic Church not only does not forbid the faithful to read the Bible, but she encourages them to do so. Several letters of the Popes could be cited to prove this. Moreover, Pope Leo XIII granted an indulgence in favor of those who read the Gospels daily for at least fifteen minutes. The problem of the Church is not to keep Catholics from reading the Bible, but rather to get them to read it. St. Jerome said that ignorance of the Bible was ignorance of Christ. There are Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible. The Church positively forbids Catholics to read the Protestant version, because this version is not the Bible as it has been handed down from the beginning. The Church does this that the faithful may have the true Bible, and not have their faith endangered by faulty translations, heretical glosses, erroneous commentaries, etc. In regard to translations of the Bible into the vernacular, the Church is very solicitous that the translations be approved by competent ecclesiastical authority before they may be circulated among the faithful. These restrictions the Church has always placed around the Bible for the preservation of sound doctrine, not for the purpose of withholding the Bible from the people.

MISSION AND CONVERSION STATISTICS

I would appreciate very much to learn the following statistics: number of Roman Catholics in the United States, and the number of conversions last year; the total number of Catholics and Protestant missionaries in foreign countries; the number of conversions last year in the Methodist, Baptist, Christian, and Church of God churches.—C. L. B., MOUNTAIN GROVE, Mo.

According to *The Official Catholic Directory* of 1935, the total number of Catholics in the United States, exclusive of the Vicariate Apostolics of Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands, was 20,398,509, in 1934. Catholics in Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands numbered 11,318 and 113,226, respectively. The number of conversions for 1934 totalled 63,845,—266 of which are reported from the Hawaiian Islands.

The total number of Catholic missionaries laboring in for-

eign missions is about 115,000. These missionaries include priests, brothers, sisters, and lay helpers. We regret that we cannot furnish statistics concerning conversions to the Protestant churches mentioned, nor the total number of Protestant missionaries in the foreign missions. We suggest that you communicate with the *Editor of The Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, about this matter.

RECENT CONVERTS FROM EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Would you kindly publish a list of prominent clergymen and laymen who have recently been converted to the Catholic Church from the Episcopal Church? I know there are many, but am unable to remember their names.—N. N., CINCINNATI, O.

The following names come easily to memory. In the United States, Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman (formerly Episcopal Bishop of Delaware), the late Rev. Seldon P. Delany, (formerly Rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City), the Revs. Carl M. Bothe, Henry K. Pierce and Henry Stanton (formerly assistants of Father Delany), Rev. Culver B. Alford (White Plains, N. Y.), Rev. Michael Chapman, Rev. Basil Maturin (formerly a member of the Cowley Fathers), Rev. Robert H. Lord (formerly Professor of History at Harvard), and John Moody (President of Moody's Investment Service). In England Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, Lord Alfred Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Penrose Fry (Mrs. Fry is Sheila Kay-Smith, the novelist), Fathers Ronald Knox and C. C. Martindale, S.J., are among the large number of converts from the Church of England. In this connection, you might be interested in *The American Convert Movement* by Rev. Edward T. Mannix. It is "a popular psychological study of eminent types of converts to the Catholic Church in America during the last century and a quarter."

LEGION OF MARY: "CIRCLE OF SANCTUARY"

(1) Will you please give me some information regarding the Legion of Mary? (2) In the moving picture "Cardinal Richelieu," the Cardinal saves himself from the king's wrath by drawing about himself "a circle of sanctuary," saying that anyone who dared step within that circle would incur the curse of Rome. It seemed rather ridiculous to me. Surely, this must have been a misrepresentation. Please explain.—E. F. W., LANCASTER, PA.

(1) The Legion of Mary is a society which was organized in Dublin, Ireland, in 1921, for the purpose of putting into practice the principles of Christ in an effective way. The intention of the founder was to organize Catholics to fight against the spirit of anti-Christ, under the banner of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The society places itself at the disposal of the pastor or Bishop and volunteers to undertake any work which will help to eradicate evil and build up the fabric of Christianity. Thus, in Dublin the Legion conducts hostels for indigent men and women, visits the slums, brings lapsed and indifferent Catholics to a sense of their duties, etc. It has elicited the highest praise from the Hierarchy. There are several grades of membership in the Legion. It is open to all exemplary Catholics of eighteen years and over. The headquarters are located at De Montfort House, North Brunswick Street, Dublin. A letter addressed to the Secretary will bring you detailed information. An article on the Legion appeared in the March, 1932, issue of *THE SIGN*.

(2) The author probably referred in a dramatic way to the *privilegium canonis*—the privilege of the canon, so called because it is found in Canon 15 of the second Council of the Lateran, A. D. 1139. This canon decreed that "whoever maliciously lays hands on a cleric or monk, thereby *ipso facto* incurs excommunication, from which, except in danger of death, no Bishop shall dare to absolve him, until

he presents himself before the Pope to await sentence." The substance of this canon is incorporated in Canons 119 and 2343 of the New Code of Canon Law. Those who inflict real injury on clerics are guilty of sacrilege and subject to excommunication. There are several degrees of reservation of this sin, according to the dignity of the cleric injured.

SUPPORT OF PASTORS

Is it proper for a person whose only income is welfare aid or FERA pay to give money towards the support of his pastor and the maintenance of the parochial school and church? Has there been an authoritative pronouncement on these or cognate questions by any American Bishop, or by the hierarchy as a group?—M. A., AMESBURY, MASS.

There is a distinct obligation resting on the faithful to contribute to the support of their pastor and church. This is the Fifth Precept of the Church. The Code of Canon Law (Canon 1496) says that the Church has the right to demand from the faithful those things which are necessary for the maintenance of divine worship and the fitting support of the clergy. The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore (n. 90) warns the faithful of their duty to support the clergy. Beyond these declarations we do not know of any particular pronouncement in the matter on the part of any Bishop. It is always understood that this support should be given "according to one's means." If one's means do not allow of such contributions, the obligation does not urge. No one can be obliged to do what is impossible. Undoubtedly, in these times many cannot contribute anything to the upkeep of religious works, but it also seems certain that there are some who use the present period of financial distress as a subterfuge for withdrawing support from the clergy and the church. This matter rests on the conscience of the faithful. It is not the source of their money which is to be taken into account, but the actual inability to concur in the support of pastor, school, and church.

RETALIATION FOR HEAVENLY FAVORS

I was told by a Catholic woman that there is a saint who will grant anything a person may request in a novena, but that the payment for this request is usually something very dear to the petitioner. In other words, you will get what you ask for, but what the saint takes away is terrible in its taking. I never heard or read of such a saint. Will you kindly let me know if such a thing is true?—J. M., FREEPORT, N. Y.

This Catholic woman seems to have an exaggerated opinion of the powers of intercession enjoyed by some saint. It is news to us that a person will always get what he wants by means of a novena to any saint. Results do not follow on prayer like putting a coin in gum and candy machines. There are always conditions attached to prayer. A tax on favors, a kind of retaliation, as it were, has been attributed to St. Joseph, St. Rita, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, St. Jude, and other saints. Such charges seem to be superstitious.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.C.E.B., Tunkhannock, Pa.; A.F.H., Randolph, Mass.; F.M.C., New York, N. Y.; W.P., Roxbury, Mass.; C.A.K., Newark, N. J.; M.C.F.C., Des Moines, Ia.; A. McG., New York, N. Y.; M. S., Lynn, Mass.; M. C., Meriden, Conn.; H. McL., New York, N. Y.; M.V.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; C.F., Brockton, Mass.; W.J.M., Crafton, Pa.; M.S., Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.; M.J.S., Hamilton, Ohio; M.B.S., Ossining, N. Y.; E.J.W., New Haven, Conn.; M.T.C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; K.E.M., Norwich, Conn.; M.J.T.P., Port Chester, N. Y.; S.M.G., Mitchell, S. Dakota.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Holy Souls, M.T.G., Peabody, Mass.; St. Thomas, B.R., Bridgeport, Conn.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, E.L.,

Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.L., Brockton, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.A.C., Phila., Pa.; Blessed Virgin, M.C.L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Poor Souls, H.B., Cincinnati, O.; Souls in Purgatory, M.J.H.F., Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin Mary, M.R.T., West Haven, Conn.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, F. H., Brookline, Mass.; Blessed Virgin, H. McL., New York, N. Y.; Little Flower of Jesus, M.L.L., New Haven, Conn.; Sacred Heart, M.J.S., Hamilton, O.; St. Gabriel, M.A.C., Tiffin, O.; Holy Souls, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.H., New York, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, K. H., Braddock, Pa.; Holy Trinity, Our Lady of Perpetual Help St. Joseph, St. Anthony, M.J.T.P., Port Chester, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Mitchell, S.D.; Blessed Mother, M.M., McKeesport, Pa.; A.F., Norwich, Conn.; H.D.V., Bridgeport, Conn.; J.P.C., Bronx, N. Y.; G.M., Sioux City, Ia.; P.W.W., Punxsutawney, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlets are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

Back Copies

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A friend of mine lent me a few old copies of *THE SIGN*. I gathered much pleasure and instruction from reading Fr. Hugh Blunt's series of articles on the Stations of the Cross. Can I obtain the back copies which contain these articles? I have never before been so impressed by any meditations. I should like to see them in book form.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

FLORENCE H. BRISTOL.

Have just discovered in your June issue of *THE SIGN* A. M. Sullivan's "Speech of the Gaeltacht." As a speaker of the old tongue of Ireland, I was much pleased. May I get in touch with the author?

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

JOHN MANNION.

Referring to the article in *THE SIGN* (October) "Our Unknown Chums," I should be delighted to have further information on this subject. I enjoy the entire magazine.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

GRACE SUMNER.

In the December issue (1934) of your magazine, there appeared a short story, "The Virgin's Story," translated from the French by Mary G. Hawks. This story would make an excellent and unusual Christmas play. I should like permission to re-write it in play form.

LATROBE, PA.

CHARLES MURRAY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Whenever possible back numbers of *THE SIGN* will be supplied to those ordering them. Some issues have been sold out completely. The early issues of the magazine are unavailable.

Hospital Fund

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am a subscriber to *THE SIGN* and have read your urgent appeal for funds for the establishing of a hospital in China, in connection with your missions there. Anyone who has

read of the trials and sacrifices of your missionaries in that country—and in other countries as well—cannot turn a deaf ear to appeals that will tend to lighten the burdens of these noble Fathers. Civilization never turns a deaf ear to providing for all physical needs of its soldiers of war, and yet by comparison how little it provides for the soldiers of Christ. If every subscriber of *THE SIGN* were to send a small sum, the full amount needed for the hospital could be easily obtained.

I am enclosing my check for the fund. Be assured of my prayers for the success of your efforts and for the protection and strengthening of the work of those missionaries who devote their lives for others.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOMAS H. JOYCE.

Nocturnal Adoration

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The Nocturnal Adoration Society is a group of devout laymen who spend one entire night in each month in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Eight bands of members in hourly relays recite in common a portion of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament in English in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the monstrance.

There are four branches of the Society in New York City, and each branch meets on a Saturday night from 10 P.M. until 6 A.M.

The exercises are conducted in the Bronx on the first Saturday night in each month at the church of Our Lady of Mercy; in Queens on the second Saturday night at the church of St. Monica in Jamaica; in Brooklyn on the third Saturday night at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and in Manhattan on the last Saturday night in each month at the church of St. Jean Baptist.

All Catholic men and boys over sixteen years of age are invited to become members of the Society in their respective localities. There are no dues nor other expenses attached to membership nor any obligation other than that of being present at the hour appointed.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WILLIAM A. CAVANAGH.

A Just War

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Apropos of your recent review of Father H. Gigon's "Ethics of Peace and War," it is interesting to recall what Father Gillis, the Editor of *The Catholic World*, wrote not long ago.

Father Gillis prefaces his remarks by summarizing the findings of the German Dominican, Father Stratmann, in his book "The Church and War," that in modern conditions a just war would seem all but impossible. Or as Father Stratmann says: "If we consider the conditions which justify a war from the standard of Catholic morality we find that (a just) war is almost an impossibility."

Father Gigon attacks Father Stratmann as a pacifist. The distinguished Paulist remarks, "On my judgment, Father Stratmann has all the better of the argument," and he proceeds to refute Father Gigon by quoting from his own book.

Thus, for example, Father Gigon declares that while a war may be proved just, "it is still possible for it to be immoral if it be inspired by any criminal desire such as the passion for inflicting harm, the cruel thirst for vengeance, an unpacific and relentless spirit, the fever of revolt, the lust of power and such like things." To which Father Gillis replies by asking whether in the World War there was manifested such a spirit.

It seems to me that the grand summation of Father Gillis covers the moral case against war quite completely. He says: "The conclusion of Father Gigon's book seems to me the same as that of Father Stratmann's. The conditions laid down by

Catholic moralists for a just war are not, and apparently cannot be met. So, Father Gigon, who calls Father Stratmann a pacifist, is himself in effect a pacifist. Under modern circumstances St. Thomas and St. Augustine would seem to be pacifists. And it gets increasingly harder to prove that Christ would not be a pacifist."

FLORAL PARK, L. I., N. Y.

HENRY COLLINS.

A Request

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

No doubt the splendid article, "Everyman," by Joseph B. Collins, D.D., Ph.D., found in the May number, has stimulated your readers to greater appreciation for Moral Plays. I recalled another play which I had hastily read some time ago—"Every soul." Much of it is set to very strikingly beautiful music. A nun I knew wished to stage the play with her High School pupils. I promised to do all in my power to obtain a copy of the music, which I learn is now out of print. Can any of your readers supply any data concerning the music?

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MRS. HERMAN ELSAESSER.

A Distant Subscriber

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London, send me your magazine every month, and I cannot express my appreciation of its contents which, if that were possible, show a better and higher improvement as each issue reaches me. God bless you in your work. It is my deliberate opinion that *THE SIGN* is worth ten times two dollars per year.

BASHRAH, IRAQ.

ELIAS J. SERKIS.

Converts in Harlem

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On Sunday, October 6th, His Excellency, Bishop Donahue, confirmed a group of 271 converts in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo. The spectacle thrilled the hundreds who were privileged to see it.

It was two years ago that the staff at St. Charles' parish was appointed to labor among the colored people in Harlem, and they felt that their second anniversary would be a good time to take inventory.

In the parish school there are 370 children. Of these, 140 are not of the Catholic Faith. Three times a week, 220 public school children come for instruction in preparation for the reception of the Sacraments.

The adult attendance of St. Charles' parish has grown to 1200, and the Communion railing can be taken as a good test of the sincerity and religious life of the people. There is found great cause for enthusiasm, for 800 receive the Blessed Sacrament each week.

In the mission field is found the greatest cause for wonder and satisfaction. 695 adults have taken instruction and entered the Catholic Church during these two years. This means that 695 out of about 850 applicants for admission survived the rigid four months test that is demanded for Baptism.

The question is often asked, "Are the converts persevering?" The preparations necessary for the reception of Confirmation gave the opportunity for a definite count. And the result of the investigations is at once interesting and consoling. Since the last Confirmation, sixteen months ago, 274 converts have been baptized. Of that number, 266 were confirmed. That means that there were eight converts in sixteen months that were lost sight of through moving out of the district or through indifference. These figures are as

startling as the convert movement itself. For in them we read the quality of stability that cannot be surpassed in any other group. And further, the 266 converts who were confirmed have been regular attendants at Mass on Sunday, and have approached the Altar railing frequently since they were made Catholics.

A new class for converts was inaugurated on October 7th. Already, there are eighty-seven applicants under instruction. The efforts that are being expended in the "Foreign Mission in the Heart of New York" seem to be blessed.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. (REV.) WILLIAM McCANN.

Woman to Woman Page

EDITOR'S NOTE:

So many replies have come to Katherine Burton's comment on Kathleen Norris, that the contributor of our Woman to Woman Page has found it impossible to answer all personally. A few of the letters from our subscribers are published here, with acknowledgment to all who have shown such interest in Katherine Burton's page each month.

KATHERINE BURTON:

First, may I tell you how much I enjoy your timely articles in *THE SIGN*. They are surely a pleasure and stand out high and clear from the columns of most of your sister writers. The ability to see clear and think straight is pretty rare these days.—Thank God you have it.

About Kathleen Norris—I am one of those who feel that she doesn't represent the Catholic viewpoint, but that she trades on that same Catholicity—almost that she exploits it.

Because of her facility of expression and that faculty of making her people real that you mention in your column, she has today the greatest popular appeal of any woman writer in America. If she sincerely wished to represent the Catholic view, what a glorious opportunity she has—how she could enlighten the women of America on the beautiful doctrines of our Faith by the power of her pen. And this without moralizing or writing pious books. I know she could do this, because I read every novel and serial that she writes—and how hard it is to lay the book down before the end.

Does she represent the Catholic viewpoint when her hero or heroine rides off the edge of a cliff to certain death as a way out of their difficulties? Yet this happened in "Red Silence" (1929) and several of her other stories.

Another objection—Why does she burlesque the Irish? Certainly with her many contacts and wide experience, she must have met a few Irishmen who had pleasing characteristics. My own mother and father were born in Ireland and so I have met many Irish men and Irish women, and I tell you I wish I had Kathleen Norris' gift to describe their sweet and noble personalities. What about their beautiful pride that caused them to make terrific sacrifices to give their children educations? What about the number of vocations to the priesthood and religious Orders? Perhaps this material doesn't make background for best sellers, but still I think and know those people are just as real and as entertaining as many of the characters in her novels.

Forgive me for making this explanation so long—it's just my own reaction when I hear Kathleen Norris spoken of as a Catholic writer.

FLUSHING, L. I., N. Y.

MARY CARNEY.

KATHERINE BURTON:

You ask your readers to give you an opinion on the ideals, work and Catholicity of Kathleen Norris, modern novelist and news writer.

This correspondent has read a great number of Norris' articles and feels qualified thereby to confirm your opinion "not from among the immortals," although much of her thought

is given expression in a style that appeals and at the same time savors of common sense conclusions, insofar as that common sense remains within the limitation of popular appeal with its somewhat paganistic idealisms.

It occurs to me that the motives prompting Miss Norris are analogous to those that prompted me when, as a butcher workman, I was first a merchant selling ham to consumers whose health demanded lamb or mutton. I was interested most selfishly in pleasing the public's taste: I was a dietitian only when being that did not interfere with my being a butcher. Miss Norris is a Catholic, and no doubt a very good one, when being a Catholic does not endanger her writer appeal with her public. Profession is one thing. Practicality, quite another.

DAYTON, OHIO.

E. W. FOCKE.

KATHERINE BURTON:

Mrs. Norris has been on my mind for some time. For one thing, she is so incredibly prolific. Glance through almost any magazine and you will find an article or a serial story from her too facile pen. I mean, of course, any secular magazine. Mrs. Norris has never to my knowledge written for a Catholic publication.

Kathleen Norris has indeed "an uncanny gift for making her people real" and she has a gift for holding the reader's interest. Her stories are fascinating, and for the most part, wholesome. The tone of her novels seems to me to have improved recently, especially in "Shining Windows." There was a time when she kept very reluctantly within the limits of Catholic morality, and in one book at least, "Sisters," the limits were shockingly overstepped. Of all the books of Mrs. Norris that I have read, I prefer her first book, "Mother."

In my opinion, Mrs. Norris' sins (in a literary sense) are more of omission than of commission. I do not know to what extent religion enters into her private life, but so far as her writings are concerned, she certainly hides the light of her Faith under a bushel. For all that she has to say, the world of Catholic thought and action might not exist. Is that right? Are we not commanded to let our light shine before men, and to give testimony to the Faith that is in us? It is not necessary to write pious stories if one does not wish to, but I cannot conceive of a Catholic writer not desiring to write openly and freely of Catholic people and affairs, and for the Catholic press. I think that Kathleen Norris has passed up an opportunity to be a great power for good.

IRONTON, Mo.

IRENE MATTINGLY.

KATHERINE BURTON:

Kathleen Norris has talent, she is said to have a very large income, she is a prolific writer (around one plot), she can make conversations most real, her children-characters are delightful, but there never has been much evidence of Catholic principles or behavior in her novels. In her social service stories, she makes sentimental and maudlin use of religious references, but does not indicate that it is the Catholic training among these pitiful poor that is their backbone. She probably feels that her novels and stories would not sell to the secular magazines if there were any true religious principles in them.

Years ago when she began to be known, I hoped that she would be the answer to my prayer for an American Catholic novelist. My mother, however, was never fooled by her. After reading "Saturday's Child," she said "The author says those girls are Catholics. Well, if she is one herself she should be ashamed of them. They sound as if they came late to Mass, cleaned their nails during the sermon, knelt on one knee at the Consecration, and put a penny in the box." She grew more and more angry at Mrs. Norris when she would sometimes read a bit of one of her stories. She would say "With her talent and fluency, she could do such fine work and write such interesting stories."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARY E. GROSS.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



China Bound



FATHER MARCELLUS WHITE, C.P.

ON November 2nd, the two young Passionist missionaries, whose pictures and biographical notes appear on this page, will sail for China. The Vicariate of Yuanling, Hunan, is a district that is still understaffed and that calls for more vocations, for generous souls who are willing to share in all the difficulties and dangers of the foreign apostolate. They have answered that call.

These two recently ordained Passionists are acquainted, through the letters of those already in the field, with what that call means. For the information of our many new subscribers we note that these priests are going into the mountainous region of northwest Hunan—a territory of sixteen thousand square miles. Difficult of access, frequently the unwelcome host to groups of bandits and Communists, untouched in many parts by

missionary influence—such is the field of their future labors.

In leaving America they make the appeal, through these pages, that they and their fellow-laborers be remembered by all the readers of THE SIGN. If you follow their activities each month in this department you will learn that they will need and appreciate not only financial assistance, but the support of your fervent prayers.

* * *

FATHER REGINALD ARLISS, C.P., known as Edward Arliss before his entrance into the Passionist Order, was born on September the 8th, 1906, in East Orange. He was baptized in St. John's Church, Orange, N. J., and attended grammar school at Holy Name Parochial School, East Orange. In the fall of 1922 he began his High School studies at Seton Hall Preparatory School, South Orange, N. J., graduating in June, 1927. In the following month he entered the Passionist Novitiate at West Springfield, Mass. A year later, he pronounced his vows and immediately entered his course of studies in preparation for the Priesthood.

His student life was spent in the Monasteries of Scranton, Boston, Baltimore, Jamaica, and the final year at Scranton, Pa. On April 28, 1934, Feast of the Founder of the Passionist, St. Paul of the Cross, he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Charles Thomas O'Reilly. In June, 1935, he was chosen by his superiors for missionary labor in China.

Father Reginald has a brother, Confrater Hubert, C.P., studying for the priesthood in the Passionist Monastery in Scranton.

* * *

FATHER MARCELLUS WHITE, C.P., formerly known as Richard White, was born in St. Peter's parish, Cambridge, Mass., on November the 28th,



FATHER REGINALD ARLISS, C.P.

1908. The family moved to Somerville, where his primary education was begun at St. Joseph's School. His parochial schooling was continued in St. Mary's parish in Waltham, Mass. He later attended the High School conducted there by the Christian Brothers, graduating in 1926.

After attending a mission conducted by the Passionist Fathers in his home parish he applied for admission to their Preparatory College at Dunkirk, N. Y. On the fourteenth of August, 1927, he was vested in the Passionist habit, and on the 15th of August, 1928, made his religious profession. His life as a student was spent in the Passionist Monasteries at Scranton, Pa., Boston, Mass., Baltimore, Md. and Jamaica, L. I. He was ordained by Bishop O'Reilly on April 28, 1934.

The Last Days of Fr. Edward J. McCarthy, C.P.

By Anthony Maloney, C.P.

APPOINTEED as missionary of Yuanchow, July, 1930, it was my singular good fortune to have sent with me, Fr. Edward, C.P. The trip up to Yuanchow was our first opportunity of really getting acquainted. Lying awake on a small Chinese boat through an interminably long night, our eyes were glued to the opposite shore. There, we were told, Tsen-Tzi-Min the bandit leader who the previous year had murdered three of our priests, was commanding a gang of sixty-five bandits—as against our meagre escort of twelve badly frightened soldiers. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, drawing all the closer the bond of companionship.

That initial trip to Yuanchow, made in the worst heat of summer, with a military escort the entire way because of bandits, was a trying initiation to mission life for Fr. Edward. He stood it like a veteran, revealing those traits of willingness, careful daring, charity and forgetfulness of self, that were to reach full bloom during the short span of his work on the missions. His was the ardent zeal of the enthusiast tempered by a full fund of hard common sense. A smiling exterior, coupled with a lively wit and spirit of fun could not hide his marvellous virtues. Souls—the salvation of the poor pagans—was the dominant theme of his life. Trials and disappointments came his way, but diminished not one whit his resolve to give his utmost for the salvation of those who often were so unresponsive.

Three years spent together in Yuan-

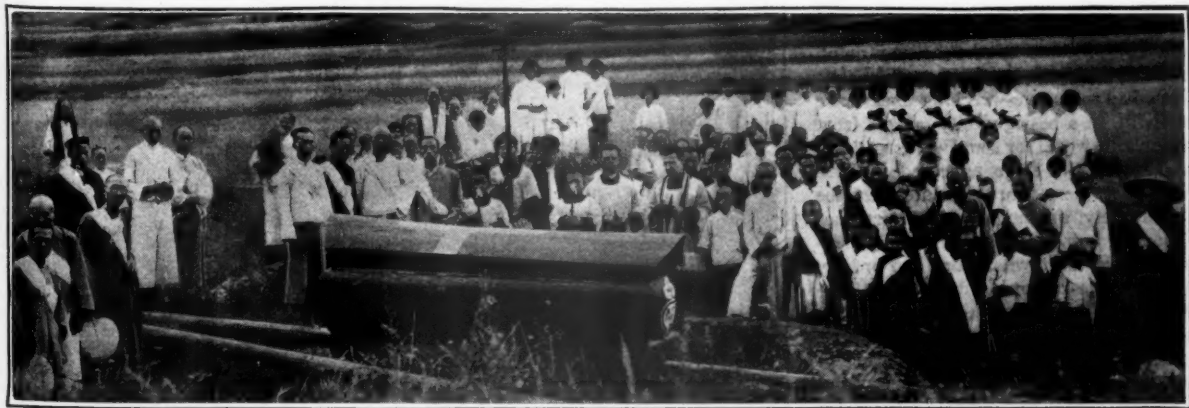
chow served to enhance esteem for Fr. Edward's sterling qualities. How he slaved over the Chinese language, eager to share all the sooner the work of the mission! The long looked for day of his first Chinese sermon found him well prepared. Unmindful of his fine grasp of the language, he spurred himself on to renewed effort, ever seeking greater facility and clarity of expression, that he might make himself more useful to souls. His special delight was to gather the mission boys, "his gang" as he called them, to walk through the town and countryside, using them as hypercritical mentors to correct his pronunciation and improve his vocabulary.

HIS love for the sick has become a tradition among the Christians. He indeed excelled in that most priestly of virtues. There was the case of old Candida Liu, bed-ridden with an immense tumor. Daily, rain or shine, for some months, up till the time of her death, Fr. Edward tramped the mile or more through the alleys of Yuanchow to bring her Communion. He was ever alert in this matter of rendering spiritual succor to the sick. On several occasions, while out on walks with the boys, stopping in to chat with some Christian, he discovered someone seriously ill—post-haste a boy would be back in the mission for the Ritual and Holy Oils—another pleasant excursion turned to the good of souls. Then there was the time, during a cholera epidemic, walking through the mission yard he heard two of the Christians talk-

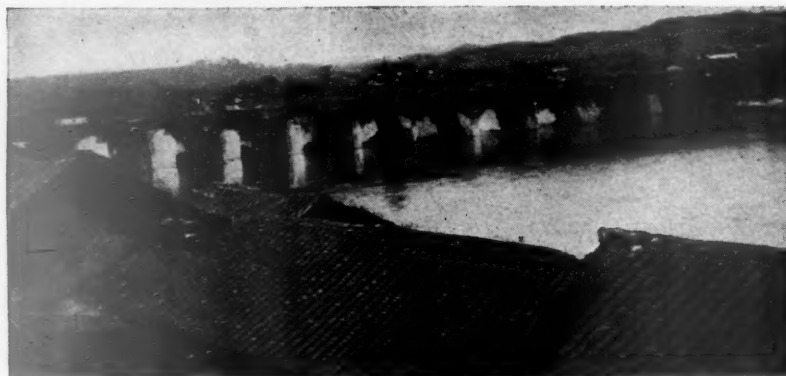
ing about another Christian that was sick. The name was unfamiliar, but they assured him that the individual was a Christian, enough to speed this hunter of souls on his way. One more strayed sheep, who had been way from Church for several years, was reconciled to God, less than half an hour before cholera claimed him a victim.

MANY the ailing infant he blessed. Strange, though, most of them died. It seemed as though his blessing was the opening of Heaven's gates to these pure souls. This fact was remarked by the Christians. Fr. Edward delighted in telling about the time he offered to bless one of the orphan girls, a sickly, old-fashioned little tot, nicknamed Po-po (Grandma), who has since died. Po-po, having one of her sick spells, he asked her if she wanted to be blessed by him. "I don't want *your* blessing," said Po-po. "I suppose," Fr. Edward would add, "she figured my blessing means sure death."

The only expression to describe his dealings with and influence over the Christians is that "he had a way with him." Strictness tempered with justice and kindness, such was his treatment of those under his care. His was an unusual knack with boys. He joined in their play, showed them a good time, won their respect and confidence; the boys would do anything for him, considering a word of praise an all-sufficient reward. On his recent visit to Yüanling, taking a walk with him at sun-down, on several occasions, I remarked how popular he



FATHERS GERMAINE HEILMANN, C.P., AND WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P., AT THE GRAVE OF THEIR FELLOW-MISSIONARY. WITH THEM ARE SOME OF THE CHRISTIANS OF THE CITY WHO CAME TO PAY A FINAL TRIBUTE TO THEIR BELOVED PASTOR, FATHER EDWARD MCCARTHY, C.P.



YUANCHOW BOASTS OF THE ONLY BRIDGE THAT SPANS THE YUAN RIVER IN ITS LONG COURSE THROUGH THE PROVINCE OF HUNAN.

was with the children along the way. From all sides they called his name, each getting a greeting in response, and these were all pagan children, with no connection with the mission.

His charity to his fellow priests was proverbial. He was continually on the watch for opportunities to aid or cheer. One time, while visiting an outmission, he heard that Fr. Ernest Cunningham, C.P., was sick and had not seen a fellow-priest in quite some time. It meant two days' journey of traveling such as only one who has lived here in interior China is able to appreciate, but the question of another's need far outweighed any consideration of self. His visit brought untold pleasure to a fellow priest. Recurrent banditry prevented return by the same route, so he had to take a round-about way requiring eight days to get back to Yuanchow. On his return not a word about the hardships or mental strain of travel—he could speak only of how much he had enjoyed himself and what pleasure his visit had brought to Fr. Ernest. Thoughtful charity was truly the crown of his other virtues.

On my leaving Yuanchow after three years, Fr. Edward assumed charge of the mission. During my stay Yuanchow had enjoyed unprecedented peace. Not long after my departure trouble, long-a-simmering, came to the boiling point. Fr. Edward and Fr. Francis Flaherty, C.P., had the nerve-wrecking experience of living in a besieged city cut off from the outside world for some weeks. A brief account of the siege appeared in *THE SIGN* but mere words cannot describe the anxiety of those weeks—airplanes dropping bombs, the town under shell-fire, inside the town a none too orderly soldiery, the responsibility for four Sisters of St. Joseph and numerous orphans resting on his shoulders; then, the perilous, abortive attempt that he made to arrange a truce between the warring factions, finally the escape of the rebel soldiers from the city, the entry of the victorious troops followed by an orgy of

looting. A couple of soldiers, intent on loot, climbed over the mission wall; only the tact and persuasiveness of Fr. Edward saved the situation. He brought the mission through the entire ordeal of the siege and its aftermath in a masterly manner, enhancing the good name of the Church with the townspeople.

Some time after this, the Bishop transferred Fr. Edward to the central mission at Yüanling. Naturally, he was loath to leave his beloved Yuanchow, but the call of obedience found him prompt. During his few months in Yüanling, he established an enviable record of work done for souls. Then last Fall, in the midst of the Communist troubles, with an immense Red army headed in the direction of Yuanchow, word came that Fr. Paul Ubinger, C.P., missionary at Yuanchow, was so ill that he would have to be taken to the hospital at Hankow. Once

again, Fr. Edward had an opportunity of proving his worth. Undaunted by the bandit-infested road, he accomplished what seemed impossible, slipping through safely to Yuanchow.

On his arrival there, Fr. Germain at once left with Fr. Paul, now seriously ill, for Hankow. This was early in November. Not till the end of the following March did Fr. Edward see another white man. During all those months, he valiantly held to his post, undismayed by the incessant Red alarms. Then, when the hordes of Government troops, hot on the trail of the Reds, began pouring through Yuanchow, he performed the incredible feat of keeping the mission premises entirely free of soldiers, though the rest of the city was overrun by them in their search for billets. It was a sore strain though, cut off as he was from all contact with the other priests. What a relief to him when, the latter part of March, Fr. Germain Heilmann, C.P., finally managed to make his way back to Yuanchow!

The next few months passed all too quickly in the many duties of the mission. In July, the Red situation having vastly improved, it was considered safe enough for the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had been refugees in Hankow, since last Fall, to return to Yuanchow. Once again, Fr. Edward's forgetfulness of self came to the fore. He braved the intense summer heat coming to Yüanling to meet and escort the Sisters to Yuanchow. A letter written by him to Fr. Germain, on July 15th, tells of that trip as follows: "I really arrived at Yüanling. The day I left



A NEAR VIEW OF THE ROUGH CHINESE-MADE COFFIN IN WHICH THE REMAINS OF FR. EDWARD MCCARTHY, C.P., WERE LAID TO REST.

Yuanchow, July 11th, (with tears streaming down my beard!) I arrived at Kienyang before 3 P. M., and hired a boat for here. Rushed up to see Grandma Li at Hungkiang; found her sitting at the front door of her house waving a fan. She looked all right to me, and said she was feeling well, so I said goodbye to her and left immediately for Ngan-kiang. I did not go up to the mission there, but sent for the catechist and told him to write and let you know that I passed through there in good trim.

"The second day, we went from Ngan-kiang to Chenki. Arriving at Tung-wan, Damian Wang, the Mass server, went to military headquarters to ask for an escort. We were given no soldiers, instead received a letter to present to the bandit chief, Shiung-Kuei-Chin, asking him to take care of us. Shiung's secretary gave us a second letter to present to any bandits that might hold us up along the line. Five miles below Kiang-K'ou, at a place called Sa-Tuei, our boat was fired on and we were called ashore. Damian presented Shiung's letter, but to no avail. The bandit couldn't even read it and said that Shiung was not his boss. He wanted money and nothing else. Said he would cause trouble if we didn't come across. I told Damian to give him two dollars. He was insulted and demanded forty. I added a few more to my original offer, still he wouldn't take it. I then went out in person, to talk to him, but he was really nasty and got his rifle ready to take a shot at me. We waited there about an hour, and Damian advised me to give him the money. Finally, the bandit got thirty dollars of my money, Damian got nervous and gave the other ten out of his own pocket.

AFTER about another three miles we were again fired on, but this time we were not going to be suckers, so kept going. At a third place we were ordered ashore but likewise kept moving. Arrived at Chenki that night about 10:30, spending the night in the mission with Frs. James and Harold. Next day continued on my way. The river, just below Pushih, was dangerous, as people had been robbed there the day before. Met Fr. William coming up by boat from Luki; his boat was anchored waiting for the military escort he had requested, to take him past the danger spot below Pushih; he was taking no chances as he was carrying money for Fr. Cyprian's post-flood repairs. Reached Luki that afternoon, remaining overnight with Fr. Dennis. Sunday morning, after Mass, my boat left for Yuanling, arriving there about noon." Thus far, Fr. Edward's own account. To us, here in Yuanling, it was a genuine pleasure to have him with us again, even though for only a few days. His constant worry was the Yuanchow mission and the fact that Fr. Germain was isolated there; experience had

taught him what a sad trial that could be.

Much to his disappointment, a few days after his arrival in Yuanling, word came from Hankow that flood conditions rendered it impossible for the Sisters to leave as planned. In spite of the murderous heat and our urging that he remain a few days longer to rest, after his strenuous trip down, he started on his return journey July 20th, just nine days after leaving Yuanchow. By the evening of July 21st he was in Chenki, then on up the bandit-ridden Mayang River, to Kaotsun, where he spent one night in the mission of Fr. Cyprian Frank, C.P. Later, Fr. Cyprian wrote that Fr. Edward was in the best of health then.

UNABLE to obtain an escort of soldiers to take him over the road to Yuanchow via Kiang-K'ou, he arranged to travel to Mayang, further up river, in hope that he might there manage to find some means of getting through to Yuanchow. Just then, a convoy of boats, under heavy military guard, reached Kaotsun, en route to Kiang K'ou, so he booked passage on one of the boats; the ordinary trip of some hours required a day and a half this time. On arrival at Kiang-K'ou, he immediately hired a sedan chair and carriers for the final thirty miles across the mountains. Something he had eaten on the boat—some of the Chinese carriers said it was spoiled meat—had brought on an attack of bloody dysentery, making that ride by chair a real Way of the Cross. He had hoped to spend the night at Niu-Ku-Ping, a village just over the boundary of Yuanchow county. Reaching there he was warned that it would be suicidal to remain, owing to the bandits, so he went a few miles further, finally stopping for the night at a cluster of farmers' huts, a sentry being on the watch all night. The next day, in company with a band of soldiers bringing some captive bandits into Yuanchow city, he travelled the remaining distance.

Fr. Germain who had the difficult task of trying to save the life of Fr. Edward, weary and heart-broken though he was, after his losing battle, drove himself to write the following letter telling of Fr. Edward's last days. Fr. Germain writes: "Sunday, July 29th, Damian Wang came running into the mission announcing the arrival and condition of Fr. Edward. 'Fr. Edward is very sick; quickly prepare his bed.' I ran out and met Fr. Edward at the city gate, expressing my sorrow which he accepted with the reply: 'Nothing much. These boys delight in making such an announcement. All I have is a dose of diarrhea.'"

"On arrival at the mission, I requested him to go to bed, but no, he felt that a dose of castor oil would fix everything. Sunday afternoon he spent a few hours telling the orphans of his experiences; Sunday evening he related to me the news of Yuanling. Monday morning, he

was up and had Mass at the usual hour; Tuesday and Wednesday the same. Upon my frequent requests that he take to bed he refused to acknowledge defeat. He continued doctoring himself, but would take no Yatren, because he had heard that owing to its use one missionary had to return to his native land, incapacitated. Thursday evening, he claimed the dysentery was easing up and that all would be well.

"By Saturday, August 3rd, his dysentery had grown worse, so, fearing the disease was becoming more serious, I went to the Protestant Mission for assistance. Unfortunately, the Ministers were away on vacation, only the women folk at home. They assured me that their Chinese student-doctor was quite capable, experienced along this line. Moreover, they had a fresh supply of Emetine, also Omnadene, an injection to build up resistance against the disease. They further told me just what diet Edward should have, assuring me there was no serious cause for alarm. I related Edward's nervous condition, but they, as well as I, realized it to be the aftermath of his hectic trip.

"Twice a day, the Chinese student-doctor from the Protestant Mission, called and administered the treatment. At night, to quiet Fr. Edward and induce sleep, a needle of morphine. By Tuesday, August 6th, in answer to the doctor's query as to how he felt, Edward replied: 'Much better.' This condition continued until Friday night when Fr. Edward felt that he must have passed the crisis. Saturday morning I remarked his abdomen being swollen, but he said he was always large around the waist and that he felt no pain. When the doctor arrived, he confirmed my fear, tympanism caused by peritonitis.

FROM then on, I stopped the meagre liquid diet, allowing but a mere spoonful of water, to moisten the mouth and throat; as he remarked: 'that doesn't hit my tonsils.' I applied steaming hot towels to his abdomen and continued so at regular intervals. At this time he manifested some of the symptoms of typhoid. Sunday morning, I became alarmed and telegraphed Fr. William Westhoven, C.P., and also called the Chinese student-doctor. We were then sure of peritonitis and perforation. He was quite restless, so morphine was administered. He rested, and I continued the hot applications.

"A high fever started climbing higher. Sunday noon, I blessed him according to the Ritual, also with the Relic. The orphans were storming Heaven with their prayers. Around four o'clock that afternoon I made known to him the seriousness of his case, so he prepared for Extreme Unction. Holy Communion, he said, could be brought after Mass in the morning. At ten at night he was quite calm and quiet, so I suggested Holy

Viaticum. He received it most fervently. A while later, he said: 'My work is finished and my heart has always been in it. I am ready to go. God's Will be done.'

"Around midnight, his fever reached 105½. Delirious, he thought he was in Yüanling, saying: 'I am here, you are here; who is in Yuanchow? We had better get back. Give me my shoes.' After this, he went on about the Yüanling orphans, their new uniforms, also in what manner best to arrange the benches for the play the orphans were to give. . . (This play was being prepared by the orphans last Fall, when Fr. Edward was transferred from Yüanling to Yuanchow.). . . I continued at his bedside, applying cold towels to his head, trying to arrest the fever.

"The morning of Monday, August 12th, I said Mass, as I was offering a Novena of Masses for the Poor Souls for Fr. Edward's recovery. When I returned, his fever had dropped a half point; with his wanderings cleared up a bit, he realized he was in Yuanchow. Again his fever began to climb, and he again became delirious—this time his mind occupied about the Yuanchow mission. He was trying to make up the mission accounts, adding, dividing and never satisfied with his results. Humor-

ously he said to me: 'This is a small town; I knew more arithmetic at ten than these boys at eighteen; small town! They don't play baseball, do they?'

"At 10:30 A.M. the native doctor came again, and was as helpless as I. The catechist and the help of the Mission all assembled, and I told them Fr. Edward was near death, that we could do nothing. The Catechist and Mass Server, in despair, called in another Chinese doctor; he prescribed a brew of native herbs. Fr. Edward could not retain even a spoonful. At noon, the signs of death were evident. The men began praying at the bedside, the women and girls assembled in the church. I gave the Apostolic Benediction and said the Prayers for the Dying. The last sign of recognition given, was when I gave Edward the Crucifix to kiss and embrace. With short gasp-like breaths, his soul left the overworked body. All through his delirium, his main thought was duty—he was away from his Mission—he must get back to look after the souls confided to his care. The Christians were ever in his mind, as one of them remarked: 'Way ngo men (for us!)'. Thus far, the letter of Fr. Germain.

Fr. Edward passed to his heavenly reward at 1:30 P.M. on August 12th. Fr. William, hearing of Fr. Edward's seri-

ous condition, had started from Chenki on the 11th, finally reaching Yuanchow the evening of the 15th. After death, the body was clothed in the Passionist habit and laid in one of the heavy, wooden native coffins. The morning of August 16th, there was a funeral Mass with brief eulogy by Fr. William. The Christians crowded into the mission church, to pay their final homage of grief and respect to their departed missionary. Through the Yuanchow streets—the pagans standing in their doorways looking on—the funeral procession slowly made its way, to the chant of prayers, out through the East Gate of the city, to the small mission cemetery, three miles out in the country. How often had Fr. Edward stood on that spot to bless the last resting place of one of his flock; now, he was to share with them. One with them in life, he is one with them in death.

Our Vicariate has suffered a sad, a heavy loss. His passing is mourned by the Christians, as that of a true spiritual father. To us, his fellow workers, his death leaves a void—how we will miss his cheerfulness, his self-sacrificing labors! At least, though, death can not rob us of the memory of his many virtues. His name will remain enshrined, a vivid example of a real apostle of our own day. May his soul rest in peace!

Page a Sage

By Germain Heilmann, C.P.

"**T**IME, 'tis said, like an accordion, collapses when it is pushed hard enough. And a thousand years of the human past show hardly the change of a hundred years under the pressure of new exigencies. Time is squeezed up in the hands of this new age and strange tunes and groanings emerge!" There is truth in this similitude and in proof give ear to the strange tunes and groanings of ancient years.

In the time of Confucius, the fifth century before Christ, "Tsen" was one of the great states of the empire, but the power of it was usurped by six great families. By the year 452 B.C. three of those were absorbed by other three, the *Wei*, the *Chaou*, and the *Han*, which continued to encroach on the small remaining power of their prince, until at last they extinguished the royal house and divided the territory among themselves. The emperor Wei in his twenty-third year, 402 B.C., conferred on the chief of each family the title of prince. Prince Hui, the kindly, usurped the title *King* some time before Mang Tsi, Mencius, in answer to his invitation visited

him, which it is said occurred in the 35th year of his reign, 335 B.C.

Mencius, the founder of a school of thought, had been endeavoring to find a prince who would put into execution his social and political ideas. This "brain-truster" of the day finally found recognition in the invitation of this one king "Hui Leang" who was desperately in need of a solution for the precarious situation of his kingdom.

This interview of the year 335 B.C. might well pose as one with any potentate of this year 1935.

The "Works of Mencius" records the dialogue:—

Said the King:—"Venerable sir, since you have not counted it distant to come here, a journey of 1,000 Li, may I presume that you are likewise provided with the counsels to profit my government?"

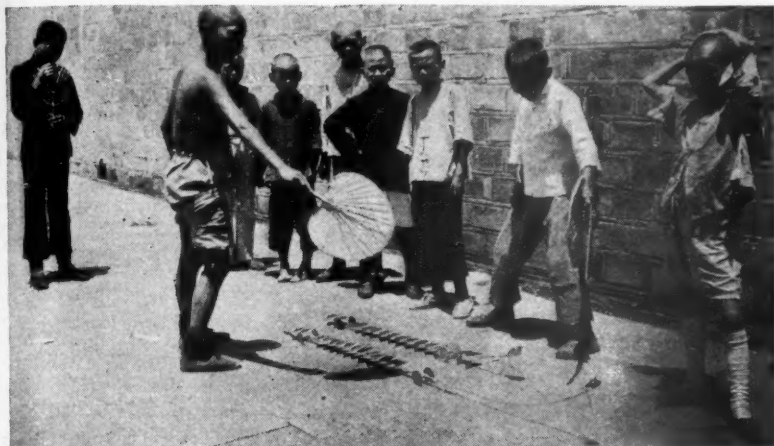
Replied the philosopher:—"Why must your majesty use that word 'profit'? What I am provided with are counsels to benevolence and righteousness and these are my only topics. If your majesty say, 'What is to be done to profit my kingdom

the great officers will say, what is to be done to profit our families? And the inferior officers and the common people will say, what is to be done to profit our persons? Superiors and inferiors will try to snatch this profit one from the other and the kingdom will be endangered."

King Hui of Leang:—"I wish quietly to receive your instruction."

THE Sage:—"Your majesty, to-day, your dogs and your swine eat the food of men and you do not know how to make restrictive arrangements. There are people dying from famine on the road and you do not know how to issue the stores of your granaries. When people die you say, 'it is the year.' In what does this differ from stabbing a man and killing him and then saying,—it was not I, it was the weapon. Let your majesty cease to lay the blame on the year and instantly from all the empire people will come to you."

"Is there," continued the sage, "any difference between killing a man with a stick and killing him with a sword?"



TOO YOUNG TO TAKE PART IN THE DRAGON BOAT REGATTA, THESE CHINESE BOYS HAVE MADE SMALL MODELS WHICH THEY CALL "WIND-LAND" DRAGON BOATS. THEIR INGENUITY HAS SUPPLIED WHEELS, SO THAT RACES CAN BE HELD WITH THEIR COMPANIONS ON ANY LEVEL PATCH OF LAND

The king:—"There is no difference."

"Is there any difference doing it with a sword and doing it with a style of government?"

Again the reply, "There is no difference."

Then said Mencius:—"Your majesty, in your larder there is fat meat, in your stables robust horses but your people have the look of hunger, and on the wilds there are those who have died of famine. Is this not leading on beasts to devour men? Beasts devour one another and men hate them for doing so. When a prince, being the father and mother of his people administers his government so as to be chargeable with leading on beasts to devour men, where I ask is that parental relation to his people?"

On another day Mencius in audience with Chin, an officer of the king of Tse, beat down the attempt to argue in excuse of errors and misconduct.

Mencius:—"When the superior men of old had errors they reformed them. The superior men of the present time when they have errors persist in them. The errors of the superior men of old were like eclipses of the sun and moon. All the people witnessed them and when they had reformed them all the people looked up to them with their former admiration. But do the superior men of the present day only persist in their errors? They go on to raise apologetic discussions about them likewise."

THE Duke Wan of Ttang asked Mencius about the proper way of governing the kingdom.

"The business of the people, replied the sage, may not be remissly attended to. The way of the people is this:—If they have a certain livelihood they will have a fixed heart. If they have not a certain livelihood they will not have a fixed heart and if they have not a fixed heart there is nothing which they will not do

in the way of self-abandonment, of moral deflection, of depravity and of wild license. Men possess a moral nature but if men are well fed, warmly clothed and comfortably lodged without being taught at the same time they become almost as beasts. This was a subject of anxious care and solicitude for the sage Shun and he appointed Si to be minister of instruction, to teach the people the relations of humanity: How between father and son there should be affection, between sovereign and minister righteousness, between husband and wife attention to their separate duties, between old and young a proper order, and between friends fidelity. This highly meritorious emperor said to his minister, 'encourage them, lead them on, rectify them, straighten them, help them, give them wings thus causing them to become possessors of themselves.'

IN reply to an insinuation condemning Mencius for leaving office without accomplishing anything the sage offered the following:

"Those who now-a-days serve their prince say, 'we can for our sovereign enlarge the limits of his lands and fill his treasuries and arsenals.' Such persons are now-a-days called 'good ministers' but in ancient times they were called 'robbers of the people.' If a sovereign follow not the right path, nor has his mind bent on benevolence, to seek to enrich him is to enrich a 'Chieh'—(a tyrant ruler of 1818 B.C.). Ministers will also say, 'we can for our king form alliances with other states so that our battles must be successful. Such persons are now-a-days called 'good ministers' but anciently they were called 'robbers of the people.' The people are the most important element in a nation, the spirits of the land and grain are next, the sovereign is the lightest."

In an interview the king of "Tse"

asked:—"May I hear from you what the true government is?"

"Formerly," was the reply, "King Wan's government was as follows:—The husbandmen cultivated one-ninth of the land, at the passes and in the markets strangers were inspected but goods were not taxed. There were the old and wifeless, or widowers; the old and husbandless, or widows; the old and childless, or solitaries; the young and fatherless, or orphans. These four classes are the most destitute of the people, and have none to whom they can tell their wants, and the King Wan, in the institution of his government with its benevolent action, made them the first objects of his regard, as it is said in the book of poetry,

"The rich may get through.

But alas! For the miserable and solitary!"

The king said, "O excellent words!"

Mencius replied, "Since your majesty deems them excellent, why do you not practise them?"

"I have an infirmity," said the king, "I am fond of wealth."

"Suppose that one of your majesty's ministers were to intrust his wife and children to the care of his friend, while he himself went to travel, and that, on his return he should find that the friend had caused the wife and children to suffer from cold and hunger how ought he to deal with him?"

The king answered, "He should cast him off."

Mencius proceeded, "Suppose that the chief criminal judge could not regulate the officers under him, how would you deal with him?"

"Dismiss him," was the reply.

Mencius again said, "If within the four borders of your kingdom there is not good government, what is to be done?"

The king looked to the right and left, and spoke of other matters.

* * *

MANY are the scourges that whip the broad back of China. Flood and famine, drought and disease; Red-communism and foreign aggression, jumbled provincial and national governments—all giving truth to the half truth of the ancient sage, "when heaven sends down calamities it is still possible to escape them. When we occasion the calamities ourselves it is not possible to live."

To discern what curses strike from above, and what curses strike from below is not very difficult. Much of the present nation-wide disaster is born of man, of governmental mal-administrations. China may be rebuilding its social, economic and political life on western patterns. However, are the borrowed theories comparable to the abandoned ideals?

Archconfraternity of the Passion

THAT the Son of God should be crucified for us is a mystery of love. That we should forget His sufferings and death is a greater mystery of shame.

Saint Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists, was not content to establish an order of religious men whose one object in life would be to unite contemplation of the Passion of Christ with the preaching of the glories and ignominies of His Cross; nor did he rest when he had founded a society of religious women, called the Nuns of the Passion of Our Lord, who would meditate day and night on the sorrows of their Crucified Spouse, in order to atone for the coldness and ingratitude of men. Saint Paul desired to enroll persons living in the world into a society whose object would be to recall to mind frequently the sufferings of their Saviour, and through this salutary reflection to lead lives conformable to Him who died for them on the Cross.

This is the sublime purpose of the Passionist Congregation, and of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion—both begun in the 18th century by St. Paul of the Cross,—approved by several Popes and enriched with many and precious indulgences.

There has been a lively interest in the Archconfraternity manifested by the readers of THE SIGN.

Since most of these cannot be present at the monthly meeting to hear the instruction on Our Lord's Sacred Passion, we shall give each month in this column a thought or suggestion to assist them to keep alive, to deepen, and to perfect their devotion to the Sufferings and Death of Our Blessed Saviour.

Instructive and devotional leaflets on Our Lord's Sacred Passion will be sent free to members on request.

Address correspondence for The Archconfraternity of The Sacred Passion to: Rev. Father Raymond, C.P., Director, St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J.

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Masses Said	10
Masses Heard	49,771
Holy Communions	20,400
Visits to B. Sacrament	563,864
Spiritual Communions	157,191
Benediction Services	20,519
Sacrifices, Sufferings	112,940
Stations of the Cross	30,786
Visits to the Crucifix	66,552
Beads of the Five Wounds	13,646
Offerings of PP. Blood	95,207
Visits to Our Lady	46,650
Rosaries	40,668
Beads of the Seven Dolors	8,597
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,424,809
Hours of Study, Reading	70,008
Hours of Labor	69,835
Acts of Kindness, Charity	64,474
Acts of Zeal	47,484
Prayers, Devotions	250,868
Hours of Silence	43,480
Various Works	95,517

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7: 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Arianism—Its Development

By Hilaire Belloc

REMEMBER that Arius was only a climax to a long movement. What was the cause of his success? Two things combined. First, the momentum of all that came before him. Second, the sudden release of the Church by Constantine. To this should be added undoubtedly something in Arius' own personality. Men of this kind who become leaders do so because they have the momentum of some past behind them. Nevertheless they would not so become unless there were something in themselves.

I think we may take it that Arius had the effect he had through a convergence of forces. There was a great deal of ambition in him, such as you will find in all heresiarchs. There was a strong element of rationalism. There was also in him the enthusiasm for what he believed to be the truth. His theory was certainly not his own discovery, but he made it his own; he identified it with his name. Further, he was moved to a dogged resistance against people whom he felt were persecuting him. He suffered from much vanity, as do nearly all reformers. On the top of all this a rather thin simplicity, "commonsense," which at once appeals to multitudes. But he would never have had his success but for something eloquent about him and a driving power.

He was already a man of position, probably from the Cyrenaica (now an Italian colony in North Africa east of Tripoli), though he was talked of as being Alexandrian, because it was in Alexandria that he lived. He had been a disciple of the greatest critic of his time, the martyr Lucian of Antioch. In the year 318 he was presiding over the Church of Bucas in Alexandria, and enjoyed the high favor of the Bishop of the City, Alexander.

Arius went over from Egypt to Caesarea in Palestine spreading his already well-known set of rationalizing, Unitarian ideas with zeal. Some of the eastern Bishops began to agree with him. It is true that the two main Syrian Bishoprics, Antioch and Jerusalem, stood out; but apparently most of the Syrian hierarchy inclined to listen to Arius.

When Constantine became the master of the whole Empire in 325, Arius appealed to the new master of the world. The great Bishop of Alexandria, Alexander, had excommunicated him, but reluctantly. The old heathen Emperor Licinius had protected the new movement.

A battle of vast importance was joined. Men did not know of what importance it was, violently though their emotions were excited. Had this movement for rejecting the full divinity of Our Lord gained the victory, all our civilization would have been other than what it has been from that day to this. We all know what happens when an attempt to simplify and rationalize the mysteries of the Faith succeeds in any Society. We have before us the now ending experiment of the Reformation, and the aged but still very vigorous Mohammedan heresy, which may perhaps appear with renewed vigor in the future. Such rationalistic efforts against the creed produce a gradual social degradation following on the loss of that direct link between human nature and God which is provided by the Incarnation. Human dignity is lessened. The authority of Our Lord is weakened. He appears more and more as a man—perhaps a myth. The substance of Christian life is diluted. It wanes. What began as Unitarianism ends as Paganism.

A COUNCIL was ordered by the Emperor to meet in the town of Nicæa, fifty miles from the capital, on the Asiatic side of the Straits. The Bishops were summoned to convene there from the whole Empire, even from districts outside the Empire where Christian missionaries had planted the Faith. The great bulk of those who came were from the Eastern Empire, but the West was represented, and, what was of the first importance, delegates arrived from the Primatial See of Rome; but for their adherence the decrees of the Council would not have held. As it was their presence gave full validity to these Decrees. The reaction against the innovation of Arius was so strong that at this Council of Nicæa he was overwhelmed.

In that first great defeat, when the strong vital tradition of Catholicism had asserted itself and Arius was condemned, the creed which his followers had drawn up was trampled underfoot as a blasphemy, but the spirit behind that creed and behind that revolt was to re-arise.

It re-arose at once, and it can be said that Arianism was actually strengthened by its first superficial defeat. This paradox was due to a cause you will find at work in many forms of conflict. The defeated adversary learns from his first

rebuff of the character of the thing he has attacked; he discovers his weak points; he learns how his opponent may be confused and into what compromises that opponent may be led. He is therefore better prepared after his check than he was at the first onslaught. So it was with Arianism.

IN order to understand the situation we must appreciate the point that Arianism, founded like all heresies on an error in doctrine—that is on something which can be expressed in a dead formula of mere words—soon began to live, like all heresies at their beginning, with a vigorous new life and character and savor of its own. The quarrel which filled the third century from 325 onwards for a lifetime was not after the first years a quarrel between opposing forms of words; the difference between which may appear slight; it became very early in the struggle a quarrel between opposing spirits and characters: a quarrel between two opposing personalities, such as human personalities are: on the one side the Catholic temper and tradition, on the other a soured, proud temper, which would have destroyed the Faith.

Arianism learned from its first heavy defeat at Nicæa to compromise on forms, on the wording of doctrine, so that it might preserve, and spread with less opposition, its heretical spirit. The first conflict had turned on the use of a Greek word which means "of the same substance with." The Catholics, affirming the full Godhead of Our Lord, insisted on the use of this word, which implied that the Son was of the same Divine substance as the Father; that He was of the same Being: i.e., Godship. It was thought sufficient to present this word as a test. The Arians—it was thought—would always refuse to accept the word and could thus be distinguished from the Orthodox and rejected.

But many Arians were prepared to compromise by accepting the mere word and denying the spirit in which it should be read. They were willing to admit that Christ was of the Divine essence, but not fully God; not uncreated. When the Arians began this new policy of compromise, the Emperor Constantine and his successors regarded that policy as an honest opportunity for reconciliation and reunion. The refusal of the Catholics to be deceived became, in the eyes of those who thought thus, mere obstinacy; and in the eyes of the

Emperor, factious rebellion and inexcusable disobedience.

"The other side have accepted your main point; why cannot you now settle the quarrel and come together again? By holding out you split society into two Camps; you disturb the peace of the Empire, and are as criminal as fanatic." That is what the official world tended to put forward and honestly believed.

The Catholics answered: "The heretics have not accepted our main point. They have subscribed to an Orthodox phrase, but they interpret that phrase in an heretical fashion. Therefore we will not allow them to enter our communion. To do so would be to endanger the vital principle by which the Church exists, and the Church is essential to the Empire and Mankind."

AT this point, there entered the battle that personal force which ultimately won the victory for Catholicism: St. Athanasius. It was the tenacity and single aim of St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria, the great Metropolitan See of Egypt, which decided the issue. He enjoyed a position of advantage, for Alexandria was the second most important town in the Eastern Empire and, as a Bishopric, one of the first four in the world. He further enjoyed popular backing, which never failed him, and which made his enemies hesitate to take extreme measures against him. But all this would not have sufficed had not the man himself been what he was.

At the time when he sat at the Council of Nicæa in 325, he was still a young man—probably not quite thirty; and he only sat there as Deacon, although already his strength and eloquence were remarkable. He lived to be seventy-six or seventy-seven years of age, dying in A.D. 373, and during nearly the whole of that long life he maintained with inflexible violence the full Catholic doctrine of the Trinity.

When the first compromise with Arianism was suggested, Athanasius was already Archbishop of Alexandria. Constantine ordered him to readmit Arius to Communion. He refused.

It was a step most perilous because all men admitted the full power of the Monarch over Life and Death, and regarded rebellion as the worst of crimes; extravagant because opinion in the official world, among men of social influence, and throughout the Army upon which everything then reposed, was strong that the compromise ought to be accepted. Athanasius was exiled to Gaul, but Athanasius in exile was even more formidable than Athanasius at Alexandria. His presence in the West had the effect of reinforcing the strong Catholic feeling of all that part of the Empire.

He was recalled. The sons of Constantine, who succeeded one after the other to the Empire, vacillated between the policy of securing popular support—which was Catholic—and of securing the support of the Army which was Arian. Most of all did the Court lean towards Arianism because it disliked

the growing power of the organized Catholic Clergy, rival to the lay power of the State. The last and longest line of Constantine's sons and successors, Constantius, became very definitely Arian. Athanasius was exiled over and over again but the Cause of which he was champion was growing in strength.

When Constantius died in 361, he was succeeded by a nephew of Constantine's, Julian the Apostate. This Emperor went over to the large surviving Pagan body and came near to re-establishing Paganism; for the power of an individual Emperor was in that day overwhelming. But he was killed in battle against the Persians and his successor, Jovian, was definitely Catholic.

HOWEVER, the see-saw still went on. In 367, St. Athanasius, then an old man of at least seventy years of age, the Emperor Valens exiled him for the fifth time. Finding that the Catholic forces were now too strong he later recalled him. By this time Athanasius had won his battle. He died as the greatest man of the Roman world. Of such value are sincerity and tenacity, combined with genius.

But the Army remained Arian, and what we have to follow in the next generations is the lingering death of Arianism in the Latin-speaking Western part of the Empire; lingering because it was supported by the Chief Generals in command of the Western districts, but doomed because the people as a whole had abandoned it. How it thus died out I shall describe in my next article.

When Thieves Fall Out

By Frederick Vincent Williams

THE National Revolutionary Party in Mexico is desperately trying to patch up its quarrels between its leaders in order to save itself from cracking. Cardenas has made friendly overtures to Calles whom he "invited" out of the country some time ago. Calles is more or less timidly returning. Calles, returning to Mexico, has promised not to interfere with Cardenas' Communistic plans. But those who know Calles' tie-up with foreign investments in Mexico are dubious.

Foreign investors still trust Calles and would like to see him return to power. They are afraid of Cardenas. They have felt Cardenas' teeth. They hope that Cardenas will blunder himself out of the presidential chair and Calles may step in. I doubt if Calles can return. He is opposed by the Catholics who can not

forget what he has done to them. He is hated by the Communists who follow Cardenas and do not trust him. He has antagonized his own henchmen whom he abandoned to the mercy of Cardenas when he, Calles, went to Hawaii. Cardenas threw most of them out of their political jobs when Calles left.

Cardenas has admittedly made many mistakes. He has even gone further than Calles in persecution of the Church. He has made an enemy of not only foreign capital but Mexican business. Calles, secretly hoping Cardenas will fail, is looked on to encourage Cardenas in his folly to hasten the latter's end. So the enemy of the Church is now a house divided against itself.

The Army, expectant of the change, is watching, waiting, non-committal. Calles and Rodriguez, in Hawaii, are

plotting to win back what they have lost. The Reds, ten per cent of Mexico, have held the balance of the population—Catholic—in subjection only because they were organized. Now the National Revolutionary Party is divided against itself. Cardenas, Calles, Canabal, Rodriguez, Gil crowd are at one another's throats.

Portes Gil, the Intellectual of the Revolution, turned on his old pals, Calles and Rodriguez and supported Cardenas when, a year ago, he saw Calles slipping from power. Without striking an open blow at the Capital and the cities the armed forces now in the field against the Communists with Religious Freedom as their battle cry see the enemy weakening.

Will the desperate Calles crowd try to kill Cardenas and blame the President's assassination on the Catholics? Will the

desperate Cardenas play a two-sided game—ultra radicalism to please and bind his Communist element to him on the one hand and on the other to appease the Catholics in certain states by granting them special privileges? We shall see.

The name of Calles is being used by Cardenas' adherents among Catholics now to unite them with the President and against the latter's return. An effort is being made to make some sort of a peace with the Church quietly, until such time as Cardenas feels he is safe.

Calles, personally, is through. Only the men who were with him in his great Racket of the Proletariat, are working under his name because of lack of an outstanding leader. Canabal is seeking to stir up a little revolution of his own down in San Salvador to win back Tobasco. Reports from Mexico hint that there will be sudden chaos and then a strong man will appear from the people with the Army willing to follow.

Talk of concessions granted by the Cardenas government to the Church is propaganda. The Church seems to be worse off now than under Calles, but its chances of redeeming that which it has lost are better because of that. Now that the issue is clean cut—all or nothing—the Church stands a chance of being restored. My personal opinion is that Cardenas will not last long.

I TALKED to a man at the head of the revolution in Mexico now—and there is a revolution behind the steel lines of censorship—and he told me that there was little need now of actual attack on the larger cities as planned.

"Our Board of Strategy has decreed more of a watchful, waiting policy," he said. "The Reds are killing one another off. The Calles people will dispose of Cardenas without our lifting a hand against him. And some of the Cardenas men will dispose of Calles. This is the old Al Capone type of Chicago gang warfare on a national scale with the dignity of a national setting. All we have to do is to sit back and watch the wolves tear one another to pieces. The very plunder they took from the Church has proven their undoing. With nothing more to sack they are stealing from themselves. As you Americans would say 'the burglars are quarreling over the swag; the thieves have fallen out.'"

He concluded that any move on the part of Catholics in or out of Mexico to make terms of peace with President Cardenas would simply be playing into the hands of the Reds and giving the Administration, already on its knees, another lease on life. But as to just what chance the Church would have with the present Cardenas Administration let us have a look at the Cabinet and see who and what these men are.

It is interesting to note the background of these men. Study them carefully: Silvano Barba Gonzales, Secretary of the Interior, a renegade Catholic. Angel Carniceros, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, bitterly anti-Catholic. Eduardo R. Suarez, Secretary of the Treasury, a technician, a good man, but with little political power. Francisco J. Mujica, Secretary of Communications and Public Works, "the strong man of the cabinet," a Communist and bitterly anti-religious. General Andres Figueroa, Secretary of War and Navy, a professional politician, is also bitterly anti-Catholic.

O THERS are: General Saturnino Cedillo, Secretary of Agriculture, "the strong man of San Luis Potosi," a man of no education, friendly to Catholics in his own state, counted on to lead the revolution against Cardenas, betrayed the Cristeros by accepting a post on Cardenas' Cabinet and despite protestations of friendship looked on with suspicion by Catholics. His appointment is regarded as a fine bit of strategy on the part of President Cardenas to stifle a revolt. Gonzalo Vaquez Vela, Secretary of Education, a former governor of Vera Cruz, a Communist, first to carry sexual and socialistic education into his State and distinguished as a persecutor of the Church and Catholics. He is bitter against the Church. General Rafael Sanchez Papia, Secretary of Economics, former governor of Michoacan, a Communist, bitterly anti-Catholic.

And finally these five: Emilio Portes Gil, President of the National Revolutionary Party, the "Intellectual of the Revolution," the strong man of Mexico today, deserted Calles for Cardenas when Calles began to lose power; very anti-Catholic, author of book slandering Church and priests and distributed to editors, senators and congressmen in the United States under the frank enjoyed by Mexico with the United States. Regarded by Catholics in Mexico as their prime enemy. Cosme Hinojosa, Secretary of the Department of the Federal District, has taken no part in persecution of Church, but is without influence. Miguel Angel Quevedo, Secretary of Forestry, a Catholic, but with no influence and known and feared among Catholics as "The Compromiser." Genaro V. Vasquez, Secretary of Labor, Communist and anti-Catholic. Gabino Vaquez, Secretary of the Agrarian Department, a Communist and anti-Catholic. Luis I. Rodriguez, private secretary to President Cardenas, a strong figure politically, an old member of Catholic sodalities, now a renegade from the Faith and bitterly anti-Catholic.

One of the ironic twists of the cabinet picture is that those members who were once allied with the Church and have abandoned it are now listed among its

worst persecutors. It seems as though by the vigor of their persecution of Church and the Faithful they strive to impress their fellow Communists that no taint of their old religious faith remains to them.

It can readily be seen that if Cardenas and his administration are able to continue in power what little chance the Church and Catholics will have at the hands of these men. Now with the Communists quarreling among themselves, with graft exposed on every side, Russia is reported to be deciding on either one of two things—stepping out of the picture and leaving Mexico to solve her own troubles or stepping back into it and strengthening Cardenas and the Communists so that what is left of the Red rule may be saved.

What appears to be the darkest hour for the Church in Mexico may in reality be her brightest. The financial interests in this country and other countries who cared not a whit what the Mexican government did to the Church or her children so long as Calles protected their investments, now look with alarm on Cardenas and his open Red program now that Calles is gone. Calles merely played the Commune and the proletariat as a racket and was never sincerely a Communist. He persecuted the Church as a part of his game, a game that gave him a chance to rob on one hand and at the same time to collect a following of the rabble on the other.

T HESE financial interest have and are stepping away from Cardenas and his Communists as they begin to feel the sharp sting of his confiscation of their properties. They are coming into the mood of sympathizing with the Church and the Catholics. The Church and Catholics in Mexico will soon find help from the most unexpected quarters. The ears that were once deaf to their cries are now open to their stories of bloodshed and persecution.

Very soon even our American secular press may herald to the world that the Commune is ripe and rampant in Mexico. The moment the toes of the financial gentlemen are stepped on, what a howl there will be! All the world will then know that the Commune is rising in Mexico. Meanwhile these interests are starting work. They are badly denting the credit of the Mexican government. Without credit, without money, with nothing more to pillage and plunder, but themselves—it will be the end for the Commune.

Strange that the Church should have to wait to come into her own, should march to restoration of her rights and what are left of her properties, that religious freedom should be gained by a people—only when foreign investors feel what she and her children have suffered.

THE RED JUDAS

By Douglas Newton

SYNOPSIS—*The story thus far: Hungary was in the throes of a Red dictatorship. There was no quarter given by Bela Kun to his enemies. And now a list of them had fallen into his hands. Betrayed by a Red Judas!*

In Vienna, Stephen Varosmarvy the leader of the Hungarians who had managed to slip across the border. A young and wealthy Englishman, Dominic Sable, cousin to Stephen by marriage has offered to put his wealth and service at the disposal of Stephen and the refugees to assist in the deliverance of their countrymen from Hungary. Together with the exiled Archduke—in hiding, plain Herr Roth by name—they plan an expedition to the border to deliver another band of refugees. At the border they are spotted by the Reds who open fire. The Reds are finally routed and the party gathers in a hut where a surprise awaits Dominic Sable. One of the refugees is a boyhood sweetheart, Colette Honraith, whom he had met years before at the Legation in London. Now she is a fugitive and he has succeeded in saving her life. Was she also one of those betrayed by the Red Judas?

DOMINIC and Colette Honraith faced each other slightly dazed by such a meeting. Then the weeping woman, jealous of any attention not given to her, broke out again. Dominic was even glad to listen to the story the man who had come with the woman was telling.

He was a small, jockey-neat man. His face was dark and saturnine; his voice consistently acrid. He was a man embittered by many things, including the loss of his right hand at the wrist. His name was Apard. Stephen addressed him as Colonel.

"Well, we got to Kaporna, all right. Ardmassy joined us there, as arranged. Then a day later Count Louis Honraith, his sister and his wife turned up. The smugglers had word that something was happening in Budapest and so were not keen to be mixed up with us. We would not have persuaded them to carry us across the boundary if Louis Honraith had not produced a permit."

"A permit!" Stephen was startled. "How could he have a permit?"

"We did not think it wise to inquire too deeply," Apard said with acid significance. "Especially as the permit won the food-smugglers. All seemed well again until one of our 'Radish' friends

came to warn us that there was a big round-up in Budapest and a list was out."

"A list!" Stephen burst out. "What do you mean—a list?"

"Simple enough—a list of those who were plotting counter-revolution."

"The devil!" Stephen was aghast. "Do you mean that they've found out—when everything is almost ready?"

"I have no doubt of it." There was grim bitterness in Apard's voice. "Things looked black but we hoped to bluff through. Luklich, Ardmassy and I became smugglers, carrying packs. Still we might have got through if one busybody hadn't had the idea of searching us—and Ardmassy, like a fool, carried a woman's letters on him. His name was on the list. The telegraphed list they consulted was as long as your arm."

"**M**OTHER of God!" Stephen whispered and his face looked stricken.

"Yes, some traitor did a first-class job. We were all arrested. Honraith broke down, protested like a woman that his permit was from the highest authority."

Stephen nodded and even Dominic understood. He knew Louis—Colette's brother, her twin, in fact—well, and had never liked him. Louis Honraith had been a mincing, effeminate sort of creature. Colette had not only been chum enough for him, but he had regarded her as much more of a "man" than her brother. . . . But Apard was going on.

"The Reds wouldn't listen to him. Then his wife began to have hysterics. The guards caught hold of her. She railed at her husband, called on him to play the man. Better give the devil his due, he showed unexpected pluck. He drew a pistol, shot one of the men and began to put up quite a fight."

"Startles you, eh? But there was courage in him when driven to it. Honraith shouted to his wife to run. The guards fired after us and Luklich was hit. He called to me to go on. I thought it best, since I had reports to make—though they are probably valueless now."

"You feel our plans are ruined?" Stephen said.

"What else? That long list with even Ardmassy's name on it—Béla Kún has found us out and our scheme is useless."

"It's damnable!"

"It is worse—it's treachery."

Stephen stared at Apard and, almost instinctively, the eyes of both men turned towards the two Honraith women who

had escaped on a Communist permit. Yet Stephen said judicially:

"We must not make wild guesses."

"Pah!" Apard's bitterness turned his face into that of a spitting cat. "That list was too long for casual information. Someone with inside knowledge gave the whole thing away. Why? Do you have to ask—for a price? What more likely price than a permit to safety?"

Stephen said evenly: "Gently. How could any Honraith get such information? Would even he be guilty of such infamy?"

"Wait," said Stephen, for the women had turned at Apard's loud tone. "We'll go into that later. What happened to Louis Honraith?"

"Dead, I imagine. They were shooting at him very close."

Honraith's wife came forward.

"What is that you say?" she wailed. "Louis dead—Dear God!—he can't be dead."

Colonel Apard's black eyes gleamed with a mounting flame. His dark face thrust forward, and, for a moment he looked harsh and terrible. Stephen touched his arm, murmured, "She is distraught."

Colette drew the woman away, trying to quieten her. Even Colette said sharply in time:

"You dishonor Louis."

"Who was she?" Dominic asked.

Stephen shrugged. "Some sort of actress Louis Honraith picked up. I understand that she is partly Rumanian."

"I never cared for Louis—what have you against him?"

"Oh, nothing much," Stephen said. "The mother's fault, she put the whole family in bad odor."

"What does this trouble in Budapest mean?" Dominic asked.

"Politics. Forget what you've heard, Dom."

THAT matter of the permit filled Dominic with unease, too. The terrible suspicion Colonel Apard had voiced against Louis Honraith might involve the whole Honraith name in loathing—even Colette.

Colette came over to him with, "She'll be all right in a minute or two." He felt horribly on his guard for her sake; all the strange glamour of their meeting seemed gone.

"It has been a terrible experience for her," he said.

"Terrible," Colette answered, and only then did he realize that she, too, had been through the same experience and that

Louis Honraith was her twin brother. "It seems so strange meeting you again like this, Dominic."

"Isn't it?" he said, glad to follow her lead. "Absurdly dramatic, even—but then the whole world's absurd these days."

"I suppose it is," she sighed. "Though I'd thought Budapest was exceptional."

"You've been there all the time?"

"Since the beginning of the war."

"What did you do?"

"Little enough. Hospital cleaning, canteen work."

"The food conditions were awful, of course?"

"Awful. In a way one can't blame the poor for rising."

"You're not a Socialist?" he smiled with a twinge of anxiety.

"Oh, no—they were dreadful," she shivered. "These last weeks they've made Budapest a nightmare." She looked at Dominic with alarm in her eyes. "There's no fear of Vienna joining in with Béla Kún, is there?"

"Stephen says not," Dominic answered. "But you'll find even Vienna in a bad way. What will you do there?"

"Isn't there an organization that looks after refugees?"

"Haven't you anybody?" Dominic winced away from a direct answer.

"Nobody and nothing," she told him. "Louis was the last of us and whatever money he had left was taken from him."

"I'm terribly sorry," Dominic said. "About Louis, too."

"Poor Louis," she said with a quivering breath. "But he ended bravely, God rest his soul."

VI

STEPHEN and Colonel Apard were outside the hut a long while. It gave Louis Honraith's wife time enough to recover her composure completely.

"I am sorry, gentlemen. I was beside myself—the awful shock of my dear husband's death!"

Her humility seemed to Dominic more unreal than her anger. Yet to his surprise Colonel Apard readily forgave her.

Dominic was not surprised when she entered the car and shared the rear seat with the Colonel, but he was taken aback when Stephen handed Colette to the driving seat. Dominic stood a trifle bewildered even when Stephen came to his side and said softly: "Ride inside, young Dom."

Behind him Colonel Apard and Manon Honraith began talking at once in Magyar. Dominic spoke the language well and soon was listening with attention. The Colonel and the woman were exchanging personal experiences of Budapest during the last few months.

At first the talk was general. Dominic heard of the chaos that had led to Oskar Jazzi's first revolt in the previous October, of the rise of Karolyi's Government

and the hopeless confusion that followed, of the militant league of "Awakening Hungary" that strove to curb the tendency towards the Left, and the resultant clashes. Then came Béla Kún seeing his chance in disorder, snatching at power and proclaiming his Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

The conversation grew more personal, the fears begot of the "Terror Troops" that rushed about the city in lorries on "domiciliary searches" for aristocrats, forestallers and war profiteers. The wild arrests and hangings. The refusal of food allowances to aristocrats. The decree abolishing lawyers, judges, bank officials, goldsmiths, hotel employees and even barbers as undemocratic. How the universities had been taken over and all the professors discharged in favor of proletarians without degrees.

BUT gradually the Colonel turned from the general to the particular. How terribly a woman like the Countess must have suffered!

She was only too ready to tell of her unique privations. She and her husband had fled from their big house to a poor hotel. They had taken nothing with them, except a few jewels. They feared starvation every day. Like the rest of the stricken city they had lived almost entirely on barley and vegetable marrow.

Louis Honraith would not allow her to risk the shattering of her nerves by going out. Yes, he had gone out a great deal. But exactly what he did with himself while he was out she could not say. . . . She had forbidden him to speak of what he saw.

"So I suppose he made a point of never being out long," Colonel Apard murmured.

"Long?" cried the woman. "Sometimes he was out all day—and all night, too."

Dominic listened, fascinated by the cleverness with which the Colonel had led the vanity of the woman into giving information about the habits of her husband. But when Apard turned the talk to Colette Honraith his mind sickened.

No, Manon Honraith said, Colette had not been with them. They had not feared over much for Colette. She had become a war worker before the revolution; had mixed with people who supported the Bolsheviks. That gave the Colonel an opening that made Dominic clench his fists in apprehension.

"Visiting her among her proletarian friends, eh? I suppose that was how he had the darned good luck to get that permit of his?"

But Manon Honraith knew nothing about the permit. All she could say was that Count Louis had rushed home one morning with Colette. . . . Yes, it was after one of his nights away. But underneath she had always feared. And, of course, she'd been right; it was all

part of the Reds' trickery to kill them all on the frontier. Didn't the Colonel agree with her?

"I don't know," Apard said sympathetically. "I might tell you for certain if I knew more about the permit. How it was obtained? Who gave it?"

"If I'd only asked Louis," the woman sighed.

But the Colonel was not going to be side-tracked.

"Didn't you read the permit at all? Didn't your husband show it to you to convince you it was real?" he asked.

"Yes—but naturally I was in no condition to read it."

"Not even the signature?" suggested Apard.

"Ah, now you speak of it, I do remember the signature. Louis was trying to impress me with its official importance. Rather a clear signature. . . . some-one beginning with G. . . ."

"Was it Garrison?" the Colonel cried eagerly.

"Why, yes, that was it—Garrison," the woman said.

"You're sure?" the Colonel's breath came in a sharp intake.

"I think so. Does it explain things?"

"Yes. He is a member of the detective department of the Ministry of the Interior, under Otto Kovin-Klein."

Manon Honraith shuddered. "Then it *was* a trap."

"Undoubtedly there was treachery in it," the Colonel said grimly.

Colonel Apard had deliberately inveigled this vain, silly and selfish woman into tell-tale admissions about the permit. And from the way Colette's and Stephen's heads came together in front of him he was sure that Colette was also being subjected to a subtle cross-examination. Dominic finished the journey with a cold sense of danger ahead in him.

Reaching Vienna they delivered the two women and Colonel Apard at a hostel for refugees. Apard lingered, saying in Magyar to Stephen: "Well did you learn anything?"

COLETTE Honraith says she knows nothing about the permit. Louis came to her lodgings one morning and told her he had one. That is all she knows.

"Strange, this lack of explanation between brother and sister," Apard scowled. "Well, that is her story. And the Countess's?"

"Charmingly—or suspiciously—identical," Apard said in his sardonic way.

"Could it be the Countess?" Stephen asked.

"I doubt it. . . . That fool of a woman thinks only of her own skin."

"Colette, then? But how could she figure?"

"Well, she did war work. Mixed with the proletariat."

"Yes, that's a possibility. But how to find out."

"The Countess gave me one clue. Garrison signed the permit."

Stephen Varosmarvy's face became furious. He began to curse.

"That's no good, my friend," Apard said dryly. "Besides, it's what we feared."

"Yes," Stephen said thickly. "What do we do then?"

"Nothing, until we have the full facts. But when we do find them—"

Apard's face went tigerish and Dominic saw the look of a killer in his eyes. Then, as if embarrassed by this exhibition of his inner passion, he turned and almost ran into the house.

"What exactly does Garrison stand for?" Dominic asked anxiously.

"He is one of the heads of Béla Kún's espionage department."

smile. Manon's greeting was too effusive. Again her theatricality made him wince. She had managed to get hold of clothes dark enough to suggest mourning. Her ears, her breast, her hands were trimmed with very fine jewels, the Honraith gems.

Her welcome made him feel that she meant all there to note that this rich and important Englishman had come to her and not to them. She persisted on that note. When he asked politely how they were faring, she answered in a voice far too loud, that their lodgings were intolerable for decent people.

"You'll be getting a place of your own in Vienna, I suppose?" he said, not without eagerness for he saw comfort in that for Colette.

"Not," Manon sneered, "if I can help it. I shall leave here as soon as possible."

He was puzzled. The Entente blockade was still very strict and the movements of Austrians and Hungarians severely restricted.

"I shall go back to my own country again," Manon explained and her eyes, sweeping the dancing crowd, plainly added, "Away from this crew." She went on to the embarrassed Dominic. "I am a Rumanian, you know."

"Now that my husband is dead," she went on largely, and he noted she had dropped the "dear husband," "I can regain my nationality. I have been to the Rumanian Mission already. I met an old flame there, a really dear friend who knew me when I acted in Bucharest. He thinks my return to Rumania should present no difficulties."

All this was said to be heard, for she spoke in Magyar with the calculated

VII

WHEN Dominic Sable called at the hotel next day Manon Honraith was out and Colette was confined to her bed. News had now come through that Count Louis Honraith had been shot dead by the Hungarian frontier guards. Dominic wrote a note of sympathy to Colette, begging her to make any use she could of him. He told her he could always be reached at the Mission or his hotel, and that he went most evenings to the keller in the street of Our Lady's Robe.

He was tantalized as well as anxious at not seeing Colette. His rediscovery of her had affected him very deeply. He had always been very fond of her.

He saw Stephen Varosmarvy but once in the next few days. His cousin was worried and bitter, but would talk little.

"Things have gone wrong in Budapest," was all he would say. "It looks ugly—yet we are in the air."

"Well, remember I am here to help," Dominic reminded him. "Service or cash."

"You really mean that, Dom? We may need some of your money."

"I brought a large sum with me—purposely," Dominic told him. "I can—in fact I will—wire for more."

It was an evening or so after this talk that Manon and Colette Honraith appeared at the keller. They were so "out of things" that they seemed conspicuous. Even if the story of their escape was no longer exciting to the experienced, their having so lately come from Budapest ought to have made them interesting to the news-hungry Magyars.

Not only was there a subtle sense of their being deliberately avoided, their own air told that they knew it was so.

Or rather Manon's air. Colette, as usual, showed it less. With her curiously mature strength of disciplined composure she met him in friendly fashion, though he could guess the unease under her



diction of the actress. She was triumphing over people who had always disliked her. She had no qualms. She meant to set herself up with what the Honraith jewels would fetch. Undoubtedly she would trade on her title and her, as yet, undiminished prettiness in order to catch another wealthy fool for a husband. He turned almost pointedly to Colette and asked:

"And what do you do?"

"I remain a Hungarian, naturally," she said.

"Yes, but how are you fixed?" he insisted.

"I'll get work," Colette told him.

"Colette is so clever in that way," Manon smirked. "She was even able to find work and keep herself in Budapest."

Dominic saw that the Honraith jewels

were not going to help the last of the Honraiths. He saw also in Colette's eyes that she had pride. He honored her for it; nevertheless he must create a well-paid post for her.

"Even work will have to wait until you are a bit stronger," he smiled at the girl. "Meanwhile we'll use my car as a health-bringer. Are you doing anything tomorrow? We could start early and make a day of it."

"No, tomorrow I am lunching with my little Rumanian."

Dominic had been talking to Colette—but Manon had answered. Dominic stared at her. Had this one a sort of genius that could twist everything to serve her ends by a sort of bold coercion? He was almost afraid of her. Colette who was watching his face said with a shadow of a smile on her lips:

"Dominic could drive you to meet your General."

Manon's eyes brightened. Dominic's car, his race, his wealth would impress her General. She agreed gushingly. Colette had tricked her sister-in-law almost too neatly. Such adroitness in a girl as quiet and as frank as Colette came as a tiny shock.

It was one of those small revelations that make a man wonder if he really knows the woman who exercises a spell over him. Of course, Colette had been a mere child when he knew her last. All the same it added a little to that unease that seemed to be twining, like a dual thread, in his newly awakened affection for Colette.

For a long time there was no sign of Stephen among the dancers. When he did at length appear he came straight to their table, and he wore an air of business. He answered Manon's greetings with a politeness that was practically an insult. He spoke to Dominic only, asking if he could spare him a little time.

"You've seen Colette and the Countess before this evening?" Dominic asked a little resentfully. But Stephen merely said, "Oh, yes," and walked away so that Dominic had no alternative but to follow him.

VIII

THE inner chamber to which Stephen introduced Dominic had once been a students' corps club-room. It was panelled in dark wood. There were duelling swords and masks on the walls and shelves of elaborately fashioned beer steins. The light came solely from the inevitable acetylene lamps. A dozen men were in the room. They included Julius Roth and Colonel Apard. All turned to examine Dominic.

"We have to thank you for the help you gave with your car—and person, Mr. Sable," Julius Roth said. "And having had that help we are greedy for more."

"It's your cash we need, Dom," Stephen said shortly.

"That is also at your service, sir," Dominic answered.

"Yes, but this would be a great deal of money," Julius Roth told him, and he named a very stiff figure.

"I can hand you a third of that tomorrow," Dominic said. "I have already wired to cover the rest."

With a sigh the tension about him relaxed. Julius Roth straightened like a man freed from a great burden.

"That is immensely generous of you, Sable," he cried.

"After all, my grandmother was an Hungarian," Dominic explained.

"You are certainly one of us," Julius Roth nodded. "But, even so, it is magnificent—to give, too, without questioning. . . ."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be beyond wanting to know," Dominic laughed.



DOMINIC HAD BEEN EXAMINING THE COUNTRY
BESIDE THE ROAD THROUGH HIS GLASSES.

"We can hardly be less generous," Julius Roth said. There seemed to be an eager agreement, except from Colonel Apard, whose sour voice muttered something Dominic could not catch. But because of it he said:

"Don't think I want to impose any conditions, sir."

"I think that is the spirit of a very useful comrade," said Julius Roth. "You agree, my friends? . . . You, Stephen?"

"He is my cousin. I would rather not speak," Stephen Varosmarvy said. "Yet he as well as his car and money can be of real use to us."

"Very well," Julius Roth settled the matter in his blunt way. "We are in difficulties, Sable. We had an organization of counter-revolution in Budapest. It was all ready to act. Now, however, it has been betrayed and our plans are ruined."

DOMINIC did not speak. Glancing round he saw on all faces a look that was savage in its bitterness. He realized that all these men felt the treachery with a naked fierceness and that their fury against the betrayer would be terrible.

"We do not know who played Judas or why—yet!" Julius Roth went on ominously. "That can wait. But we do know that the betrayal has been complete. The name of practically every man concerned in our plans has been given to the enemy. Perhaps, also, they are already dead. Even if they are not their lives are useless to us and Hungary."

"That means we must organize afresh and quickly. All this means work—and money. We have workers, but since much of our money has also vanished through this treachery we must turn to others—like you."

"If you need more money, I think I can manage to raise it," Dominic said.

"Ah, that is a good fellow," Julius Roth cried, clapping his hand on Dominic's shoulder. "But no—we have worked out the figure I have named."

When they were apart Stephen explained to Dominic that Apard had reason for his sulkiness: "The Budapest rising was mainly his scheme—his and a man named Count Orgrof. The treachery that wrecked it would have soured any man."

"What fiendish luck! And this swine of an informer—have you any idea who he was?" Dominic asked.

"None—yet," Stephen said shortly. "If we catch him—God help him." There seemed to be a note of uncertainty in his voice. Dominic's mind jerked back to Louis Honraith. By the time they went out into the main room of the keller again, Colette and Manon had left. Their absence disappointed Dominic, but it reminded him that he had arranged to use his car next day. He asked Stephen if he would need it.

"Tomorrow—no," his cousin an-

swered. "What are you doing with it, though?"

"Just a pleasure run. I'm taking Colette."

"Oh," Stephen stiffened perceptibly at the girl's name. "You'll be back by nightfall, I take it?"

"Naturally," said Dominic. "Have you anything against Colette or the Honraiths?"

Stephen thought that over for a full minute. Then he said in a tone made carefully non-committal: "I wouldn't be seen too much with the Honraiths if I were you, Dom."

"Any reason for it?"

"Leave it at that."

"I don't think I can," Dominic said after a pause.

"Because of Colette?"

"Yes," said Dominic. "I like her a great deal, Stephen. We were very good friends as children and I find that that liking has increased."

"The romance of finding her as you did may be the reason for that."

"No, it goes deeper. And, hang it all my dear chap, you simply can't have anything against Colette."

"I've nothing against Colette, perhaps," Stephen said slowly. "But the name of Honraith is in bad odor; mainly on account of the mother, you know. The old Count was a staunch old chap—but there were some unpalatable whispers about her during the war."

"And Louis?" Dominic forced himself to ask.

"His mother's child; a spineless and unpleasant chap. Nobody liked or trusted him, especially after he'd got under the thumb of that wife of his. She's just a mindless little gold-digger. Also she is a Rumanian. There were some ugly rumors about her, though I don't think she had the brains to play the spy. But she and Louis were definitely mixed up with the Radical crowd that let in Béla Kún."

"Well, she's removing herself," Dominic said.

"I KNOW, through General Zarescue," nodded Stephen, who seemed to know everything. "She'll do it, too, to save herself."

"What suspicions have you against her?" Dominic asked uncomfortably.

Stephen kept his voice emotionless. "Suspicion that she and the family have been up to no good."

"Do you count all this against Colette because she, too, is one of the family?" Dominic demanded.

"That's about it," Stephen said. "Also you mustn't forget that Colette did mix with people who went Red."

"To earn her living," Dominic said hotly. "It was work or starve. You can't blame her for being forced to associate with Communists."

"No," Stephen sighed. "But we do so

hate Communists and are suspicious of any sort of contact with them. When you've been through what we've been through, you're ready to distrust your own mother, or," Stephen's eyes met Dominic's steadily, "those you love most"

IX

THE next morning Dominic gave Stephen the cash as agreed, and arranged that the remainder should be transferred to his cousin. In spite of this help Stephen was morose. More refugees had drifted through to Vienna and the information they brought was disheartening.

"Each fresh report makes things blacker," he told Dominic. "The betrayal was complete."

"Any news of the betrayer?" Dominic asked anxiously.

"We've just had hearsay reports. They suggest, anyhow, that our Judas followed tradition. The betrayal was a bargain; the price—freedom, with a safe conduct across the frontier."

Dominic could not help connecting that with the Honraiths' permit. He found himself saying, almost apologetically: "Just a coward, eh? The poor devil was in a blind panic for his own neck."

"It has cost the necks of better men," his cousin said harshly. "And any minute we may hear worse."

"How worse?"

"Prince Viktor Maihac was in charge at Budapest. We do not know what has happened to him."

Dominic was shocked at that news. He knew of Prince Viktor. He was one of those rare spirits who win the passionate devotion of more than their own friends. All Magyars idolized him. If Prince Viktor died it would be Europe's as well as Hungary's tragedy.

"I thought he stood aloof from politics," Dominic said.

"He does. Only no man can stand aside when his race is being blotted out."

"And you're afraid Béla Kún has got him?"

"If that is so—" Stephen said thickly, "we will tear the traitor limb from limb—whoever it is. But, please God, that disaster will not happen. . . . Here, we will go in and ask Our Lady to avert it."

As they walked toward the great Benedictine church, Dominic suddenly realized what the word *Freiung* stood for. This had once been a place of sanctuary, one of a multitude of havens, once so common in Christian Europe, where fugitives could find refuge from their enemies. Now the very spirit that had created the *Freiung* had disappeared. There was now no asylum for Prince Viktor or anyone else in this modern world. Man's sense of pity had vanished in the face of materialism.

The feeling of uneasy apprehension Stephen had stirred up was with Dominic when he called for Colette and Manon

Honraith. Mere contact with Manon increased it. The Countess had dropped the widow note. She had resolved to sparkle. Her conscious vividness seemed more than ever repugnant beside Colette's quiet manner and her shabbier clothes.

WHEN Manon left them they felt like supers abandoned in the frosty gloom of the theatre wings. Dominic, in fact, said curtly: "Shall we lunch here, too?" He was ready to cut a splash that would out-glitter even Manon.

Colette understood his mood and laughed: "No, let us get as far away as possible," she said, settling beside him. "Let's try our luck in the country."

Vienna had a depressed and defeated air. Through lack of coal only a skeleton service was running. There were practically no automobiles save those attached to the foreign Missions. Yet the streets were thronged, though the people seemed aimless and pale. Too many pinched and rickety children were in the streets begging for food. When their car was held up at crossings, these children gathered round yelling: "Schenk mir ein stuck brot (Throw me a piece of bread)."

Here and there they passed great queues of patient people waiting in the hope of getting, at terrible prices, the pickled cabbage, the beans, the war bread and the four ounces of meat per head per week the ration cards permitted—when there was any. Though the war was over for England, America and the other Entente powers, Austria-Hungary was still in a state of siege.

In a square behind the University Dominic had to drive slowly for a throng of returned soldiers filled it. They were camping out on the stones. They had been deserting the war fronts steadily since the Armistice. They had travelled in cattle trucks or on the tops of carriages, careless of exposure to the bitter weather or even the risk of being swept off the roofs by tunnels. They had bartered their kits for food. Now they were selling their rifles and anything else they had.

There were Communistic speakers everywhere, preaching the injustice and misery of their position and exhorting them to rise and take their rights by force. Yet there was little disturbance. The worst Dominic saw was centered round an officer, whom men were forcing to tear the insignia of the Hapsburg Empire from his uniform. There were many surly looks at Dominic's car; curses, too. There seemed little instinct towards violence in Austria's Socialism.

"I suppose," Colette said, "butterflies do not revolt."

"You sound as though you want them to."

"Oh, no. Rebellion only changes one form of misery for another—usually worse."

Dominic turned the car away from the crowds through the wooded hills. They took lunch there at an inn. The food was scanty, but it was real food after Vienna. The meal done, they continued on. The peace of the high hills soothed them. Colette lost much of the repression that had grown on her from the experiences and dangers she had been through.

Dominic asked her: "Do you remember how we went Robinson Crusoeing on that islet?"

"And you pretended you'd let the skiff go adrift to make me think it was real," she smiled. "How scared you were when you found that the wretched boat really had floated away. I remember it was the woman who swam all the way to the mainland and brought the rescue party," she teased.

"Hang it, you had nearly half a mile of deep water to get through."

"Yet you shouted: 'You darned little show-off!'"

"Youth," he grinned, "has the quaintest way of dissembling its terror and love."

As he said "love" she looked quickly down at her hands and said a little breathlessly: "How old were we then? I think I must have been somewhere between ten and twelve."

"About that. The war makes it seem a million years ago—and yet, you and I, we seem the same—no change inside us. . . ."

"No, it was only yesterday, inside us, Dom," she said a little shakily. And then with an effort: "But outside—change enough. You're no longer the proud monster you were."

"Was I?" he chuckled with the nervousness of a man who had been very near the verge of deeper things. "But I really was afraid over that swim of yours—I can feel the shivers coming back to me now. And I remember your leaving. It was—tragic."

He looked at her. Her lips were tight and her eyes turned away, because she was remembering it, too. He had taken her going hard, had kissed her, and she had put up her mouth to be kissed. . . . Calf love—but how real and deep and sweet it had been.

"Weren't we mad those days?" he said huskily. "In another life, it seems—and yet no more than a handful of years ago."

BUT such years! It was the war between that made things seem so immeasurably distant. It was like a curtain separating two different dimensions of life. War had made the youth of their generation as unreal as ancient history. But even more than war had changed life for her.

Her father had been recalled to Vienna a few months after their island adventure, and about a year later he had re-

signed. He gathered that her mother was at the bottom of both disasters. In another year her father was dead, broken-hearted.

Things had not been happy after his death. Her twin brother Louis, the new Count, was a weak, unpleasing fellow. He was a thing of contempt to others of his caste, and that had been increased when his fondness for the theatre had led him to marry Manon. Selfish even to abnormality, she had shown no generosity to the old Countess or Colette. Since they could hope for nothing from the hostile Hofburg, the old Countess had lent herself to the political intrigues of the anti-court party of Michael Karolyi. By the time she died in 1915 the name of Honraith had become morally outlawed. Count Louis had increased that bad repute. He had shirked the fighting line.

"He was weak, that was all," Colette told Dominic. "My mother, and more particularly Manon, could persuade him to do anything. It was all hateful, and it is all over now. It is something I must forget. I can forget, if I can only get some work."

DOMINIC said: "That reminds me. I was speaking to a friend connected with the Children's Clinic. He told me he is looking for a woman who can speak both Magyar and German. I gave him your name. It's magnificent work—should suit you."

What had actually happened was that Dominic himself had asked his doctor friend to employ Colette, and had supported his request by agreeing to pay her salary plus a donation to the Clinic's funds. After all one wasn't a millionaire for nothing. Colette no doubt guessed this, for she seemed to hesitate.

"My dear," he laughed quickly. "You'll have to eat your pride. Of course I used my influence. You will take it?"

"I'll have to, Dominic," she said huskily. "Only it is dear of you—"

It was thus, after recapturing the spell and the peace of their youth for an hour or so that the grim realities of the present began to close in on them again. As they approached the heart of the town they heard an outcry: "Murder!"

The stopping of Dominic's car caused three figures to scuttle out of the dark alleyway. As Dominic hesitated, another figure appeared in the light of their lamps. It was the victim of the attack. He had been caught out late wearing a respectable suit of clothes and a good pair of boots. These had been stripped from him and he stood in his socks and underwear. They took him in their car to the nearest police post.

"A good coat is worth more than a wallet full of *kronen*, these days," he said. "You were a fool, my man, to risk things so valuable in the streets on a dark night."

That was the end of their outing. Colette asked Dominic to take her back to the hotel.

"I've had a beautiful day," she said. "And you're a dear, Dominic—as dear as you always were."

For a moment her hand rested on his arm and he felt that she was going to put up her face to be kissed, but she turned quickly and ran up the stairs.

x

A FEW days later, on entering the keller, Dominic knew that something momentous had happened. The change in the atmosphere was startling. There was no dancing, no music. What little gaiety there ever had been had crushed out of the place by some overwhelming news. The Hungarians sat huddled like stricken beings.

It was with a sense of personal calamity that he dropped beside Erzebet Brio, and tried to find out what had happened. For some time she parried his questions, then quite suddenly, when the anxiety in his eyes overcame her sense of diplomacy, she said:

"Where have you been all day that you haven't heard? Yes, black news has come. Prince Viktor Maihac has fallen into Bela Kun's hands."

He was aghast. He knew just what Prince Viktor meant to these people, to what depths of horror and anger their minds must be stirred. Presently Stephen Varosmarvy came from the inner room.

"You have heard the news, Dom?" he asked grimly.

"That Prince Viktor has been taken, yes. But no details."

"We have none, save that his name was on our Judas list. But we want you for other things. You are free tonight?"

"Yes," Dominic told him as he followed him into the inner room. There were more men in it now. All turned eagerly as he came in and crowded round as he spoke to Julius Roth.

"You've heard the news, Sable," Julius Roth said, and as Dominic nodded, "I suppose very few names of those implicated will be missing from that book."

"Book?" echoed Dominic.

"I've had no time to tell him about the book," Stephen said. "The informer wrote the names inside a book, a book of poetry bound in olive green leather . . . to conceal the treachery, you understand. This book is in the possession of a Red Commissar—Garnison."

"It is immaterial," shrugged Roth, but Dominic knew it was not. Stephen was telling him because Dominic knew that the Honraiths' permit had been signed by Garnison. With a sense of fatality Dominic listened as Roth went on: "The important thing is that Viktor Maihac has been captured—and is perhaps dead by now." The growl that came at that was deep and blood-chilling.

"Even that is less important than the fact that not all on that devil's list have been taken, and that some, even important ones, need our aid. . . . There was a doctor in Budá who got early warning and passed it on to others. He and they got away, but they are being hunted. There is a choice blackguard named Tibor Szamuely who is making it his object to catch them. If we do not act promptly he will round them up."

"I am ready to go with my car now," Dominic said. "If that is what you want."

"Yes, but it would mean leaving at once."

"Very well," said Dominic.

A sigh went up from the gathering. Julius Roth put his arm about the young Englishman's shoulder. "It is good to have so reliable a comrade, Dominic," he said.

They wasted no time. Dominic even ate the meal he needed as they drove. With Colonel Aparad accompanying them, they were running out of Vienna within an hour. As Stephen drove he told Dominic the reason for their hurry. They had news that a group of fugitives had gotten away from Budapest in the motor allowed to the doctor. Tibor Szamuely, in his armoured train, had headed them off and forced them downward through the Bakony Wald. In those woods they had abandoned their car and were now trying to reach the frontier.

"They are hiding on an estate well inside the border. The search for them is very active and it is going to be touch and go getting them out. It will be a gamble, but we know where they are and the other side doesn't—yet. We've guides waiting for us. Our agent is collecting some good friends who will fight as well as make a dash for it. It all means risk to you and your car."

"I'm glad I bought a fast one," Dominic said.

"You're a darn, reckless young money-bags, Dom," Stephen laughed. "And thank Our Lady of Mariazell for it—say a prayer to her now, we're passing through her district."

THEY rushed unabated through the night into the morning. They swooped over the Seiberg Ridge, passed Bruck and lunged into the lovely valley of Graz.

Swinging east they worked lower and lower into the Styrian hill country. Then Stephen edged northward again through the valleys. Going more cautiously, they reached a small hamlet. On its lonely outskirts they came upon a young and very quiet-eyed man, who saluted with a smart click of heels.

"Our friends are over there," he said, nodding to the east. "They are safely hid in the deserted house of an estate fifteen kilometers inside the line. I have eight good men here. They are ready

for anything, but it would not be wise to start before dark."

Colonel Aparad asked. "Wouldn't boldness now serve us better?"

"Come and decide for yourselves," the other said.

He led them to a big sprawled farmstead. The road they had followed wormed round the house and struck downward through a shallow valley. Just where it rose to the hills beyond there were a couple of tents with a group of men round a fire. Rifles were stacked near. A man clad in a sketchy uniform stood with fixed bayonet on the road.

"It is like that all along the frontier," the young man, whose name was Lianka, told them.

IT would be impossible to rush such a post in daylight. As Lianka pointed out on a map there were other posts near enough to reinforce this one and cut off their return. He was able to show them the estate where the fugitives were hiding, and the roads to it. It was tantalizingly near.

"It should not be difficult if we can get past those fellows and move quickly," Lianka said. "But once you get to our friends there may be some trouble. Two of them are hurt; one, I think it is the doctor, very badly."

Stephen's quiet generalship came to the fore. He devised a scheme for creating a diversion that ought to get them through this frontier guard.

"A good plan," Lianka agreed. "They have no discipline. A simple alarm at the points north and south as you suggest should scatter them."

"Don't they put a barricade across this road at night?" Colonel Aparad asked.

"They do," Lianka agreed. "Two big limbs of trees. I thought that perhaps I, and another man, might creep up to them under cover of darkness and pull them off the road."

Dominic had been examining the country beside the road through his glasses. It was flat paddock land, with a few bushes, but mainly covered with short, coarse grass.

"Is that a ditch beyond the bushes at the bottom of the valley?" he asked.

"A small ditch, not very wide but rather deep," Lianka told him. "For the moment it is the frontier line."

"Have you anything that can bridge that ditch?" Dominic asked. "A couple of stout doors would do it if it is as narrow as that."

"We have the doors of the barn here. They are of oak and very stout," Lianka said. "They would do splendidly. They are smooth on the outside and are strong enough to support your car."

Colonel Aparad threw back his head and laughed: "I thought we would have to rely on ourselves for generalship."

(To be continued)

MATTEO RICCI

A Pioneer of the Cross at Peking

By Margaret Yeo

FATHER RICCI sighs and wonders. These ceremonies, in honor of Confucius and the dead, how much of them is idolatry and how much mere symbols of filial respect? Mandarins have taken him to Confucian ritual and have told him that it is merely a commemoration of China's greatest sage, who founded not a religion but a system of ethics, that idolatry exists only among the lower order. There is danger either way—to forbid converts such ceremonies may keep many out of the Church—to allow the ceremonies may scandalize others by a suspicion of condoning idolatrous practices.

Time was slipping by. It was thirteen years since Father Matteo had landed at Macao, four since he had come to Chao-chow. He was conversant now with the whole framework of Chinese government, from the Viceroy of the fifteen provinces appointed in the Imperial City itself, to the roving magistrates who administered justice, from the highest Doctors down through all the grades of Mandarins, each marked by its special symbols on cap and gown. Xavier had gone to Kyoto, had planned to tramp to Peking, convinced that, humanly speaking, the Emperor's favor was the first essential to the conversion of Japan and China. Matteo grew more and more sure that here too the saint's instinct had been right. His own work in Chao-chow had brought him wider fame, a greater number of inquirers and converts. His Chinese treatise on Friendship, with its quotations from Chinese as well as Greek and Latin philosophers, had been much praised and read but he felt that only when the Emperor, Wan-Li, had set the seal of his approval on the missions would they be firmly established.

Peking was over twelve hundred miles away as the crow flies, impenetrable to all but high officials, but suddenly a chance came of reaching it. Ricci's old friend, Sin-See, the former Viceroy of Chao-k'ing, had been summoned by the Emperor to organize the army against a threatened invasion under the Japanese Shogun, Hideyoshi. The Tartar general remembered the foreign bonze who had cured his son when Chinese doctors had failed and resolved to take him to Peking to teach the Chinese how to cast cannon like those

The following is the second and concluding article on Matteo Ricci, one of the most extraordinary and interesting characters in the history of the foreign missions. The preceding article described Father Ricci's early years and entrance into the Society of Jesus, where he received a thorough training under some of the most learned men of the day. With four companions, he departed for the East in 1578 and landed at Goa in India. It was not until several years later that he set foot on the soil of China.

The story of his labors in China, of his successes and failures, of his methods of work, of the astonishment his learning aroused among the Mandarins, of his penetration even into the forbidden city of Peking, reads like a tale from a story book.

of the Portuguese and to organize the troops with western efficiency. Under such strange auspices did the soldier of Christ set out northward, with two Chinese converts, in the train of the general.

THE route lay overland for nearly eight hundred miles to Nanking, skirting the plains of Fu-kien, said to be the most ignorant and superstitious province of the empire, through square rice-fields, gay in their spring green, straggling villages of thatched houses, each surrounded by its grove of tea-bushes, past Taoist temples, crowded with grotesque idols, under the gates of walled cities which, with their narrow streets and towering temples, all looked alike to European eyes.

The soldiers went on foot or on tireless, small shaggy ponies. Ricci, like the general and officials, was in a chair carried on men's shoulders or on the backs of mules. Camp was pitched in the evenings while the sun set beyond the illimitable plains or behind the Mei-lang Mountains. The Jesuit paced to and fro in his Mandarin's gown, reading his breviary, unconscious of the strange music of silk-stringed instruments or the dull clang of wooden tongues on bronze temple bells.

Nankiang was left behind, the great center of culture, famous for the number and learning of its *literati*. Nanking was reached and there the company embarked on barges, towed by coolies, along the imperial canal, with its many locks. In the rapids of the Hwang River the barge with the three Christians capsized and, in spite of all Matteo's efforts, one of the converts was swept away. Tientsin, the port of Peking, was reached at last (1595). Matteo was only a day's journey from his goal. It was to be six years before he gained it. A war-scare was in full force. In Chinese eyes every foreigner was a "slave-dwarf," as they insultingly called the Japanese. Sin-See realized the risk of attempting to get the Jesuit to court and abandoned him.

Matteo was forced to retrace his steps to Nankiang, where he made many new friends among the local Mandarins and relations of the Emperor resident there, the most important of all being the Viceroy, whose conversion he prepared. Asked by him one day why he did not sometimes escape from the stream of visitors by saying "not at home," the Jesuit answered: "Because I dare not tell a lie," so remarkable a pronouncement that it was continually repeated by the amazed Chinese. His appointment as Superior-General of all the Chinese missions (1596) made Matteo more determined than ever to reach Peking. A second attempt (1598) however proved as unsuccessful as the first and the following year, leaving two newly arrived Jesuit priests at Nankiang, Ricci set out for Nankiang, the second city of the empire, said by its inhabitants to be the most beautiful in the world.

IN May, 1600, Matteo Ricci set out the third time for Peking. Many of the presents which he took were supplied by the merchants of Macao who hoped to find a profitable market in the imperial city. Once more Tientsin was reached. Once more fate intervened. The eunuch in charge of the customs seized Ricci and his companions and confiscated the offerings, a terrestrial globe, statues, two striking clocks, illustrated books, jeweled crosses and reliquaries—no wonder they excited cupidity.

Father de Pantoja gives a long ac-

count, in a letter full of color and humor, of the miseries, dangers and discomforts of the journey and imprisonment. The journey by water from Nanking had taken two months and during the hot weather food had to be preserved by being kept on ice, a queerly modern note. For another three months the prisoners were closely guarded on the eunuch's barge, one of those magnificent affairs, "long as a galley," but, in the blazing heat of summer, about as comfortable an abode as an oven. Autumn came and winter. Instead of roasting, the Jesuits were frozen in the icy winds sweeping down from the tablelands of Central Asia. The greatest misery and trial of all had been the impossibility of saying Mass all these months. But about Christmas a change came. They were allowed ashore, were able to set up their traveling altar and to celebrate Mass.

The Emperor had received the gifts by which Trang hoped to win favor, but their "giver" had not foreseen that "the bells that ring by themselves," as the Chinese called the clocks, would remain silent and that no one would know how to right them. Wan-Li's anger forced an explanation. On January 24, 1601, eight horses and thirty bearers arrived at Tientsin. Ricci and his fellows crossed the frozen river and entered Peking.

BEFORE him at last were the high walls of the Tartar City of Kubla Khan, with their mighty towers and gates, the rose-red walls of the Imperial City, enclosing the violet walls of the Forbidden City, the silver gleam of the seven lakes and the canal that fed them from the Jade Fountain in the Western Hills. His tired eyes, half blinded by the bitter wind and swirling yellow dust, saw these outward beauties, but his mind was only aware of the goal for which he had so long striven: the conversion of those four hundred and fifty million souls of the oldest empire in the world.

It had taken Matteo Ricci nineteen years to reach Peking from Macao. Only nine remained to lay the foundation of a flourishing Christian church, to mark out the lines along which his sons were to work with such success for the next century, to educate and prepare converts of all classes, to begin the reform of the imperial calendar, to pour out a stream of works in Chinese on mathematics, geometry, algebra, Euclid, cosmography, astronomy, philosophy and theology.

He was admitted to the famous Observatory, founded in the thirteenth century, where most of the officials were Moslems, to the Forbidden City, where he gave lessons to high officials and even to the heir to the throne. He showed how the clocks should be wound and mended, taught to play on the clavi-

chord, even composed tunes to be played on it to words which taught Christian truths and were sung through the palace. Rumor had it that "*Li-Matequi*" himself had been permitted to see the sacred face of the "Son of Heaven" himself. Matteo himself neither denied nor affirmed the truth of his interviews with Wan-Li.

During the next nine years the life of Ricci and his companions at Peking was one of ceaseless work, of assimilation to Chinese manners and food, of that utter lack of privacy which has been one of the worst minor trials of missionaries in the East from Xavier's visit to Japan until today.

AN account of Ricci's last days by one of his fellow-priests, gives a glimpse of this. In Lent, 1610, the triennial examinations were being held in Peking which opened to successful candidates the richest and most powerful offices in the empire. So many crowded to see the famous "*Li-Matequi*" that he had barely time to eat or sleep. Day and night the house was full, the stream of salutations, questions and discussions went on. There was hardly a spare moment to superintend the building of the church whose plans Ricci himself had drawn up. The little bowls of minced pork, boiled chicken, fish and vegetables, all in tiny pieces to be easily handled by chopsticks were on the table, though Ricci had become a vegetarian in accordance with local custom at Nankiang. A visiting Mandarin had to be welcomed, a convert instructed. A message came to say some sick official was at death's door and Matteo had to rise from bed or table to be carried in his chair through the streets and baptize the catechumen.

This year Paul-Siù, the former Viceroy of Nankiang, was to return to public life after three years' mourning for his father. His success in the final examination had entitled him to the highest office in the state and the post of tutor to the Emperor's son and, since his conversion he had used all his power and influence in furthering Christianity. He had helped too in the revision and enlargement of the Catechism (printed at Peking, 1604), and by his learning and knowledge of the Chinese language, had given Ricci's other works a polish which placed some on a list of Chinese classics drawn up a century later by an anti-Christian emperor.

There were always letters to be written by Matteo, in that neat, legible hand that never varied, to thank Clavius for an astrolabe, to give his father at Macerata an account of work and personnel (the three priests, himself, de Pantoja, a Spaniard, Ferreira, a Portuguese and two Chinese lay-brothers), sad tales to superiors in Rome of continually recurring floods, famines, pestilences, sickness,

death and destitution, when the Jesuit house was open day and night for almsgiving.

"All I have done has been nothing. Only the divine omnipotence could create so much from nothing. Continue to pray for us without ceasing. . . I only am left from the beginning of the mission so must write its history." (He did, an account which, within twenty years was translated from the original Italian into Latin, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese and English.) So runs the last letter from Peking (February 14, 1609) written by the "*poveretto* at the world's end."

Though only fifty-eight he was worn out with unceasing bodily and mental toil, with journeys, worries and responsibilities. "I wonder," he murmured to himself on his deathbed, "whether I am more glad to have finished my work to the greater glory of God, or more dismayed to leave the mission, my fathers and brethren." When delirious he talked only of the conversion of China. Clear-minded again, on Tuesday, May 11, 1610, he named as his successor Longobardi, the celebrated Sicilian mathematician, gave his blessing to all present and, at the approach of his release was "so happy that he could hardly keep from laughing." As twilight fell "he turned on his side and, without other movement or sound, shut his eyes as if about to sleep or meditate." When they realized their loss there was a loud outcry from the Chinese who crowded the little room. "*Sin gin ching!*" A saint, truly a saint.

WHEN Matteo Ricci landed at Macao twenty-eight years before, there was not a single mission nor missionary on Chinese soil. "At his death more than three hundred bells called the faithful to prayer." His tomb was the first in the Chala, the famous Catholic cemetery outside Peking, a personal grant from the Emperor and the first official tenure of a European in China.

As yet the Cross had never been seen outside the private chapels of missions. Though their reason approved the moral teaching of Christianity, the pride of the Chinese *literati* could hardly endure the reminder that the Christian God had suffered the shameful death of a malefactor.

Ricci's funeral was followed by immense multitudes both of Christians and pagans, clad in the white robes of mourning. It was a fitting crown to his life's work that, in this procession, for the first time, the Cross for which he had labored so valiantly was publicly borne aloft for the first time through the streets of Peking.

*"Vexilla regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium."*



Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON



Kathleen Norris' Irish Novels

THE Kathleen Norris letters continue to come in. Some contain objection to her Irish stories. To me this seems rather captious criticism. Of course they are not about the gentry nor even of those whom we choose to call the educated groups, but they are often reminiscent of that charming book *Father Malachy's Miracle* where it is brought home to the reader how it is the plain and unlettered who often best hold the Faith. These old brogue-speaking Irish of Mrs. Norris' do seem to hold that faith and their sons and daughters practise it as if they knew what it meant. It is here that her Catholic background appears too—in fact, these stories are the only ones that help me to realize that she remembers what she once learned. I cannot agree with people who write me, as one reader did in a charming letter, to complain that such people are not like her father or mother or her relatives and the Irish people she knows. If she reads some of the peasant novels of René Bazin she will see what I mean. And there was the famous man who hoped he would some day attain to the faith of a Breton peasant woman.

Woman's Vocation

AMONG other letters I have this month an anonymous one. It is from a priest. I have had quite a lot of letters from the clergy, as far away as Japan in fact, but they all signed their names. This one merely signs "a priest of the St. Louis Archdiocese." He says in part: "It is time you Catholic women are repeatedly pointing out that the average woman can be happy only in fulfilling her vocation as a Christian mother. Woman in competing with man and aping man is lowering herself. She can never be the head of the family because God willed otherwise (see Genesis and Saint Paul); the hidden retired life of the Mother of Nazareth is the ideal."

Now this is all probably true. But there is more to the Christian life than being happy. And it is hardly fair to say a woman is lowering herself because she goes out to work when her husband is dead or has run away and there are little children to support. It is hardly her fault that the state of the country does not allow her very often the money to bring up her children in such cases and remain in her own home to do it. It is not her fault that economic conditions are so bad just now that there is often no chance of her marrying and therefore no one to support her in the hidden retired life which she may desire above all things. It is hardly her fault that business conditions have perhaps taken away her husband's job or lost her savings and her home and made it necessary to hold two jobs herself—to bring in the money and bring up the children and bear them too while she is doing the other two things. Most of the millions of women now gainfully employed are supporting themselves or others besides themselves. Only the exotic few are in it for money or fun.

A Recommendation

THE foregoing remarks serve to remind me again of my favorite idea of legislation. The pensions for the old, given to rich and poor alike, show that my plan could be put over too. I think a certain amount should be set aside by the state or nation or both as soon as a child is born—say twenty-five dollars a month—and given to every child rich or poor until it is eighteen. Let it be put aside for the

child if the family has a certain income and used if there is no father or mother or no job. The money would be in circulation after the plan was well started and thus a woman whose husband had departed in spirit or flesh would be able to take care of her children and stay home to do it. The savings in reform schools and prisons would probably more than pay this amount, for thus a woman could stay home and not have to go out to scrub or sew while her children run the streets and join gangs and grow into racketeers and so need expensive reform schools and jails. Ah, already I hear the objections: it would take away independence and people would use their children to get the money for themselves and there would be lots of graft and it smacks of the dole—that terrible thing. It sometimes seems to me that our wealthy people are really on a dole too when one works the thing out logically—not the ones who make the money but the later generations who merely spend it as it is given to them for no return whatever on their part. All I mean is that we ought to begin to comprehend that children make a nation—nothing else does. Even the Soviets and Hitler and Mussolini grasped this fact in a few easy lessons.

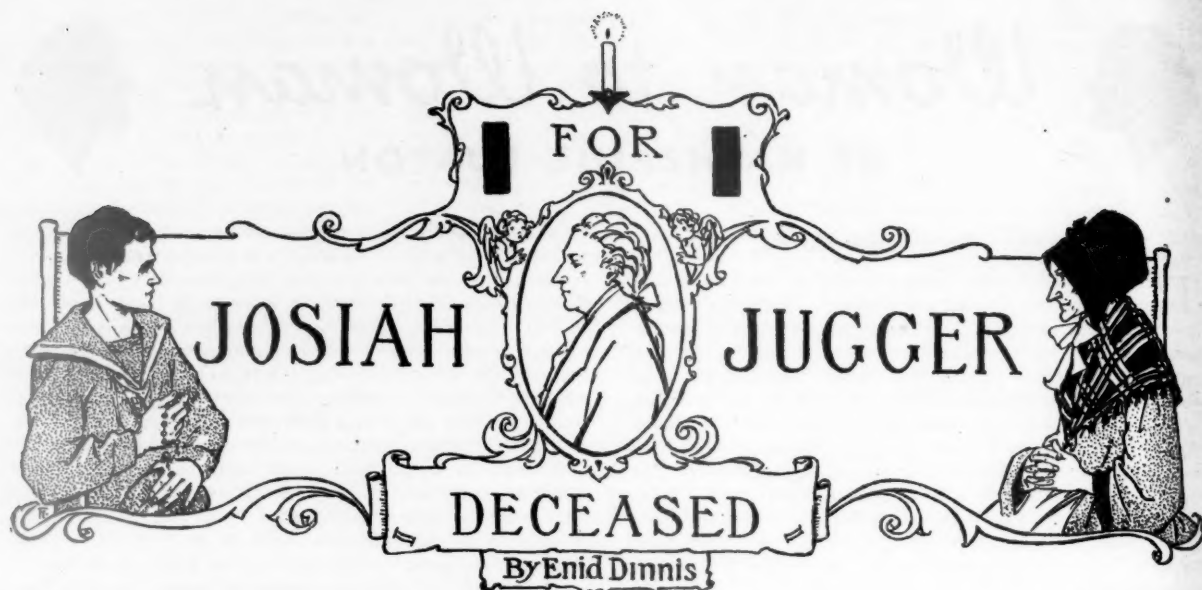
Automobiles and Speed

THERE is a booklet out which tells the horrors following motor accidents. It no doubt fulfills a useful purpose, although I don't think reading about it is like seeing it or being in it. Print is only black but blood is red. But a brief newspaper letter gives an excellent concrete fact that might help to make the reckless realize what speeding really means. The writer puts down exactly how far a car going a certain number of miles goes in one second. Even at twenty miles one covers over thirty feet in one second. At forty miles it is fifty-eight feet. At fifty miles one covers seventy-three feet for every second and at sixty miles no less than eighty-eight feet! Considering these figures it is easy to see what it means to take your eyes off the road for a second or even a split second.

Hopeful Signs

TO one hopeful onlooker it seems our daughters are a little weary of carmine mouths and gory finger nails. A dimmer radiance seems to be stealing over these portions of the young feminine frame. There is never much use in objecting to anything when "everyone is doing it" is the accepted motto.

In line with this same topic I should like to quote from the foreword of the year book of one of the country's oldest girls' schools. In these days when children must, poor innocents, do their own thinking and build their own universe about their own special ideas of a Creator, according to our "progressive" educational leaders, it is so refreshing to find this school's year book leading out with a brief editorial by its headmistress, "Yesterday the Philharmonic played Bach's Violin Concerto in G. As I listened the harassing problems of the school seemed to vanish, dispelled by the music of the violins. The beauty of the school and the great wish of the founder seemed somehow a part of the concerto. I remembered how she loved her girls and enjoyed their laughter, but above all how she said, 'No school can live without a soul. I wish my school founded on Jesus Christ and his teachings.' In this confused world how magnificently simple a statement, how magnificently provocative."



THE guide-books in speaking of Plyborough always alluded to Jugger's almshouses (guide-books would) as one of the principal points of interest in the cheerful little town. The almshouses, as was recorded on a stone slab in the wall just above No. 5, had been founded in the year 1779 by Josiah Jugger, Esquire, for the accommodation of ten indigent widows of the parish of Plyborough. That town in those days had possessed but one church of the established order. Chapels snuggled up in the by-ways but Mr. Josiah Jugger, it might be concluded, would take no cognizance of nonconformity.

A mural monument in the said parish church which represented the pig-tailed profile of Josiah Jugger in relief duly recorded the virtues of the donor of the benefactions which gave more solid proof of his moral qualities than the highly-colored inscription might hope to do. Jugger's charities also included the endowment of a school for the education of boys. Out in the churchyard the tomb which held the remains of Josiah Jugger moldered within a fencing of iron railings long since out of the perpendicular. The rank grass concealed the epitaph which upheld the eulogy on the church wall. To all intents and purposes the memory of Josiah Jugger was that of a name attached to the ten little domiciles in North Street.

To the inmates of the almshouses Jugger was as much a mere name as it was to anyone else. That is, until old Mrs. Merrydew came to join the favored ladies who occupied the prim little row of cottages. Jane Merrydew was a humble soul. It was a matter of amazement to her to think that she should have been held suitable for the honor accorded to her. True it was a matter of family tradition, the Merrydews had lived in

Plyborough for centuries before Josiah Jugger endowed his native town with ten homes for indigent widows. A cottage at Jugger's meant a home for life. Only death or misbehavior could dislodge an inmate, and that anyone should misbehave was unthinkable.

Jane moved into Jugger's after her only son, Dick's father, died. He had made her a home where they had lived together, but after his death she was all alone except for Dick. Dick was a seafaring man. He had a real affection for his grannie but he was generally away on the high seas. It was the one fly in the ointment when No. 5 Jugger's fell to Jane's lot that there would be no home for Dick when he came back from a voyage. When she and his father had lived together the home had been there. Jugger's had a strict rule about visitors. They had to be off the premises by 8:30 p.m. There would be no giving Dick a shakedown in the sitting room. That was a sad thought. But the little cottage had indeed been a Godsend. Light and fuel were included in the benefaction. It just enabled Jane to get along with the little bit she had saved.

As has been hinted the inmates of Jugger's had resembled the lepers in the parable with regard to their benefactor until the coming of Jane Merrydew, then the likeness was completed for one was found to give thanks. Jane's thoughts turned back with gratitude to the man whose benevolence had provided her a home. As she sat by her bright coal fire in the cosy little sitting-room she would breathe benediction on the memory of the man whose name figured on the stone slab over her door. She felt that she would have liked to be able to do something to show her gratitude.

On Sundays when Jane went around to tend her husband's grave in the church-

yard, and that of Dick's father, she would sometimes go and pay her respects to Josiah Jugger's resting-place. Once she went to the length of dropping a wreath of flowers over the railings that guarded the moss-covered stone but the effect was unsatisfactory—it simply looked like one of the discarded wreaths which got cast away by those who tended the new graves. She would have taken the scissors and cut away the long, rank grass but there was no getting at it behind the railings. During sermon time she would glance at the tablet on the wall which recorded the fact that Josiah Jugger had been an exemplary husband and father "in whom high sagacity was blended with a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences." "He'll be getting his reward, anyway," Jane would say to herself, "a godly man like that."

IT was not so long after Jane had settled in No. 5 Jugger's that Dick came to pay her a visit. Dick's visits were the great events in her life. He was such a dear, cheery lad, and a credit to what the writer of Josiah Jugger's epitaph would have called His Majesty's mercantile Navy in which he held the position of a petty officer. Dick would have told you that he was a bo'sun, but then there were no frills about Dick Merrydew. He soon made himself at home in the guest's armchair in Jane's little sitting-room. He sat there smoking his pipe after tea very much at his ease.

"Queer old bean, that Jugger," he commented. "They used to tell stories about him when I was at school. (Dick had been educated at the parochial school endowed by Josiah Jugger.) Great one for the bottle he was. Gay old spark in his goings on, so they used to say; but I guess he squared his reckoning with these little places." Dick took a long

pull at his pipe. His grandmother sat silent. She had received a shock. "They shouldn't speak like that about a dead gentleman," she said, at length. "And him so good to the widow and orphan."

DICK was a trifle abashed. "I'm only saying that he was a bit gay," he said. "We aren't none of us saints, whatever the stone masons may choose to write over us."

"Poor Mr. Jugger. Poor gentleman," Grannie murmured.

"Now over in France or Italy," Dick continued—he was always full of strange tales of foreign lands—"a chap like Jugger would be having prayers said for his soul. Masses in the churches. Folk who leave benefactions as they call 'em, always get prayers in exchange in those countries. What they call a requiem if the corpse is there; and later on they have Mass said for them. It helps to get 'em 'peace and refreshment,' supposing they aren't good enough for Heaven nor bad enough for Hell."

Grannie listened. Of course it was all superstition. Yet it had a comforting sound about it. It did seem hard in a way that poor Mr. Jugger had not lived in France or Italy. The lurid light that Dick had artlessly thrown on his private life made this suggestion of prayers on his behalf a comforting possibility. Poor Mr. Jugger!

She thought, and then reflected aloud. "It would be nice," Jane said, "if one could say a prayer for those that have gone. Not that they need anything, up there in Heaven."

She thought of the golden streets and the harps of gold, and of the high sagacity and other knowledgable qualities of the late Mr. Jugger. And she thought also of her husband and the son who lay in the churchyard. They had made the best of life in a way, like poor Mr. Jugger, and they had not possessed the wherewithal to found schools and almshouses.

"It would be nice to be able to pray for them," she repeated.

Dick took his pipe out of his mouth and shook out the ashes.

"It's quite likely that they may not have got there yet," he said. "I dare say poor old Jugger needed his bit of what they call purgatory, almshouses or no almshouses."

Jane Merrydew's knitting needles had ceased to click. "I've dropped a stitch," she murmured. "Never done such a thing before. What's that about the dead needing prayers, Dick?"

Dick receded cautiously from the brink of a theological abyss. "Shiver my timbers if I know," he replied, nautically. "But what I say is poor old Jugger would have got more value for his money if he'd been born on the continent."

"That's where they open the shops on

Sunday," Jane said, frowning. And she recollected herself and added, firmly, "you can't say prayers for the dead, Dick."

"You might have a try," her grandson said. "My motto is, 'no harm in trying.'"

He took out his pipe and examined the bowl. One of Grannie's hat pins was requisitioned and the little room gave out the odor of nicotine.

"You'll be putting 'Rip' on Mr. Jugger's tombstone some day," Dick said, facetiously.

"I did put a few dahlias there," Grannie admitted. "You must hear of some strange things out in those foreign parts, Dick." She sighed wistfully.

"Eight - thirty," Dick proclaimed. "Lights out at Jugger's. Well, Gran, sleep well. Sorry Jugger's is driving me to the Blue Lion."

"So am I, Dick," his grannie replied, and the tears stood in her eyes. "It's the one drawback."

"Never mind," her grandson replied, cheerily. "Old Jugger won't be turning in his grave over that snag in his hospitality, and I'll buy a villa for two when I put my money on the right horse."

When Dick had gone Jane sat on by her fire deep in thought. For years there had been gaps in her night prayers when she prayed for others. Nowadays there was only Dick left to pray for. The others had passed beyond her heart's outpouring. Her father and mother. Her husband and their boy. It would have been nice to be able to say a prayer for their well-being.

Dick's words came to her. "There's no harm in trying." Jane bowed her head. "God bless them all," she said. She glanced round her little room. The grate threw out a steady glow. "And poor Mr. Jugger," she added.

AFTER Dick's visit old Mrs. Merrydew went and took another look at Josiah Jugger's place of interment. She dropped a few flowers over the railings and wondered what sort of a flower "rip" might be. Something that grew in foreign parts, no doubt. Dick was up in all the foreign customs, he had traveled all the world over. It still sent a pang into her heart to think that she had had no bed to offer him when he came home from his travels.

Dick's next visit to his grandmother took place about a year later. Once again they sat over the kindly glow of the fire provided by the late Josiah Jugger's hospitality and Dick smoked his pipe and Jane knitted and recounted such scraps of news as might interest her grandson.

"The Romanists have been and bought the Wesleyan chapel round the corner," she told him, "and they're starting a church there. It seems strange, don't it?"

"I don't see why it should," Dick opined. "All the churches outside England—most of them—are Romanist. And what's more," he added, "all the old churches in England were Romanist in the old times. Take Jugger, for instance, there'd have been a Jugger chantry in our old church if Jugger had lived a couple of hundred years sooner."

"What might that be, Dick?" his grandmother asked.

DICK cleared his throat. "A chantry," he said, somewhat in the manner of a petty officer initiating an able but uninformed seaman, "is a place where they say prayers for certain dead folk that has deserved well of the human race. You'll understand that when a soul goes out of its body it makes for the other shore—so the Catholics say—and it's liable to get becalmed in the doldrums unless it gets a bit o' wind into its sails. Or you might say, unless there's someone working the engines. Well, d'you follow what I'm saying, Gran?—the prayers that was said in the chantries in the old days was like a stiff breeze blowing, or otherwise like engines working for all they were worth, to get this or that soul on towards the other shore."

Dick took a tremendously long pull at his pipe. He was trying to recall the exact words of the R.C. padre who had preached a sermon to the Catholic sailors in a church to which he had been taken by an Irish mate.

He continued. Dick knew a wonderful lot about all sorts of queer things. "When the Reformation came and the churches and monasteries were turned Protestant, or knocked down, as the case might be, suddenly the throb of the engines stopped. I've heard that myself," Dick observed, "when there's been a fog at sea. It's an eerie silence, in the middle of the night. Dead still, it was. And the soul on its way to the eternal shore was left to drift as best it might."

Jane sat blinking at him in a kind of confused admiration. Dick was not often taken this way.

Suddenly he broke off. "I had no right, though," he said, "to have told you all that about poor old Jugger last time I was here. One has no right to take away a man's good name even though he may have been dead a hundred and fifty odd years."

It was strange. Dick had not been in the habit of being taken that way either in the past.

"I haven't looked in at the church myself," Jane said. "Some of the ladies have been—just to see what it's like."

"I'd have a look if I was you," Dick said. "No harm in looking. It would make you feel as though you'd been—outside Plyborough."

So the next time Jane went out to do her bit of shopping she went in and had a look. It was all very strange. Mrs.

Trimley, her next-door neighbor, had remarked on the idols. There were certainly a few about. The pictures on the walls told the story of Calvary. That was nice for those who had no book-learning. But what interested Jane most of all was a stone tablet on the wall near the door. On it was written the simple words

"Pray for the soul of James Edward Wild, donor of this church."

JANE had heard that the gentleman who had purchased the chapel had died soon afterwards—a judgment on him, Mrs. Trimley had opined. So this was his memorial. Simply a request for prayers. There were no virtues recorded of the late James Edward Wild. Perchance he had been a little of what his name implied in his young days, like poor Mr. Jugger.

Mrs. Trimley overtook Jane as she came out of the church.

"Been in to look?" she queried. "Shocking, ain't it?"

Jane made a venture. "It seems to me to be a nice thought to pray for the dead," she said.

Mrs. Trimley gave vent to a dry sniff. "It's against the rules of the Established Church to pray for the dead," she said. "Nobody in Jugger's would dream of doing such a thing."

None the less the occupant of No. 5 and recipient of the largess of Mr. Churchwarden Jugger continued to brood over the "holy and wholesome thought" which had found entry into her heart. The church round the corner came to possess a fascination for her for all that she never entered its doors beyond the vestibule. The notices which were displayed there interested her. There would be one announcing that the Mass on Tuesday would be said for the repose of the soul of so-and-so. She remembered that Dick had once said something about Masses being said for benevolent people like Mr. Jugger. He had implied that a Mass was a very special kind of prayer. It was, indeed, the prayer that sent the soul speeding on its way like a ship under full sail or a steamboat with its engines working. How very nice it would be if someone had a Mass said for poor Mr. Jugger. One morning when Jane was walking home along the street round the corner she found herself following two women who had just come out of the Catholic church. She heard one say to the other something that set her listening.

"The Mass tomorrow's to be for my Tom," the woman was saying. "He's been dead five years tomorrow, God rest his soul."

"I'm getting one said for poor Mrs. O'Brien that died last week," the other responded. "I never send flowers. I just put the money I'd have spent on a wreath in an envelope and write the name

and give it to the priest and he says a Mass for the deceased."

Jane was deeply interested. That night she sat over her fire and thought over the words she had overheard. How comforting it must be to be able to do things like that for the departed. She thought of Dick's story of the fog and the silent engines. She pictured the souls still journeying to the other shore. They were safe enough, she gathered, but the journey was woefully protracted. What a lovely thank-offering to Mr. Jugger a Mass would be for this peaceful resting-place for her old age.

An idea struck her. An amazingly daring idea. Why not get a Mass said for her benefactor? She knew the way to do it. She had only to write the name on a bit of paper and enclose with it, how much would it be? A wreath would cost about five shillings. As Dick would say, there could be no harm in trying.

The doing of it was easy enough. All the same little Mrs. Merrydew felt the

eye of the postmistress on her when she asked for the postal order. The postmistress might have been saying: "Those who keep the rules of the Established Church do not pray for the dead." In short, she became more and more aware that she had embarked on an escapade, an escapade which if discovered might get her into trouble.

When she got home with the postal order Jane went bravely over to the little table in the corner on which stood an old-fashioned walnut writing desk. It was about the same size as her work box and had much the same appearance. It contained notepaper, stamps, a pen, the holder of ivory, or its like, and a pen-wiper. Jane very seldom wrote letters. Dick had no fixed address and there was no one else. The notepaper was of a pinkish color and faintly scented with rose. There were rose leaves in the desk. There was a paper packet. The constitutions of the Jugger Charity. It contained the rules to be observed by



THE BLOW WAS DEALT BY THE GREEN GROCER'S WIFE

those who benefited by the same. Jane eyed it, and fear came into her heart. She had kept the rules so very, very carefully up till now. It was against the rules to pray for the dead.

Jane's pen hovered over the sheet of pink paper. She had not used this notepaper for many a long year. The scent of roses brought back memories. It brought the dead to life. She wrote, as firmly as her shaking old hand permitted, the words:

"For Josiah Jugger, deceased."

Then she wiped the nib and laid the pen in its place and closed the desk. In spite of the word "deceased," it almost seemed as if Josiah Jugger had come to life. A strange feeling came over Jane, a happy feeling, that she had in some way made Josiah Jugger something more than a name written on two mural tablets and a tombstone.

The priest at St. Joseph's, the church round the corner, was examining a missive which he had discovered in his letter box. It was a little pink, scented *billet-doux* sort of a thing, the handwriting that of an aged person unaccustomed to correspondence. Being a masculine human, Father Pointer instead of indulging in speculations as to the sender, opened the envelope at once. He took out a sheet of pink notepaper. A faint scent of faded roses permeated the air. A postal order for five shillings fluttered from the envelope. He read on the sheet the words, "For Josiah Jugger, deceased."

SO it was a Mass intention. "Jugger, Jugger," he repeated, "where have I heard of Jugger?" Then he remembered. He was the old fellow who built the almshouses round the corner. Somebody was having a Mass said for him. "Poor old boy, he had had to wait a bit!"

Of course there might be a contemporary Josiah Jugger, a Catholic. He was newly come and not acquainted with everybody. But the scented pink notepaper suggested the original Jugger. The ladies of his day might have done their correspondence in that way. A ghost might have placed the mysterious communication in his letter box. The postal order was a banal item, it was true. It was quite an up-to-date P.O. But it was uncanny, all the same.

Well, he had no evidence that there was not a Catholic Josiah Jugger lately deceased. He would not give it out as "a special intention." The donor would not then be able to know that it was her Mass. He fetched his book and made the necessary entry a few days ahead.

"Josiah Jugger, deceased."

As for Jane Merrydew, Nemesis was slowly but surely overtaking her for the escapade in connection with Mr. Jugger. Mrs. Trimley had the pleasure of telling her over the garden wall that she had heard from the baker's wife that Mr. Jugger had been publicly prayed for in

the Romanist church round the corner. Jane blushed, and felt the warmth in her cheeks, which did not mend matters. Mrs. Trimley fixed a gimlet eye on her. "And what's more," she said, "they say it was one of the ladies from Jugger's that got it done. The priest's housekeeper told the laundry girl that she'd seen one of the ladies from here drop a note in the letter box."

Jane went back into her little kitchen-sitting-room. She gave a glance round. She had plainly forfeited her right to be an inmate of Jugger's. She had broken the rules. She had kept them so scrupulously up to now. Dick had been outside the front door on the stroke of 8:30; and her cat had passed its blameless existence in her own garden. It seemed a terribly long time since she had seen Dick.

The blow was finally dealt by the green grocer's wife. Jane crept round one morning to get a cauliflower for her dinner. "Good morning, Mrs. Merrydew," that lady said. "I've got a bit of news for you. My Aunt Maria is coming to live along with you ladies at Jugger's."

"But there isn't a house vacant," Jane replied, whereat the other wagged her head knowingly.

"There's going to be. I happen to know. I met Mr. Jones who is clerk of the Council yesterday and he told me himself. He knows that my Aunt Maria's the next on the list. He said one of the old ladies is going to be removed."

Jane's voice came faintly. "Do you happen to know which?" she asked.

"It will be the house in the middle, under the inscription," the green grocer's lady replied, and Jane crept out under cover of an opportune customer.

So it had come. Jane Merrydew had no heart to cook her cauliflower. She crept into her chair and faced the situation. This little home had shielded her from destitution. Dick would come here and find her gone—where?

There came a knock on the door. Jane's heart leapt into her mouth. It would be her notice to quit. What else could it be?

She got up, shakily, and opened the door.

"Dick!"

"Yes, it's the bad penny right enough." Dick was giving his grannie his usual salute.

"Oh, Dick, to think of you coming to-day!"

"Why, what's on? A party, or washing day or what?"

Dick sat himself in his own special chair. He glanced round.

"WELL, Gran," he said, "I hope you haven't grown too attached to this place because I'm going to carry you off. I wrote to the Town Council directly I landed and told them they would have a vacant place for the next one coming on. You see, I've made my pile after all. I came across a fellow called Jugger, a descendant of our old Jugger, and he was down on his luck and I was able to help him. It's too long a story to tell you now, Gran, but he got onto his feet again and he made me partner in a mighty fine concern. A sleeping partner. I'm going to retire and turn into a landsman and you're going to make me a nice, cosy home in the little house that's for sale just beyond the Catholic church. No more turning me out at 8.30 to the Blue Lion."

"Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick!" It was all Jane could say.

"By the way," Dick said; he felt round for the tobacco—"I've turned a Catholic. Hope you won't mind? You see, a chap what knocks about outside old England gets to know that it's *the* Church. Catholic means, 'no particular national stunt.' Hope you don't mind, Grannie?"

"No," Grannie said, "I don't mind in the least."

Autumnal Fire

By Sister M. Patricia, R.S.M.

WHILE soft and lambent glows of candlelight
Throw friendly shadows round my silent room;
I lie awake and dream far in the night,
Though mine the loneliness that has no gloom.
For in the music of my dreams I hear
The melodies of unforgotten days,
When life was like a morning crystal-clear,
And all my paths were happy winding ways.
Although autumnal suns suppress the fire
That gave my eager heart its buoyancy,
Within my soul the seed of Love's desire
Has blossomed to a full maturity.

How slow I sometimes was to understand
That every step I made You held my hand.

The Nun *in* America

By Sister M. Estelle, O.P.

YESTERDAY, an oddity and a rarity; tomorrow, a vital and living rebuke to the unprejudiced, and perhaps, an object of contempt and derision to the ungodly; but today, the American Nun is a paradox because in a changing world, she remains unchanged.

Forced by times and circumstances, and the complication and evolution of American life, the Nun in America has ungrudgingly left the cherished and more closely cloistered life of her European sister-nun of yesterday, and has adapted herself to the active and strenuous demands of twentieth-century civilization; but she has not and will not compromise to any modification of the eternal concepts of truth and faith, nor will she concede to any trifling with the fundamentals of consecrated or religious life.

The paradox increases when the world sees that, in spite of the universal open rebellion against every form of religion and morality, increasing hundreds of young women are yearly turning away from a beckoning life of sensuous and independent living to one of life-long, consecrated self-sacrifice. While modern pseudo-philosophers pollute the front pages of our newspapers and periodicals with their mad theories of sex problems and birth-control, the nun silently presents an incontestable living proof that one can continue an intellectual and self-controlled life regardless of all attempts to prove that man is an unwilling victim of his human nature.

The nun too is human, strange as it may sound to some, and the stranger part is that she realizes her human limitations and weaknesses. However, she appreciates that, while a life of constant and consistent self-restraint is a tax on human nature at times, a life of unbelief and self-indulgence is infinitely harder and unhappier; more important, she has experienced the truth of St. Paul's words: "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

The nun is not a cynical old maid who withdraws from the world because she cannot cope with the demands of youth, beauty, personality, and talent of contemporary society, for nowhere on earth is found in one single home or institution the diversity of talents and accomplishments that characterizes the ordinary convent in the United States. Neither is the American Nun a world-weary and pessimistic hater of earthly pleasures who has drunk to the dregs the joys of the world and found them bitter. An unprejudiced and earnest in-

quirer would learn that, by far, the majority of girls in our American convents have embraced the religious life immediately after graduation from high school, academy, or college. Moreover, many of them possessed unusual qualities of mind and body; and it was only after due deliberation that they calmly put down the cup of worldly pursuits and successes and joined the endless army of valiant women who have followed the standards of Christ for nineteen centuries. The nun is not the disappointed woman of the world nor the victim of rejected love, as some highly imaginative but shallow writer would present her. In the rare and isolated cases where some natural and external motive prompted the entrance to the religious state, perseverance in the hard and trying discipline of the probation period required by the Church, proves the presence of that all-important essential known as "a vocation to the religious life." The particular experience served only as a divinely-appointed means that the soul might find itself. The nun is not a moral coward who seeks to escape from the responsibilities and complexities of life, for she soon learns that she is assuming precepts and obligations upon which her eternal destiny is dependent. Finally, the nun is not a seeker of worldly reward, honor, or fame, for she renounces irrevocably all material wealth by her vow of poverty, all joys of social and family life by her vow of chastity, and all personal honors and successes by her vow of obedience.

Thousands of our well-meaning Catholics are totally ignorant of what essentially constitutes the religious life. To them, the nun is someone to whose care they are willing to entrust the child in the classroom or the fevered patient in the hospital. They know not the Catholic Church's definition of the religious life nor the vital part that consecrated men and women play in the Communion of Saints. Thus, those who should help to dispel the clouds of doubt and prejudice toward the nun, unknowingly and unwillingly become stumbling blocks to inquiring non-Catholics of good will.

THE religious life or state is defined as that "stable and fixed condition of life, approved by ecclesiastical authority, in which the faithful, by means of the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and a definite Rule, tend

toward the perfection of charity." To quote the Catholic Encyclopedia:

"The Scriptures tell us that perfection consists in the love of God and our neighbor; or to speak more accurately, in a charity which extends from God to our neighbor, finding its motive in God, and the opportunity for its exercise in our neighbor. The New Testament warns us of the obstacles to this charity arising from an attachment to and desire of created things, and from the cares caused by their possession, and, therefore, besides the precept of charity, our observance of which is the measure of our perfection, the New Testament gives us a general counsel to be disengaged from everything contrary to charity. This counsel contains certain definite directions, among the most important of which are renunciation of riches, of carnal pleasure, and of all ambition and self-seeking, in order to acquire a spirit of voluntary submission and generous devotion to the service of God and our neighbor. All Christians are bound to obey these precepts and to follow the spirit of the counsels.

THE first converts of Jerusalem acted on this principle and sold their possessions and goods, laying the proceeds at the feet of the Apostles. But experience, by which Christ wished his faithful to be taught, soon corrected their errors on the subject of the future of the world, and showed the practical impossibility of a complete renunciation by all members of the Church. Christian society can no more continue without resources and without children than the soul can exist without the body; it has need of men engaged in lucrative professions, as well as of Christian marriages and Christian families. In short, according to the design of God, who bestows a diversity of gifts, there must also be a diversity of operations. (I Cor. 12:4-6.) Every kind of career should be represented in the Church, and one of these should include those who make profession of the practice of the Evangelical counsels.

"Such persons are not necessarily more perfect than others, but they adopt the best means of attaining perfection; their final hope and supreme destiny are the same as those of others, but they are charged with the duty of reminding others of that destiny and of the means of fulfilling it; and they pay for this favored position by the sacrifices which it entails, and the benefit which others

derive from their teaching and example. This life, which, in view of the great precept, follows the Evangelical counsels, is called the religious life, and those who embrace it are called religious."

THE nun then is a religious who belongs to one of the various religious orders recognized by the Church. Some take solemn vows, others, simple vows. Some are members of congregations under pontifical authority; others, members of diocesan communities. Although in a generally accepted meaning, the words *nun* and *sister* are synonymous, it is principally to members of communities of religious women that the title of *sister* is correctly applicable. However, regardless of the slight variations as to constitutions, regulations, dress, work, etc., the principal objects of all religious orders and religious congregations, properly and improperly so called, are fundamentally the same: all are bound under pain of serious sin to strive to attain the perfect love of God for His own intrinsic beauty, goodness, and perfection, and love of one's neighbor because he is a creature of God.

The ways and means whereby one can manifest his love for his neighbor, of course, are legion. Poor human nature has many wants, and all are by no means physical ones. Man has needs of the spirit which are as strong, at least, as those of the flesh. Consequently, we have the contemplative orders of nuns as the Carmelites, the Dominicans of the Second Order, and the Passionists, who lead lives primarily devoted to prayer and corporal penances. These are the ones who, with uplifted hands like Moses of old, appease the Justice of God for the sins of an unheeding world. Only when the Book of Life is opened on the day of reckoning will each one know and appreciate the worth of these hidden and silent women of prayer. How many have been and are able to lead good, virtuous lives in spite of manifold temptations, because of the prayers in obscure convent cells and grilled chapels, God alone knows. Yearly, miracles of grace are reclaiming hundreds of "fallen-away" Catholics, as they lie dying in a state of soul that makes those of us who realize what death, judgment, hell and heaven mean, shudder at the terrible possibilities. Glorious triumphs of truth over error, and divine grace over nurtured prejudice, are daily bringing the blessing of Faith to hundreds of converts. Almost 1,000,000 pagans a year are being made children of God and heirs of heaven. Things of the spirit can be obtained only through labor of the spirit, namely, prayer. Tennyson once wrote, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." How much then is effected by those who make prayer a profession. Catholics profess and be-

lieve in the Communion of Saints; yet, little do they realize that the prayers and sacrifices of their consecrated brothers and sisters in Christ perhaps contribute the most to this consoling article of the Church.

Undoubtedly, the largest number of our Catholic Sisterhoods are engaged in works of active charity in imitation of Christ who "went about doing good." We find the American Nun in the school, in the foundling asylum and the hospital, in the home for the orphan and the aged, in the institution for the crippled, the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, in the asylum for the insane, and in the house of refuge for the fallen and the down-trodden. No work of charity is outside her love for God's creatures; no one is so humanly disfigured that she does not see the reflection of Christ suffering in him. As she goes about her rounds of charity, the nun hears only Christ's sweetly persuasive words re-echoing through the centuries, "That which you did to these, the least of my brethren, you did unto Me." Herein is the difference between the charity of the nun and the humanitarianism and charity (if you wish to call it that) of the social worker and philanthropist of the world. There is no self-seeking, no self-aggrandizement in the charity of the nun, for in the words of St. Paul, "Charity seeketh not her own."

MUCH of the world's so designated charity is branded with and given in an implied spirit of condescension towards the unfortunate ones of life. The world gives aid, but she makes sure that those who receive her alms realize that they are a necessary evil of society; but the Christian charity so exalted by Christ and so dear to the heart of the nun is not "puffed up; dealeth not perversely; but is patient, is kind."

Lastly, the charity of the nun is world-wide. In her heart she has room for all; and in the heroism of her charity; she leaves her native country for the dark, isolated, strange regions of pagan nations and for the man-forsaken islands to which human charity sends her derelicts and her incurables.

Catholics in our country may point with justifiable pride to the glorious though comparatively short history of the American Nun which dates back only to 1809 with the founding of the first community of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Maryland. Within a little more than a century from the time that Mother Seton and her first eighteen Sisters pronounced their vows at Emmitsburg, the establishment and extension of religious orders and communities has been almost prodigious; and today, over 100,000 strong, the American Nun plays an unpretentious but forceful influence on the life of her nation and of the world.

The whole fabric of modern civilization is stamped with the pride of life. No one disputes the heretofore unheard of triumphs of science in which matter and energy do the bidding of man's Fiat! Man is venturing into fields of knowledge that a quarter of a century ago he would have thought almost sacrilegious to approach. He is not content to accept the voice of conscience and the conviction of reason that he is a creature of God; he wants proofs and evidence that the Divine Wisdom of God never intends him to have. The mind of man is an awful and almost sacred thing, for it is God-like, but it can never be God. The mind of man must remain finite.

Thus, in an age when proud intellects, smug within their own self-sufficiency and obstinacy, defy the very God who created them, the nun of today still continues her life of lowliness and humility. There is no prudery or abasement in her humility, however, for she too takes an active part in the intellectual life which educational opportunities make possible for her. We find the nun in the front ranks of our American colleges and universities, both Catholic and secular. But where others reap only knowledge which soon becomes proud because they know so much, the nun reaps wisdom born of the Holy Spirit, the third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, which makes her humble because she realizes that there are secrets of life and death which cannot be known on this side of eternity.

* * * * *

PRIDE, covetousness, and lust—these are the demons that are devouring almost imperceptibly the very heart of society, as a cancerous tumor works havoc in the human body before it makes itself felt. Because the nun is not of the world, her life is diametrically opposed to the maxims of worldlings. Instead of pride, she strives for humility; in the place of covetousness, she practices charity; casting aside the lusts of the flesh, she lives in continence and purity.

Many, weak in faith and wavering in their confidence in God, are asking themselves, what will tomorrow bring to religion and to life? Will the desecration of God's altars and the persecution of His children in Russia, in Germany, and in Mexico, repeat themselves in this free and tolerant nation of ours? God alone foresees all. But let the persecutions of a Nero return, or let the beasts of the arena try again the fortitude and faith of the Church's loyal children, the Nun in America, strengthened by Divine Grace, will remain undaunted and unchanged because she is the spouse of Him who said, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

The Legend of St. Columba

by Padraic Colum

The Celt, for the most part, sees life through a mist. Sometimes it is through the mist of tears; again it is through the mist of laughter; oftener than not the mist is the aura of sanctity. Holiness and sanctity permeate the most ordinary things of life and the supernatural is but a step removed. This is particularly true of the lives of the Irish Saints. They are viewed through the nimbus of sanctity, and the miraculous is almost the expected.

Padraic Colum has set himself the task in *The Legend of St. Columba* of presenting him as the rich and vivid personality that can be discerned in all the versions of the legends woven around him, and in all the poems attributed to him. He is the Gael of all times, impetuous, generous, winning. And even though his life is known only in legend, even though he walks before us always in a mist, yet the mist and the legend do but enhance his figure and lend a charm to the narrative that holds one to the end.

We have here the rich background of

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Irish folklore. There is an imaginative richness that sweeps one along and leaves only wistful regret when the book is ended and one must return to the prosaic surroundings of life. Mr. Colum writes with a lilting rhythm that is almost poetic. His prose has a sparkling clarity that somehow suggests the crystal clearness of an Irish springtime. And he has that rarest of gifts, the ability to hold even a sophisticated adult in rapt attention while telling him a fairy-tale.

The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

Youth and Chastity

by Dr. Tihamer Toth

It is the purpose of the author of this book to counsel young men to preserve the priceless pearl of chastity. He extols this virtue, points out the dangers to which it is exposed, shows how the loss of it works harm to both the soul and the body, answers the sophistries urged against chastity, urges those who have fallen into sin to rise out of it to a new life, and in general pleads with youth to walk in the way of the spirit, so that they may not fulfill the lusts of the flesh. The author has had considerable experience in dealing with boys as director of a school in Budapest. By the judicious use of letters which he received from young men who had succumbed to temptations of the flesh, he emphasizes from practical experience the dark side of the picture. But he also paints in attractive colors the bright side. The book is warmly recommended to older boys and young men. The popularity of the book is manifest from the fact that the present edition is the eleventh language into which the original has been translated.

Garden City Press, Toronto. 239 pages. Cloth \$1.25; paper \$1.00.

Boundaries

by Leonard Feeney, S.J.

Certainly one cannot help but admire Father Feeney's versatility. In the present collection of his verses he has penned rhymes on subjects as widely disparate as donkeys and rainbows, philosophy and rabbits.

Withal, his pen is facile—at times one is inclined to believe, too facile. For some of the lines suggest possibilities far beyond what has been developed. Now and

again one happens upon a line that is tantalizing in what it leads us to hope for, but disappointing in that it remains but a hope.

Some of what Father Feeney writes is good; some of it attains only a rather pleasant mediocrity. On the whole the book is a pleasing diversion in a lighter strain.

Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

College Men

by Dom Profane

Student, parent and professor can learn from this book. For while preserving the confidences entrusted to him, the author has presented a wide variety of problems of college men. Almost every conceivable type of student is considered and every sort of problem. There are problems of temperament and character, study and play, choice of career, social life, health, the lighter and the more serious things of life.

The author, in his experience as student counsellor, has had to deal with individuals, and it is with the problems of the individual, rather than of the group, that he is here concerned. Wisely, he has presented the problems in the concrete, informal, conversational manner in which he discussed them with his students. The book is alive with the reality of its characters and their difficulties.

His judgments are based on sound common sense, experience and, where they affect the matter, religious principles. The author is evidently connected with a secular university. This makes the application of religious principles and their acceptance by the students as guiding-factors all the more noteworthy. Whether he is a Catholic or not, the author certainly uses sound Christianity in solving problems, for inculcating virtue and producing happiness.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00.

The Visitor

by Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

Practical and simply-told stories in an allegorical strain. A Visitor comes, sojourns awhile, and then—is gone. If one were to pick up this small book, of about seventy pages, read it, and put it away—just like that—the Visitor would indeed have departed, but sadly, for His visit would have been in vain. The simple answers and solutions of many of life's complex and depressing problems would have been left unrevealed.

"The Visitor" makes one think. Perhaps the thoughts, so quietly engendered by these pages, would produce a few



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Prayer is one of the fundamental practices of the Christian Life. Consequently it is not surprising to find that treatises on prayer occupy a prominent place in every period of the literature of the Christian spiritual life. *The Craft of Prayer* written by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., is an interesting and practical modern contribution to this literature.

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by Mgs. John A. Ryan, D.D.

Nearly forty-five years ago, Pope Leo XIII set forth the Catholic teaching on social justice. Since he was acting as teacher of all the world, he could do little more than give the principles, leaving each nation to apply those principles to its own particular conditions. It was but natural that the application made by the economists of various countries should have been mixed with good features and bad, with wisdom and folly. Now, however, we are in a position to weigh all these efforts of our predecessors, profiting by their mistakes and learning from their experience. It is this which Mgs. Ryan in his new book achieves most admirably.

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Harper & Bros., New York. Price \$2.50.

Albert and the Belgians

by Charles D'Ydewalle

M. D'Ydewalle, a young Belgian journalist, has set himself the task of presenting a portrait of the late King Albert, whom he knew intimately. Leaving aside documents he has drawn his information from his own knowledge and the memories of those who knew and lived with the king.

Albert's life is the story of a ruler who loved his people and lived for them. By study and work he constantly endeavored to make himself more fitted for his exalted position. Great in peace, he was great also in war. Though the latter made his greatness more apparent, it is doubtful if greater tribute could be paid to his abilities than the ever increasing practice of his ministers of relying on his judgment in the solution of peace-time problems. Albert would have been a great ruler in any age, but in a day when the power of kings is closely restricted, he has shown himself a king outstanding among the kings of all time.

M. D'Ydewalle's book creates a deep admiration for Albert. Yet many improvements in the work could be desired. In the treatment of the war, many pages assigned to the general situation might better have been devoted to Albert. Likewise, concrete instances which would show forth his character, would have been more effective than conclusions pointed by the author from a broad treatment of events. For American readers, especially, not familiar with Belgian officials and places, an index would be a valuable help.

On the whole, the book is satisfactory and presents an excellent account of its hero.

Wm. Morrow & Co., New York. \$3.00.

The Passion for the People

translated from the Italian of Father Luigi, C.P., by Father Martin, C.P.

This is a book of meditations on the Sacred Passion, rather than a book of spiritual reading. The special feature of the book is its simplicity of form and directness of appeal. The author is not concerned with exegetical details, which would be of interest only to scholars and specialists. Nevertheless, he does not neglect the solid foundation of historical accuracy. The text and the bibliography of Passion literature indicate that he has read widely and well. The presentation

of each scene of the sacred drama is given in a style that impresses it readily on the imagination and fixes it firmly in the memory. Each point for meditation is about one page in length. A definite practical resolution is added at the end, in order that the will might be directed to the application of the moral truth contained in each phase of the Sacred Passion. This book ought to make it easy for the faithful to meditate with great fruit on the Passion of our Lord. It is especially recommended to the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion. The translator has done his work well and is deserving of commendation. The price, too, is very attractive. The popularity of the book in Italy is attested by the fact that it has gone through eight editions and 100,000 copies have been sold.

Orphans' Press, Buckley Hall, Rochdale, England. \$1.50.

Psychological Racketeers

by Dorothy Hazeltime Yates, Ph.D.

This treatise takes to task the more blatant and unscrupulous practitioners of what is called "Applied Psychology." By putting forth claims that they hold a key which will unlock some hidden chamber in man's nature and make of him all that he has ever hoped or dreamed to be, many are reaping a fat financial return. Of course, such financial success depends on the ignorance and gullibility of a considerable public. It is to instruct and warn such that Dr. Yates has written this book. In it she exposes

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the claims, qualifications and credentials of the practitioners of "Applied Psychology" much as a reputable medical society does in the case of the medical quack. In this case the psychological racketeer comes off no better than the medical quack.

One shortcoming of the book is noted. Not all the psychological racketeers are included. The author confines her attention to the more plebeian claimants to psychological lore but it must be remembered that there is another class parading under the standard of the more high-brow psychoanalysis which merits attention. A few unfavorable references to Freud in the present volume leave the hope that the author at a later date will take to task the racketeers who are reaping big fees for interpreting human lives and ills in terms of the subconscious and all that it implies in the fantastic doctrine of the Viennese physician turned psychologist.

Psychological Racketeers is well worth reading for the information it contains concerning the systems of those who have tried to make a cult of psychology. Its reading ought also to save many from parting with their money for psychological humbug.

Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston. \$2.00.

Lay Participation in Christ's Priesthood

by The Rev. William A. Kavanagh, S.T.L.

Lay Participation in Christ's Priesthood is a dissertation which won for Father Kavanagh the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology at the Catholic University of America, in June, 1935.

This work renders a great service to the cause of Catholic Action in giving a new impetus to the age-old teaching of the Church that "To be a Christian means to possess a sacerdotal character." Father Kavanagh brings out with great distinctness the nature of the "kingly priesthood" in which St. Peter (I ii 9) includes all Christians, showing that it is accomplished through the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. Baptism, he points out, inducts the soul into the Mystical Body of Christ and in this Sacra-

ment, "all Christians receive an initial measure of participation in the priesthood of Christ." This participation "is augmented in Confirmation," and "through the character of Confirmation is increased that likeness to Christ received in Baptism."

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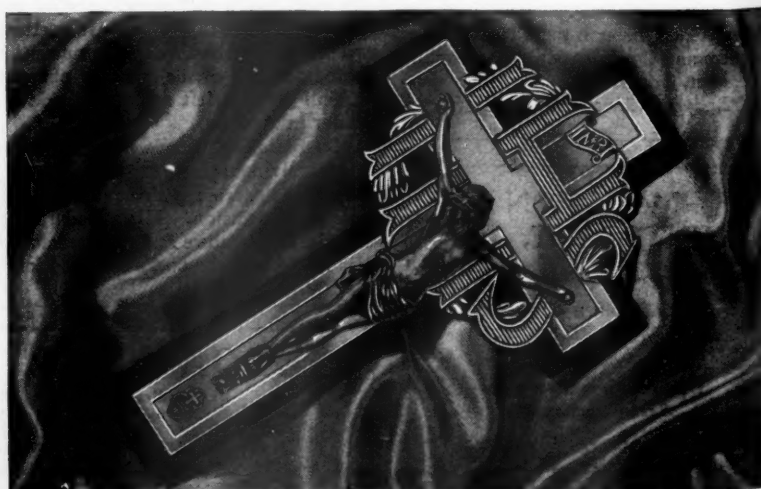
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